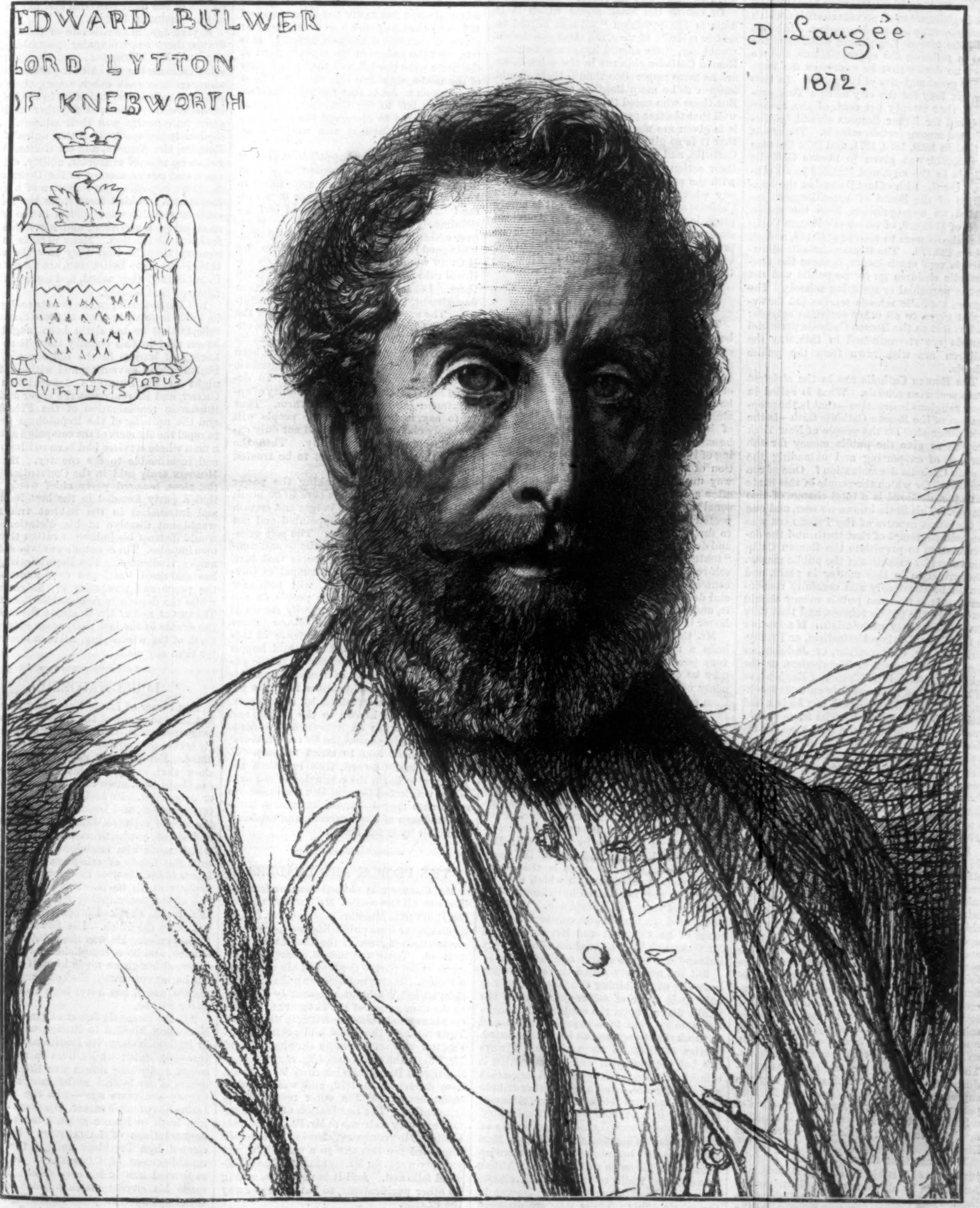
405

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XVII.—No. 840.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1873. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


EDWARD BULWER
LORD LYTTON
OF KNEBWORTH
OC VIRTUTIS OPUS
D. Laugée
1872.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON, G.C.M.G.—DRAWN FROM LIFE.—[SEE PAGE 95.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 1, 1873.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive gratuitously an Eight-page Supplement, containing a further installment of George Eliot's

"MIDDLEMARCH,"

bringing this remarkable story near its conclusion in our columns.

A BLOW AT RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Governor Dix states in his Message that during the years 1869, 1870, and 1871 more than $2,000,000 were bestowed by the Legislature upon private charities, which were generally local and sectarian. He hopes that the present Legislature will follow the last in refusing the appropriations, and we have no doubt that he expresses the hope of the great majority of the people. In 1869 the tax levy for the city of New York provided that twenty per cent. of the money received for liquor licenses should be distributed among certain schools. The result is that in 1869, 1870, 1871, and 1872 the sum of $635,219 was given to Roman Catholic schools in the city, and $121,019 to all others. On the 20th of last December the committee of the Board of Apportionment reported an appropriation from the excise fund of $142,890, of which the Roman Catholic schools were to receive $119,112, and all others $23,778. The Roman Catholic allowance is very much larger, because the non-Catholic children go to the public and not to the parochial or sectarian schools. The Roman Catholic schools receive $15 for every $1 given to all other sectarian schools; and as fast as the Roman Catholic parochial schools are strengthened in this way the children are withdrawn from the public schools.

The Roman Catholic are in the strictest sense sectarian schools. What is called in them religious instruction—that is, the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith—is the chief interest. Do the people of New York propose to give the public money for the purpose of supporting and extending the Roman Catholic denomination? One of the "reforms" for which the people of this State have just declared is a total change of this system. This State knows no sect, and one of the worst aspects of the Tweed era was the bold contempt of that truth, and the determination to propitiate the Roman Catholic voters by subsidies of the public money. The principle in this matter is plain, and should be constantly and carefully remembered. It is that the public money should go only to the public schools, and that they should be strictly unsectarian. If a teacher is found inculcating Methodism, or Presbyterianism, or Universalism, or Judaism, or Roman Catholicism, or Mormonism, or the religious views of the Church of England, or of the Baptists, he is not only an unfit teacher, who should be dismissed, but he is a bad citizen, to be denounced. The State should provide free schools of the best kind for all the children. There should be plenty of well-paid teachers, and ample accommodation for all pupils. It should determine how far and in what studies the scholars should be instructed, and providing fully for that, it should there stop short, and not give a penny to any private, parochial, or priestly school.

If any sect chooses to denounce the public schools as "godless" because its own tenets are not taught, it is a land of liberty, and it may denounce. If it should undertake to prohibit its children from attending school, the State should insist that every child be educated. The State lays no ban upon religious instruction. Every citizen may believe or disbelieve as he prefers. He may train his children in what religious faith he will. The State will carefully defend his liberty in so doing so long as it encroaches upon no other man's liberty. But it will not permit him to use the public schools for his private sectarian purposes, and it will not give him the public money to sustain his private sectarian schools. The section in the city tax levy was introduced by Democratic influence to buy the support of the Roman Catholic vote for that party. But every true American who is also a Roman Catholic knows that it is a policy fatal to the public welfare and to religious liberty.

We trust that the voice of this Legislature upon this subject will be firm and clear. And let us by all means have the names of those who propose to strike at religious liberty and American equality by making the State sectarian. On the 13th of November last the Board of Apportionment met, and Controller Green moved that Dr. H. J. Anderson, a Roman Catholic, and Mr. W. O. Bourne, a Presbyterian, be requested to report to the board, which has power to decide how the specified part of the excise fund shall be spent, in what manner it could be best appropriated for the advantage of the city. Messrs. Green and Stebbins voted in the affirmative; Messrs. Hall, the Mayor, and Van Nort in the negative. The Mayor, Hall, then moved that the money be divided among the free schools under private auspices without regard to sect or color. The Mayor, Mr. Stebbins, and Mr. Van Nort voted aye, and Mr. Green no. Mr. Van Nort then moved that Dr. Anderson and Mr. L. D. Kiernan, both Roman Catholics, report what schools should receive the money. Mr. Green alone voted in the negative. The committee reported, as we said, $15 to the Roman schools for every $1 to all others. This is the work of Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Van Nort, and Mr. Hall.

Of course the mask under which it is done is the provision "without regard to sect or color." If, then, the three gentlemen would say, there should happen to be more Roman Catholic children in the schools, we are no more responsible than if there should happen to be more Baptists or Methodists. But those who voted this money know very well that the free parochial schools to which it is given are mainly Roman Catholic, and that it is so given because they are Roman Catholic, and that the necessary result of their action is to support sectarian schools with the public money. If the community any where proposes to foster the Roman Catholic sect with peculiar care, it is surely preparing the overthrow of the American common-school system. And there is no present duty more pressing than that of forbidding altogether every form of State aid to private, parochial, and sectarian schools.

CONGRESS AND CORRUPTION.

That Kansas politics were corrupt has been no secret. But the disclosures in the case of Senator Caldwell leave very little doubt, unless the character of the witnesses is destroyed, that his election to the Senate of the United States was a bargain, and that he bought his seat. Should the evidence already offered not be invalidated, the duty of the Senate is clear. Mr. Caldwell must be expelled. As we said last week, in speaking of the high satisfaction of the renomination of Mr. Conkling, which was in every way unsullied, a Senatorial nomination is often a disgusting scene of intrigue and personal humiliation. The candidate is expected to be present, to conciliate the voters, to fawn and flatter and smile and wheedle and drink and promise and pledge, while his "touters" whisper and buy. Any man of self-respect who has seen a warm and close contest of this kind wonders how honorable and decent men can consent to take part in it, and whether they do not feel that the honor is much too costly at that price.

Mr. Caldwell's election seems to have been a most shameful transaction. It is very possible that some of the witnesses may be of little character. But the testimony of such acts does not usually come from saints. There is a terrible probability in the whole story as told, and few who have read the evidence seriously doubt it. The Senate of the United States is now the chief power in the government, and it must be beyond reproach. It already excites criticism and jealousy. It is not altogether composed of men of true Senatorial character, and the country would gladly see it purge itself whenever the opportunity occurs. Public attention has been most closely called to corruption in Congress by the Crédit Mobilier investigation: and one of the most healthful signs of the times is the eagerness and completeness with which most of those who were implicated have hastened to clear themselves of all suspicion. We have mentioned the simple and conclusive statement of Mr. Colfax; and Mr. Dawes and Mr. Garfield have since shown how utterly unfounded was the charge against them.

But the necessity which these gentlemen have felt of explaining the facts shows not only their sense of self-respect, but of the public feeling upon the subject. It shocks the country even to hear such charges, and to think that Congress can be really tainted. Stories of electoral corruption are always rife, but the zeal with which exculpation is sought is a tribute to the national conscience and intelligence. And a still further tribute is the feeling that the mere charge, although it be fully disproved, is yet a political injury. Thus it was observed that the prospects of Mr. Dawes as a Senatorial candidate in Massachusetts had been injured by the mere association of his name with Mr. Oakes Ames's transactions, while nothing can be clearer than the absolute purity of Mr. Dawes in the whole affair. Those who are disposed to think that political sentiment and methods are hopelessly depraved may see their mistake in the instinctive and complete denial of some of the best men in Congress in the Ames matter, and in the universal satisfaction with which Mr. Caldwell's expulsion will be received by the country should he be proved guilty.

SHALL JUDGES BE ELECTED OR APPOINTED?

The New York Constitutional Convention in 1867 provided that in 1873 the question of the selection of judges by election or appointment should be submitted to the people. It is therefore interesting to remark that Governor Dix's very first appointments have thrown light upon the subject. He has called Judge Alexander S. Johnson and John H. Reynolds to the Commission of Appeals, and David Rumsey, of Bath, to the Supreme Bench. Could the positions have been so readily and satisfactorily filled in any other way? Is it wiser to adhere to a system which gives us Barnards and Cardozos and M'Cunns than to adopt one which has just given us the three gentlemen named? It is true that the judges of the highest court in the State were elected, and that it is a body of the most upright and able men. But there is no reason to doubt that had their appointment been left to the Governor, he would not have dared to disregard the public expectation that the best men would be selected.

The argument against appointment is that the Governor will be influenced to appoint unfit men. But which is the more likely to be basely influenced, a Governor or a caucus? The entire responsibility of bad appointments falls upon the Governor. However ambitious he may be, he will still nominate good judges. Barnard, Cardozo, and M'Cunn would have dragged down into political ruin any Governor who had appointed them. Let us now, in this most important department, try the principle of responsibility. The experience of the State under the charter of 1846 shows that the enormous expansion of the elective system defeats its own purpose. And this should have been foreseen. For it was logically antagonistic to the true democratic principle. To deprive high officers of the responsibility of appointment implies distrust of them. That is to say, it implies that the people will probably choose those who will not duly exercise a proper responsibility. Then the people themselves ought not to be trusted to choose such officers.

All the talk about "taking the power from the people," which is sure to be heard when it is proposed that judges and certain other officers should be appointed and not elected, is mere buncombe. The sole question is, in what way do experience and common-sense suggest to the people that such offices should be filled? A competent Governor, like Governor Dix, will nominate proper judges. But if the people do not elect a competent Governor, why should it be supposed that they will choose proper judges? Certainly the experience of this State has shown us that able and honest government is not proportioned to the expansion of the number of immediately elective offices. The qualifications for many positions can be ascertained by a Governor, but can not be known to the people, and will not influence an irresponsible caucus. Let the people choose the Governor, therefore, and hold him to strict account. If they are badly served, they can then see just how to begin the correction of the evil. When we elected General Dix Governor, we made sure that Johnson, Reynolds, Rumsey, and men of like character and capacity, would sit upon the bench.

THE PEOPLE AND LEADERS.

Mr. Oglesby is elected Senator from Illinois to fill the seat of Mr. Trumbull, and Mr. Bogy from Missouri to replace Mr. Blair. So disappear from public life two more of the conspicuous figures of the Cincinnati Convention. There was, indeed, something dramatic in the part of Senator Blair upon that occasion. It was not unknown that Senator Schurz left Washington favorably disposed to the nomination of Mr. Trumbull, but his opening speech seemed to indicate Mr. Adams. Then through the cloud and confusion Mr. Fenton was seen silently slipping off, and Mr. Blair, the colleague of Mr. Schurz, having tried a Brodhead letter in 1868, tried a new departure in 1872, and was loitering about hotels and the outer rooms of the Convention. The nomination of Mr. Greeley was very welcome to Mr. Blair; and his brother Montgomery, having previously suggested Mr. Bryant as a candidate, was yet very warm for Mr. Greeley. The whirlwind followed. And it is now seen, among its other purifications, to have swept away the Blairs.

But while it is the Republicans who have declined to return Mr. Trumbull, it is the Democrats who have rejected Mr. Blair. It is another illustration of the hollowness of the coalition. The Democrats were willing to use Liberal Republicans as cat's-paws, but when they could not rake out a single chestnut, they spurned even their own leaders who advised them to try. The party will reckon strictly with those who persuaded them to nominate a life-long antagonist, and to suffer in consequence an unprecedented defeat. The fate of Mr. Trumbull will not, of course, surprise him. His separation from his party was deliberate and well-considered. With Mr. Fenton, he did what he could to restore the old enemies of the party and of the country to power, and the country and his own State pronounced his sentence at the polls. Mr. Trumbull has served long and with great ability. He has been sometimes vehemently partisan, sometimes violently recusant under the party policy. Recently he has been bitter in his hostility to what he called the Senatorial ring, and was counted one of the most powerful and dangerous of the Cincinnati leaders.

A year ago, in the Senate of the United States, there was a singular spectacle. Mr. Sumner, Mr. Trumbull, and Mr. Schurz, all of them among the chief Republican Senators, sat near each other, among their Republican colleagues, and often in the height of debate they clustered together as if to show how hearty was their concert. Undoubtedly the spectacle of that union of the Eastern, the Western, and the German-born Senators, men of character, ability, experience, and power, seemed to the Democratic Senators opposite representative of a great movement. Behind those three the Democrats saw an imposing schism in the dominant party, a secession, and inevitable defeat and dissolution. Many persons in the country thought that they saw the same thing. Are there better men, are there truer Republicans? they asked, and some of them followed that leading.

But the spectator in the Senate to-day, as he looks toward the seats of those Senators, reflects that he has again been taught the lesson that in this country there is no following of leaders in the old sense. The Philadelphia Convention met within a fortnight of Mr. Sumner's denunciation of Grant, and its reply was the eager and enthusiastic renomination of the President, and the uprising of the Republican people to repel the slanders of the campaign against a man whose services had been so illustrious and inestimable to the country. Senator Morton truly said in the Convention that the most honored party chief would find that a party founded in the best instincts and intrenched in the noblest traditions would not dissolve at his dictation. It would distrust his judgment rather than its own impulse. The Senator's words have been amply vindicated. The Republican party has sustained itself, and once more saved the peace and prosperity of the country; while the departure from public life of Mr. Trumbull and of Mr. Blair, in the light of the events of the last year, again points the truth of the wise saying, All men know better than any man.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The career of Louis Napoleon is ended, but the judgment of the world upon it was long since made. He was truly an accident. He serves only to show the power of a great name. For there is nothing whatever to show that, except for his name, he would ever have been more than a taciturn dreamer or scholar. He had a Dutch lymphatic temperament, and he has even been called the son of a Dutch admiral. He was dull and silent, but with an essential weakness which made him credulous, and gave him into the hands of schemers. But all the forces of his life were exterior. He was the nephew of his uncle. But that uncle was one of the commanding figures of history. His tread shook Europe like that of Charles the Fifth. His power destroyed the old order. He was the child of the Revolution, and he accomplished its work: because, although he made himself an emperor, he swept away the old monarchical régime, and it has never been restored, and never will be.

All the romantic fervor of passion which Napoleon kindled in France, which burns in its late history, its traditions, its literature—the spirit which lives in a thousand songs, and whose return was the hope and dream of an intense enthusiasm as late as twenty-five years ago—was the secret of Louis Napoleon's career. His name brought him back to France against the prophetic denunciations of Lamartine. His name elected him President against the honest republicanism of Cavaignac. His name supported him in his *coup d'état*. Then he made his empire merchandise. It was a tinsel splendor, in place of the "glory" of Napoleonic France. It was a loud and glaring orgie of corruption; and when it was annihilated at Sedan it left France utterly disenchanted and delivered from the spell of Austerlitz and Marengo. The uncle died at St. Helena, exiled, forsaken, broken, and Byron had already breathed the sigh of Europe's relief from his master grasp:

> "The desolator desolate!
> The victor overthrown!
> The arbiter of others' fate
> A suppliant for his own!"

The nephew dies in England, and his death is but an item of news: while his son, unless he makes a new name, and if he relies upon that of the founder of his family, will be but a French Stuart, a wandering and futile pretender.

Louis Napoleon's reign was the epoch in which France was ruined. Even the greatness of her schools declined, and the sceptre of science had passed to Germany before that power smote the armies of France. The society of the empire was corrupt and vulgar. The nation was demoralized and degraded, and to what degree the letters from the military envoy to Prussia, which were published after the war, plainly show. Louis Napoleon's reign was truly called the Lower Empire. He kept the people superstitious, ignorant, and timid, and then appealed to their suffrages as the foundation of his power. His empire was a pageant under which the national character withered away. It was the uncle's cocked hat and sword. It was the coat and waistcoat, more waistcoats and underwaistcoats, and then nothing, of Thackeray's George the Fourth. *Stat nominis umbra.* The nurse's threat of Richard's coming frightened the Saracen children. The mere name of the great Napoleon made an empire, which has now happily vanished.

CUSTOM-HOUSE SALARIES.

The three conditions of an efficient and economical civil service are that the government should undertake only its legitimate business, that it should employ agents for their character and capacity only, and that it should pay them well. When a gentleman once represented to the Collector of a large port that the political assessment levied upon the small salaries of his clerks pinched many of them to the point of despair, the Collector blandly rubbed his hands and replied, "My dear Sir, they are not obliged to stay: I know thirty men who are ready to take each of their places this morning with all the incumbrances." The gentleman hastened to advise the clerks to "come up smiling" and "take their punishment." The bland Collector was undoubtedly correct. There is not an office in the service for which thirty willing incumbents could not be found, even if the salary were reduced twenty-five per cent. Is that money, therefore, wasted, and should the salaries be reduced?

As a rule the government clerks are paid less than those who do similar work in private employment. The reasons usually alleged are that the working time is shorter, that the work is easier, and that there is a certain dignity in the position. In England the permanence of the situation was always urged as a part of the explanation. The dignity of the position is an argument which does not seem forcible, because under our present system that dignity is imperceptible. The work is not easier, if it is properly done. And if the time is shorter than is devoted to corresponding employment elsewhere, the time can be extended. What is needed is a complete review of the whole subject in Congress. The customs system, the organization of custom-houses and districts, and of the public offices in Washington and elsewhere, should be thoroughly scrutinized and adjusted. With a simpler system, and one adapted to the situation of to-day, which ours is not, by a careful abolition of sinecures, fees, and perquisites, by fair salaries and hours of labor, and by a sensible method of admission and promotion, the public service of the country could be made very much more efficient, economical, and beneficial than it is now.

But in a sound system generosity would be economy. Take from the service its present humiliating stigma of patronage, open it to proved capacity and fitness, and pay adequate salaries, and the aggregate of the force could be reduced, and the work would be very much better done. There are most honorable and able men in the various positions of the public service, but they know better than any body else the absurdity and mischief of the system. The warmest friends of a reform are to be found among the most efficient and admirable officers. The bill before Congress to increase the salaries in the customs service ought to pass, if connected with other provisions. Its introduction would be a great public benefit if it should lead to a discussion which should expose to the country the necessity of revising the whole customs system and organization.

OUR SPANISH RELATIONS.

So far as can be ascertained, the situation in Cuba has not materially changed during the last two or three years. The interior of the island is disturbed with insurrections; but there is no known insurrectionary authority which can maintain the recognized functions of government, which controls ports, or which could defend the rights of strangers in the country. There is, therefore, no ground upon which the United States could acknowledge the independence or even the belligerence of the insurrectionists. If, indeed, as in the case of the Spanish South American revolt fifty years ago, it should become necessary for our commerce or for any just right of our citizens to accredit an agent, as Mr. Canning accredited consuls, at some insurrectionary point, Spain could not justly complain. If, also, our citizens in Cuba suffer serious injury, and without remedy from Spain, because of the condition of the island, we have a clear right to complain, and in the event of refusal of remedy, to defend ourselves in the most convenient manner. Beyond that there is no course but acquiescence in the duration of the difficulty, or intervention, in the name of humanity and peace, with all the consequences.

The lately published letter of the Secretary of State is a warning to Spain that we are tired of the prolonged trouble so near our shores, and in a country so closely connected with us; and it is a hint that if Spain can not enforce her own laws of emancipation in her colony, she has evidently lost control of it: in which case she could not be justly angry with any power that merely recognized that fact. The letter announces no positive policy. It is the friendly suggestion that affairs in Cuba are apparently reaching a point at which, if no change intervenes, we are so situated that we must take some action. The letter is frank and fair. There is no bullying in it. It does not say that we shall recognize a government which we do not see, or a republic hidden in the Cuban hills. But it implies that if Spain can not protect our conceded rights in Cuba, we will protect them ourselves.

The letter illustrates the wise and admirable spirit which has characterized the management of our foreign relations since Mr. Fish became Secretary of State. There have been no posturing, no heroics and bravado and bluster, but the best traditional policy of the country has been maintained in a tone which is dignified and self-respectful. The one thing to be regretted is a part of the final reply to Mr. Motley's letter upon his recall. Mr. Motley had been removed, and, as he thought, disgraced, and he remonstrated with natural warmth. But he was a private citizen only. The reply of the Department of State was the voice of the Government, not of an individual, and should have been passionless. But that is a small matter. The honor of the country has not suffered in the hands of the Secretary of State. His admirable judgment, his sagacity, his temper, have contributed very greatly to the profound confidence which the country feels in the present Administration.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Dr. Taylor, the new pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, seems to have stepped into the front rank of our pulpit orators. A gentleman who listened to one of his recent sermons says: "He is an effective speaker, and although his voice has no remarkable quality, its tones are often very searching, and his manner is luminous and electric enough to merit at times the name of eloquence. He seems to write and read his sermons closely, although in passages he apparently spreads his wings and leaves his manuscript behind. He has a great deal of the Scotch fire in his temperament, yet in only an occasional word does he betray his Scotch lineage."

—Mr. Charles Nordhoff, whose admirable work on California has already run through several editions and is still in great demand, is now on his way to the Sandwich Islands, where he proposes to spend some time in studying the social, political, industrial, and commercial aspects of that interesting group. The results of his investigations will appear in a series of papers in *Harper's Magazine*, elaborately illustrated, which will be subsequently issued in book form, as a companion volume to his work on California. Mr. Nordhoff is one of the few travelers to whom one could wish to say, slightly changing the language of Proteus:

> "When thou, haply, seest
> Some rare noteworthy object in thy travels,
> Make me partaker in thy happiness."

He has the rare faculty of knowing what is worth seeing and describing in a strange land, and we have no doubt his book on the Sandwich Islands will be as fascinating and, from a practical point of view, as valuable for the tourist and the settler as the one on California.

—Dr. Joshua Leavitt, for many years a prominent member of the New York press, died in Brooklyn on the 16th of January, at the age of seventy-nine. At the time of his death he was connected with the editorial staff of the *Independent*, on which paper he was employed from its commencement, and with the New York *Evening Post*.

—The Rev. Robert Bruce, chairman of the relief committee at Ispahan, Persia, writes that in that city alone the assistance forwarded through Sir Moses Montefiore, the president of the Jewish Board of Deputies, was the means of saving a thousand lives.

—David Brown, a notable hermit of New Fane, Vermont, has deceased. An early love disappointment nearly upset his mind, and he became very bookish. When forty-four he married, and lived happily for four or five years, when his wife died, leaving an infant daughter. After this he turned hermit, and for the last fifteen years had lived in a house alone, buying and reading books and writing poetry. In his earlier days he wrote and published five hundred copies of a small book called *Florence Mangrove*, and it is said, though it seems hardly credible, that at the time of his death he had the largest collection of books and papers in the State.

—Charles Lever, whose last novel, *Lord Kilgobbin*, has recently been published by the Harpers, had great conversational powers, and prided himself on the possession of them, and few men knew better their value, or when and how to use them. In this novel he says, speaking no doubt from his own experiences, "The man who devotes himself to be a 'success' in conversation glories more in his triumphs and sets a greater value on his gifts than any other I know of."

—Messrs. Eyre & Matteini, well-known bankers in Florence, have particularly distinguished themselves by the aid they have generously tendered to American tourists left without funds by the failure of Bowles Brothers & Co.

—Mayor Pierce, of Boston, is said to be the first bachelor who was ever elected chief magistrate of that city.

—It is believed that Professor Tyndall will clear about $25,000 by his lectures in this country, and it has been hinted that he proposes to devote the whole of this sum to the founding of something scientific in one of our colleges.

—Victor Emanuel has lately made himself quite popular with the Romans by going in person to the district surrounded and devastated by water near the Ponte Nomentano. He drove in a light victoria, making the driver go to the very doors, although the horses were up to their bodies in water. The bottom of the carriage was covered with mud. This and similar acts are characteristic of the kind-hearted, unconventional king. He is utterly without those formalities and caprices so common to royalty. He always dines in the middle of the day, and is fond of the plainest food, having a particularly strong liking for onions, beets, and cabbage. He never eats at any grand dinner given in his own palace, though he is polite enough elsewhere.

—Mr. Salem H. Wales, who has been appointed Park Commissioner by Mayor Havemeyer, is a gentleman admirably calculated for the position. For many years he was one of the editors and proprietors of the *Scientific American*, one of the leading papers of its class, and has been conspicuously identified with the various movements in this city during the past two years that have given us the good degree of State and municipal government which we now enjoy.

—The place where Louis Napoleon died—Chiselhurst—is a little place in the county of Kent, eleven miles southeast of London. The chief claim of the place to historical distinction is the fact that William Camden, the celebrated antiquarian, died there.

—Mr. Sumner's health is such as to give serious apprehensions to his friends. His physicians call upon him twice daily. They deprecate any attention to his Senatorial duties for some time to come. He suffers from pain and sleeplessness, though he sits up some part of the day and is able to receive visitors.

—When Dickens wrote his *American Notes*, just thirty years ago, he alluded to the melancholy condition of the convicts of the Philadelphia penitentiary, where the punishment is solitary confinement. He alluded particularly to the case of Charles Langheimer, who was never permitted to see any thing but the stone walls of his dungeon; and he believed that he could not exist in the cell more than five or six years, and entered a prediction to that effect in the *Notes*. Dickens is dead, and Charles Langheimer still inhabits the cell in which Dickens left him. He is seventy years old, well and hearty, has spent more than half his life in solitary confinement, and says he prefers that mode of life to any other.

—Concerning the statement that "George Eliot," the author of *Middlemarch*, is coming to America, the Boston *Globe* is authorized by the lady herself to say that she has no intention of ever crossing the Atlantic. The report with reference to Tennyson's visit is also denied on the authority of a late letter from Alfred himself to a Boston man.

—President Thiers has pardoned the three Americans—Alfred Watson, Nathaniel Berry, and Consider Tinkler—who had been sent to the bagne of Toulon for participating in the Communist insurrection of 1871.

—The late ex-Emperor Louis Napoleon is believed to have held property of different kinds in this city to the value of nearly a million of dollars. During the last year he is reported to have made several large investments, of course in the name of other people. By-the-way, it is related of him that not long before he fled from France, Eugénie said to him that she had invited a music teacher to instruct the Prince Imperial. He replied, "Send him away; one troubadour king is enough for Europe"—alluding to the King of Bavaria, who is all music.

—Bishop Coxe, of Buffalo, went to Hayti to look after churches and church people there and thereabouts. On the 1st of December he consecrated a church, chosing for the occasion the 380th anniversary of the discovery of Hayti by Columbus. The American and English ministers were present at the service, and the President and his cabinet had signified their intention to be present, but were unexpectedly prevented by important public business. It is six years since an Episcopal bishop has visited Hayti.

—Mr. Frederic Hudson's *History of Journalism*, recently published by the Harpers, is receiving the commendation of the press in a degree to which its high merit entitles it. From it we have the following list of notable men in English history who at one time or another were contributors to the newspaper: Coleridge's anti-Jacobin and anti-Gallican articles the first Napoleon winced under, and tried to get the author into his clutches, sending a frigate to catch the ship in which he sailed from Naples to England. Fox said in the House of Commons that his articles led to the rupture of the peace of Amiens. Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, Wordsworth, and Mackintosh all worked for the *Morning Post* at the same time. Sheridan, Fox, Wyndhurst, and Wilberforce took up the mace of the sergeant-at-arms to silence opposition to their views. Hazlitt succeeded Lord Campbell as theatrical critic on the *Morning Chronicle*. Bentham and Ricardo, who have given the laws of political economy and political jurisprudence to the world, first reasoned with the men of their own time in the daily press. Collier was a Parliamentary reporter on the *Times*. Besides those named already we have Lord Chesterfield, Temple, Churchill, Chatterton, Foote, Burke, George Colman, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Cowper, Cobbett, Erskine, Robert Hall, Canning, John Horne Tooke, Stevens (Shakspeare), John Hookham Frere, Lord Mornington, Lord Morpeth, Pitt, Professor Porson, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Noon Talfourd, Lord Brougham, O'Connell, Bulwer, Dickens, Mackworth Praed, Thackeray, Johnson, Charles Mackay, Henry Mayhew, Shirley Brooks, G. H. Lewes, Kossuth, William Motherwell, Macaulay, Coventry Patmore, Dugald Stewart, Sir Walter Scott, and very many others. In this country there is scarcely a man eminent in politics, literature, theology, or indeed in any of the professions, who has not written more or less for the press, and right glad of the honor and opportunity.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In the House of Representatives, on the 13th of January, a resolution was adopted authorizing the Judiciary Committee to investigate the conduct of Judge Durell in the Louisiana election case. The whole subject of the Louisiana troubles was finally referred to the same committee.—The Senate, on the 14th of January, passed the Agricultural and Industrial Arts College bill; also a bill amending the National Currency act. The House held a long session as a Committee of the Whole on the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill. The subject of paying the Pacific railroads for transportation of mails, troops, and supplies was debated, and resulted in the repeal of the section authorizing the payment of half the amount due them for such service, which was hurriedly tacked on to the Army Appropriation bill last session. After the committee rose the bill came up before the House, but, without action on any of the amendments, the House adjourned.—In the Senate, on the 15th of January, bills were introduced to amend the Patent and Copyright laws and the National Currency act, the latter requiring national banks to restore their capital stock when it shall have become impaired by losses or otherwise. The House passed the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill just as it passed the Committee of the Whole on the previous day. It afterward took up the bill for the better protection of the Indian tribes, and their consolidation under a civil government, to be called the Territory of Oklahoma. Pending which the House adjourned.—In the Senate, on the 16th of January, Mr. Sherman made a strong speech in support of a bill providing for the early resumption of specie payments.

The steamship *Erie*, of the United States and Brazil Mail Steamship Company, was burned at sea, ninety miles north of Pernambuco, January 2. It is reported that all hands were saved.

Kellogg and M'Enery were each inaugurated as Governor of Louisiana on the 13th of January, each refusing to yield to the other.

The Fifth Cavalry, United States army, had a fierce engagement with the Apache Indians on the 29th of December, in which not one of the latter was left to tell the story.

In the State Assembly, on the 14th of January, the various committees were announced, after which several communications were received from Governor Dix and ordered to be printed, and the Assembly then proceeded to regular business. Among the bills introduced was one for appointing a board of reputable physicians to regulate the commitment of lunatics to confinement, and another providing for the regulation of the quality and price of gas.

The New Jersey Legislature organized in both branches on the 14th of January, and elected the officers agreed upon previously in caucus. A number of miscellaneous bills were introduced, among which was a bill for a through railroad from New York to Philadelphia.

Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, was inaugurated at the Capitol on the 14th of January, and the other newly elected officers were sworn in.

Accounts from Minnesota describe the recent storm there as the most terrible in that section of the country since its settlement. Some twenty people are known to have been frozen to death, and numbers of horses and oxen have shared the same fate. The railroad men are in many cases badly frozen, but none fatally.

The Board of Directors of the Erie Railroad Company has decided upon the issue of $10,000,000 of convertible bonds for sundry improvements to the road.

The library of the late Edwin Forrest, in Philadelphia, was greatly damaged by fire on the 15th of January. His valuable collection of Shakspearean works was almost entirely destroyed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A brief telegraphic dispatch from London brings the sad intelligence of the death of Lord Lytton, the distinguished author and statesman. The dispatch gives no particulars, except that he died on Saturday afternoon, January 18, at his residence in London, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Like Hawthorne, Thackeray, and Dickens, Lord Lytton seems to have passed suddenly away in the midst of an active life, and when new triumphs were awaiting him in his high profession.

An earthquake is reported to have taken place recently in India, by which the town of Soonghur was destroyed, with 1500 of its inhabitants.

Several members of the International were arrested recently at Narbonne, France.

The ship *Tuscarora*, loaded with cotton, and bound from Mobile to Liverpool, foundered off Gibraltar, with the loss of the captain and ten men.

Seven persons were burned to death at a fair in Lichfield, England, recently.

Another detachment of 500 Spanish troops has sailed for Cuba.

The Committee of Thirty of the French Assembly sat at Versailles on the 14th of January, and the report of the sub-committee was read, enumerating the future powers proposed to be lodged in the Presidency. M. Thiers expressed dissatisfaction at certain portions of the sub-committee's report.

The funeral of the ex-Emperor Napoleon took place on the 16th of January, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. The Prince Imperial was present, but the ex-Empress was too ill to attend. The Queen of England was represented. On returning, the Prince Imperial was greeted with the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" to which he replied, "The Emperor is dead. Vive la France!"

A boiler exploded in a factory at Charleroi, in Belgium, on the 15th of January, killing eleven persons and wounding a large number of others.

Bloody election riots have occurred in the city of Parana, Brazil, and many persons killed.

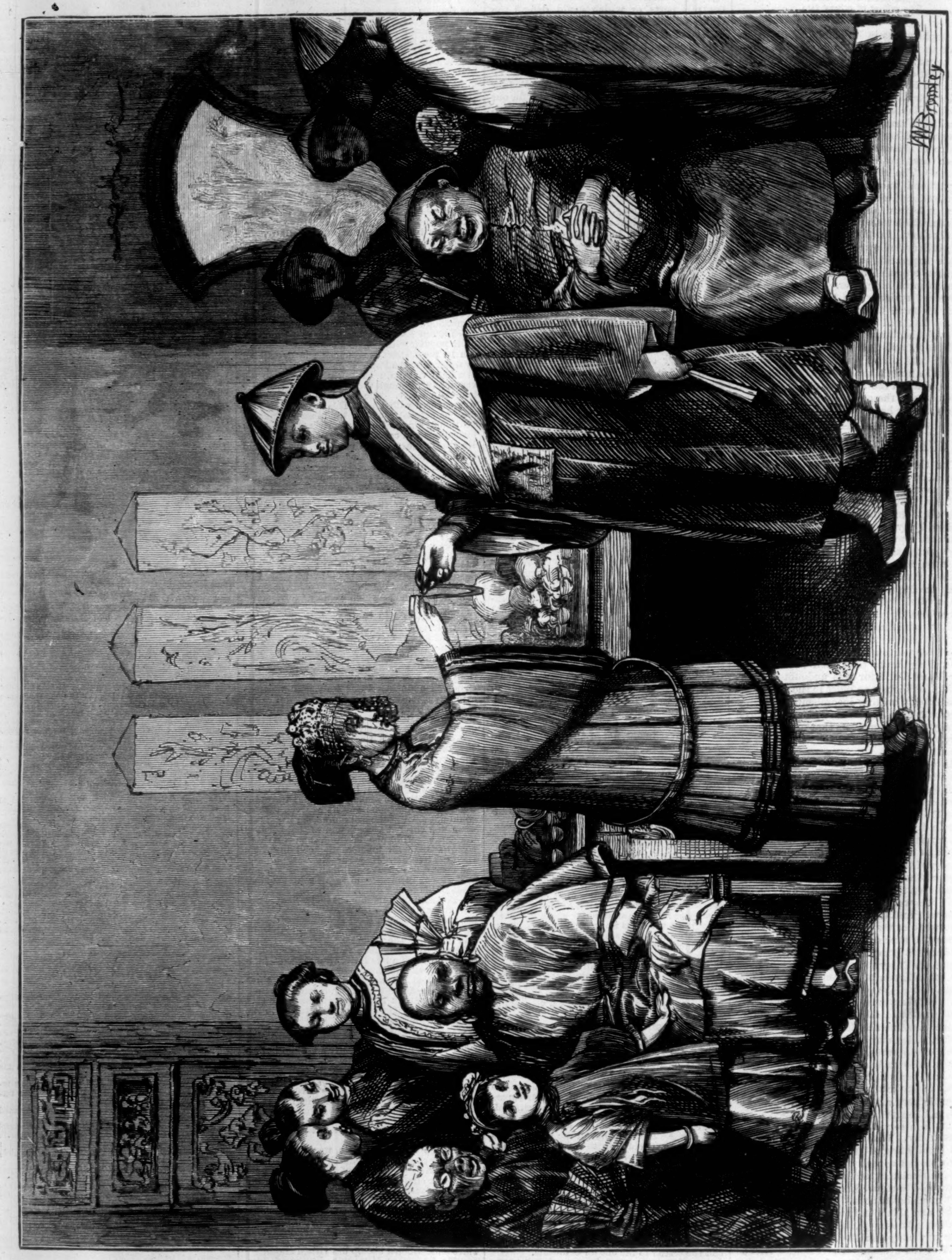
War is reported as imminent between Japan and the Corea.

LIFE IN CHINA.

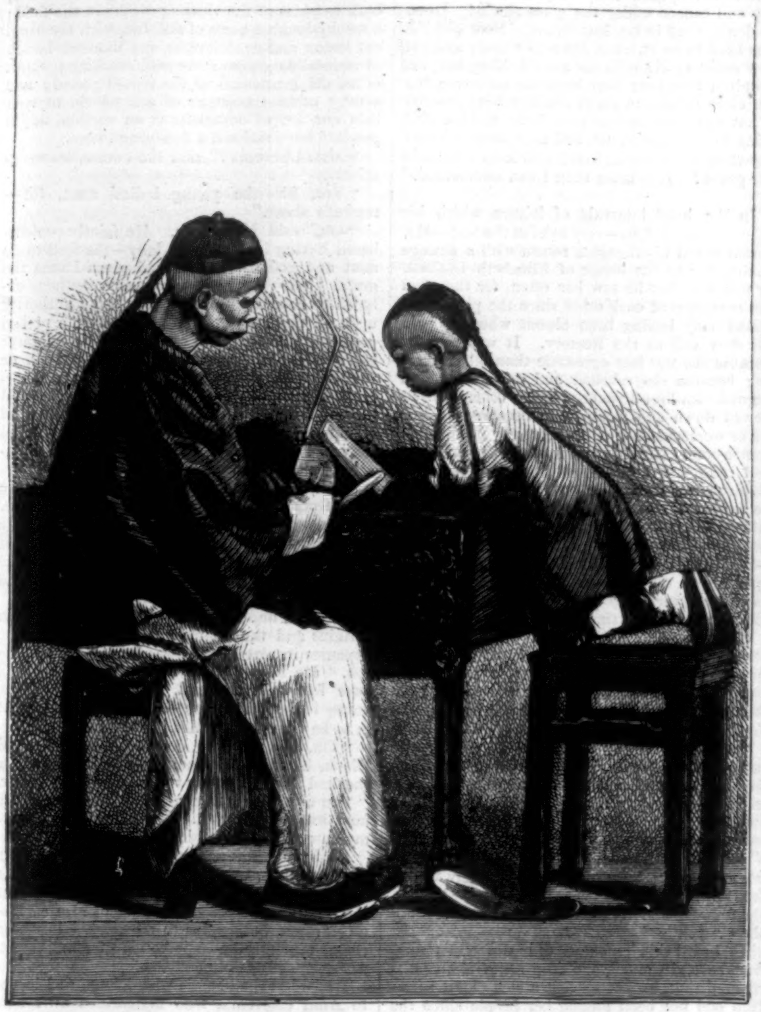
THE recent marriage of the ruler of the Flowery and Celestial Empire has awakened new interest among outside barbarians in the social manners and customs of that strange country. The ancient civilization of the Chinese, which ages ago reached a certain point of development and there remained stationary, as if petrified, is now gradually yielding a little to the influences which are operating so rapidly in Japan. As these influences gain force, the changes will become more radical, and a few years only may elapse before the ways and customs that now excite our curiosity will have become things of the past. The illustrations on this and the following page are from the pencil of an artist who has traveled extensively through the Celestial Empire. The first represents a Chinese marriage. The marriage ceremony in China differs in many respects from that of our own and other countries. Love before marriage was never the fashion with the Chinese. A Chinaman, if he moves in polite circles, has never seen the lady to whom he is betrothed, and has not the remotest idea of what she is like, whether she will at all resemble the creature his fond fancy has painted, or whether the first sight of her unveiled face on the day of marriage will cast a shadow over the prospect of his future life. He does not understand love; it is no part of the marriage contract. He was probably betrothed by his parents before his infant eyes opened upon the charms of his country. His intended wife has been reared for him in the strict seclusion of her paternal home.

The parents of marriageable children usually engage a professional person, or go-between, to negotiate an alliance for their son or daughter. Suitable presents are exchanged, and an astrologer is called in to fix a lucky day for the ceremony. This individual professes to investigate the horoscope of the contracting parties, and to ascertain whether the combined ages of bride and bridegroom and the exact time of birth will create any bad influence if the two are united on a given day. Should a lady who has been betrothed in the customary manner by her parents die before marriage, the bereaved youth is at liberty to make another engagement; but should he die before marriage, the young lady must go into weeds for the term of her natural life: and should she during her widowhood be held in esteem by her neighbors for perfect chastity, the imperial government will erect a stone arch over her grave. There are many who, when in this situation, prefer to commit suicide rather than face the ills of a spinster's or widow's life.

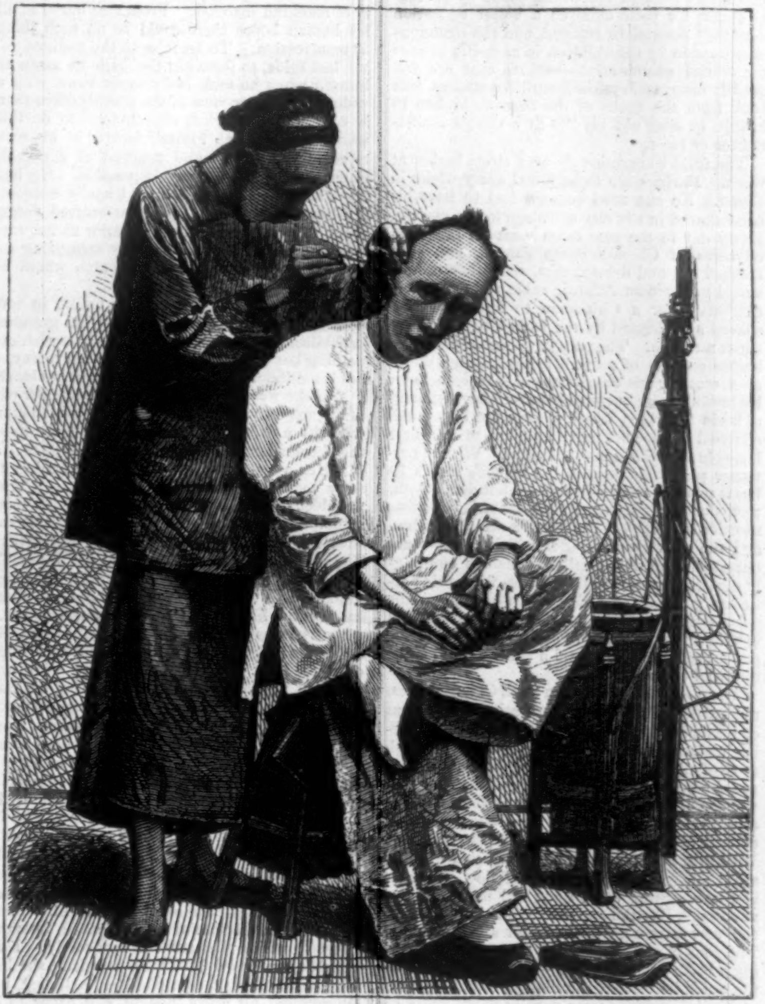
It is usual during the marriage week to engage a procession of coolies to parade the streets with the articles of household furniture, the silks, and jewels of the new couple. On the day of marriage the bride is in a flutter as she is being



LIFE IN CHINA—A WEDDING CEREMONY.



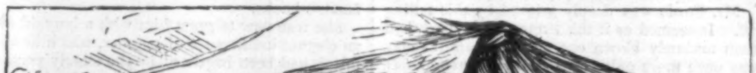
THE LESSON.

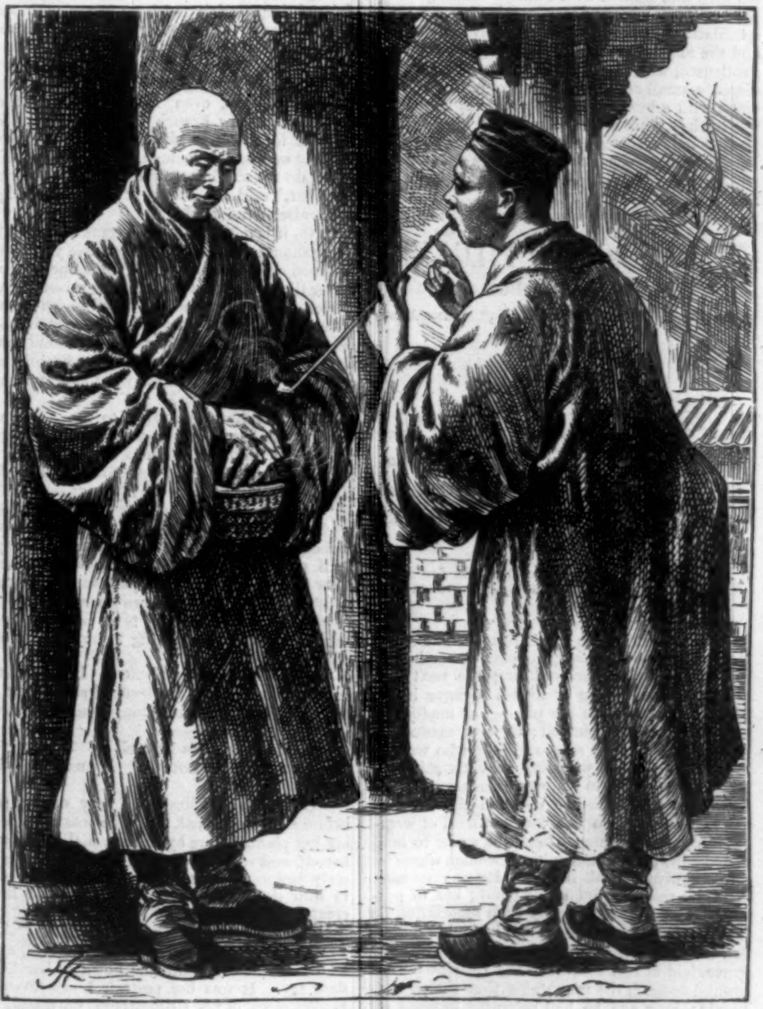


A STREET BARBER.

dressed and painted by her female relatives and attendants. The head-dress, hung with glistening sprays of pearls, is poised on the head, the last touch is given to the uniform folds of her red silk robe, the gorgeous gilded chair waits at the door; she is gently raised in her brother's arms, and held over a fire of charcoal to dispel any lurking devilry that may be about her. She is then carried to her chair, followed by a chorus of weeping females, four of whom are the bridemaids, who are old married women, dressed in black and red scarfs. Then, amidst the deafening din of fire-crackers, the shrill tones of native flutes, and boom of gongs, she is borne off to the home of the bridegroom, at the door of which she is met by an old woman, the mother of male children. It is then that one of the most tedious of earthly ceremonies begins, wherein the spirits of ancestors have to be worshiped, the parents have to be worshiped, the marriage contract read. They then drink the sacred wine-cup, when two wine-cups are united with a red silk thread, and the contents drunk by the young couple before the assembled guests. The bride and bridegroom are usually seated during this part of the ceremony. When the ceremony is over the bride takes off her outer robe, and prepares herself to submit to the varied, and what we would consider extremely rude, remarks of the gentlemen present, who talk freely of the form of her hands, feet, head, nose, mouth, eyes, etc. A feast follows, and the happy pair don't go off in a chair-and-four on their honeymoon. The lady retires to, and keeps the strict seclusion of, her new home, while the bridegroom joins in the feast, which is kept up to a late hour.

The second illustration represents a quiet domestic scene, a grandfather devoting his leisure to the instruction of his grandchild, who is conning his rudimentary lesson for the morning school. The system of government competitive examinations, which has been in operation in China for many ages, and which throws open to the poorest scholar of the land the way to the highest official appointment, has fostered among the people that reverence for learning and the learned (which approaches to a form of worship in the respect they pay to their ancient sages. It





also shows itself in the efforts made by parents to obtain for their children a better education than they themselves enjoyed, and the strenuous efforts made by the children in after-life to pass the official examinations—efforts that are frequently never relinquished until the student falls back from the ranks of the *literati*, broken in health, to drag out his life as a village schoolmaster or tutor.

The third illustration shows a street barber at work. Barbers are to be found every where in China. No one need be at a loss to have his head shaved in any city or village in the empire. Every day in the year there must be hundreds of acres of Chinese heads shaved, and tails combed out and dressed that, were they united, would produce an Atlantic cable of hair. It is customary for a Chinaman to have his head shaved and dressed by the barber two or three times a month. The paraphernalia of the street barber consists of a small cabinet, which serves as a seat for his customer and a receptacle for his instruments; a round wooden case with metal basin for water, which is kept hot by a small charcoal furnace beneath; attached to this there is a pole to indicate his profession. When a customer places his head in the barber's hands he has it steamed and rubbed with a hot damp cloth, then shaved; the face is then shaved, including nostrils and ears. The eyelids are then raised and the eyes cleaned, after which the ears are operated upon with small instruments cunningly devised to remove all obstacles from this particular gateway of Celestial knowledge. The spine is then punched and kneaded, to impress it with an acute sense of its functions, and the patient retires, having paid a trifling sum for the tonsorial operations.

The street stalls, common to all Chinese cities, represented in the fourth illustration, are a great convenience to the poorer orders of the laboring classes of the community, as they furnish food of all kinds at a much cheaper rate than it could be procured in an inn or restaurant. It is wonderful to see the portability of their cooking arrangements, as an entire soup-kitchen can be carried about from place to place by its owner. Wherever laborers are congregated you will find that their food and amusements follow. If there is a house being built, there will be a soup and meat stall, like the one in the illustration, where one may have a good dinner for about a penny. The cook of our sketch, says the artist, was driving a brisk trade. There was a particular soup for which he was held in high favor. The seats at his *table d'hôte* were usually filled, while an eager group of customers were standing round plying their spoons and chopsticks, never talking except with their mouths quite full.

Portable hand-furnaces, like that represented in the last illustration, are chiefly used in the north of China during the winter months, when the fire, in place of being in the house, as we have it, is carried about the person, beneath the thickly padded cotton garments, or in the hand; at times it is placed beneath the chair on which one is seated. This contrivance, says the artist, was first introduced to our notice when resting at a village in the Fo-kien province, which, before we had investigated the cause, we noted as a place remarkable for the deformity of its inhabitants—old men and women with strange swellings projecting in the most unaccountable places. Our speculations were, however, speedily set at rest and the matter satisfactorily explained by an old gentleman, who removed his great-coat and disclosed a small copper furnace secured round his waist with a band, and neatly covered with basket-work. This artificial mode of heating the body is only resorted to in time of extreme cold, as on ordinary occasions the people deem their thick clothing a sufficient protection during winter.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the First.

CHAPTER VI.

"When God smote His hands together, and struck
out thy soul as a spark
Into the organized glory of things, from deeps of
the dark,
Say, didst thou shine, didst thou burn, didst thou
honor the power in the form,
As the star does at night, or the fire-fly, or even the
little ground-worm?
'I have sinned,' she said,
'For my seed-light shed
Has smouldered away from His first decrees.
The cypress praiseth the fire-fly, the ground-leaf
praiseth the worm;
I am viler than these.'"

WHAT had Malcolm Forde done? The question was one which that gentleman demanded of himself not unfrequently during the next few weeks. Was it wise or foolish to have bared his old wound before the pitying, or unpitying, eyes of Elizabeth Luttrell; to have made this appeal for womanly sympathy—he who was by nature so reticent, who had kept his griefs so sternly locked within his own breast until now? Was it wise or foolish? Was he right in deeming her nobler than the common herd of women, a soul with whom it might be sweet to hold friendship's calm communion, a woman whom he dared cultivate as his friend? He was not even yet fully resolved upon this point; but of possible peril to himself in any such association he had never dreamed. Long ago he had told himself that his heart was buried in Alice Fraser's grave, laid at rest forever in the hill-side burial-ground beneath the mountains that shelter Lanorgie; long ago he had solemnly devoted all the power of his intellect, all the vigor of his manhood, to the pursuit of a grander aim than that mere earthly happiness for which the majority of mankind searches. From that burial of all his human hopes there could be no such thing as resurrection. To be false to the memory of his lost bride, to forswear the oath he made to himself when he took his priestly vows, with a wider or a sterner view of the priestly office than is common to English churchmen—to do this would be to stamp himself forever in his own esteem the weakest and meanest of mankind. Such a thing was simply impossible. He had therefore no snare to dread in friendly companionship with a bright, generous-hearted young creature who was infinitely superior to her surroundings, a faulty soul vaguely struggling toward a purer atmosphere, a woman whom he might help to be good.

He felt that here was a noble nature in sore peril of shipwreck, a creature with the grandest capabilities, who might for lack of culture achieve nothing but evil; a soul too easily led astray, a heart too impulsive to prosper without guidance.

"If she were my sister, I would make her one of the noblest women of her age," he said to himself, with a firm faith in his own influence upon this feebler feminine spirit.

"Her very faults would seem charming to some men," he told himself, sagely. "That variableness which makes her at times the most incomprehensible of women, at other times the sweetest, would lead a fool on to his destruction. There was a day when I deemed her incapable of serious thought or unselfish work; yet, once awakened to the sense of her obligations, there has been no limit to her patience and devotion."

And he was the author of this awakening. He felt a natural pride and delight in the knowledge of this. He was the Prometheus who had breathed the higher and more spiritual life into the nostrils of this lovely clay. He had snatched her from the narrow influences of her home; from the easy-going, thoughtless father, whose mind hardly soared above the consideration of his cellar or his dinner-table; from the petty provincial society, with its petty gossip about its own works and ways, the fashion of its garments, and its dinings and tea-drinkings and trivial domestic details, from Mrs. Smith's new parlor-maid to Mrs. Brown's new bonnet. It was something to have lifted her from this slough of despond even to the outermost edge of a better world.

Yet she had flashes of the old leaven, intervals of retrogression that afflicted him sorely. During that homeward drive from the picnic she had been simply perfect; sympathetic, confiding, understanding his every thought, and eager to be understood; candid, unaffected, womanly. But when the drive was over she had changed as quickly as Cinderella at midnight's first fatal stroke. All the glorious vestments of her regenerated soul had dropped away, leaving the old familiar rags—the flippancy, the fastness, the insolence of conscious beauty. That earnest talk by the sun-dial, which Frederick Melvin had watched from afar with jealous yes, had been in reality expostulation. The curate had presumed to lecture his rector's daughter, not in an insolent, hectoring spirit, not in a tone to which she could fairly object, but with a gentle gravity, regretful that she who had so many gifts should yet fall short of perfection.

"How can you talk such nonsense?" she exclaimed, impetuously, with an angry movement of her graceful shoulders. "You know there is no one perfect, you know there is no one good. Are you not always hammering that at us in your sermons, making believe to consider us the veriest dirt—yes, even Mrs. Polwhele, of the Dene, in her new French bonnet? I don't see any use in trying to please you. There never was but one perfect woman, and she is dead."

"I do not think it very kind of you to speak like that," said Mr. Forde, "as if you grudged my praise of the dead."

"No, it is not that; but it seems hard that the living should suffer because—because you choose to brood upon the memory of some one who was better than they. I will not shape myself by any model, however perfect. Why"—with a little bitter laugh—"if I were to become the faultless being you talk about, my perfection would only be a plagiarism. I would rather be original, and keep my sins. Besides, what can my shortcomings matter to you?"

"They matter very much to me. Do you think I am interested in my congregation just for twenty minutes, while I am preaching to them, and that when I come down the pulpit stairs all interest ceases till my next sermon?"

"You should reserve your lectures for Gertrude. She enjoys sermonizing and being sermoned. I believe she keeps a journal of her spiritual progress. I dare say she would like to show it to you. No doubt you would find plenty of my sins duly booked, *en parenthèse*."

"Your sister Gertrude is a very admirable person, and I was beginning to hope you would grow like her."

"Thanks for the compliment. If I am in any danger of resembling Gertrude, I shall leave off trying to be good the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Good-night, Miss Luttrell—"

"I am not Miss Luttrell. My name is Elizabeth."

"Good-night, Elizabeth," very coldly; and before she could speak again he was gone, leaving her planted there by the sun-dial, angry with herself, and still more angry with him; passionately jealous of that memory which was more to him than the best and brightest of living creatures.

"Alice Fraser!" she said to herself. "Alice Fraser! A Scotch clergyman's daughter, a girl who never had a well-made gown in her life, I dare say. It was her portrait I saw over the mantel-piece in his sitting-room, no doubt. A poor little namby-pamby face, with pleading eyes always seeming to say, 'Forgive me for being a little better than every body else.' And that cup and saucer under the glass shade! Hers, no doubt, used in her last illness. Poor girl! it was hard to be stricken down like that; and yet how sweet to die with his arms holding her, his agonized face bent over hers, his quivering lips put close to hers to catch the last faint breath! What was there in that poor little meek-souled thing to hold him in life, and after death—to set a seal upon his strong heart, and keep it even in her grave? It is more than I can understand."

In the brief intervals of leisure which his daily duties left him—very brief at the best—Mr. Forde found his thoughts return with a strange persistency to the image of Elizabeth Luttrell. It was not that he saw her often, for they had not encountered each other since the picnic, the young lady having been absent when he paid his duty call at the Rectory. It was perhaps because she was less agreeable than other women; because she rebelled and defied him, and argued with him flippantly, where other damsels bowed down and worshiped; because she had never weakened her optic nerves by a laborious course of tent stitch and satin stitch; because she had refused to lead the choir of Sunday-school children, or to take a class in the Sunday-school; because she was in every respect, save in her late amendment in the district-visiting way, exactly what a clergyman's daughter ought not to be—that Malcolm Forde suffered his mind to dwell upon her in the dead watches of the night, and gave her a very disproportionate amount of his consideration at all times and seasons.

Of late he had been seriously disturbed about her; for shortly after the picnic there came a change in the damsel's conduct, a sad falling away in her district visiting. The women whom she had attached to her bewailed this fact to Mr. Forde.

"I thought as how she'd been ill, poor dear," said one; "but when I went to church last Sunday, there she was, with her head held as high as ever, like a queen, bless her handsome face, and more color in her cheeks than she used to have. She sent me a gown last week by the Vicarage house-maid, and a regular good one, not a brack it; but though I was humbly thankful, I'd rather have seen her, as I used when she'd come and sit agen my wash-tub reading the Gospel."

He heard this lamentation, in different terms, from several women, and after some inquiry discovered that, except to visit a sick child, Elizabeth had not been among her people since the day of the picnic at Lawborough Beeches. She had sent them tea, and small benefactions of that kind, by the hand of a menial—benefactions for which they were duly grateful—but they missed her visits not the less.

"She's such good company," remarked one woman; "not like most of your districk visitors, which make you feel that down-hearted as if you'd had a undertaker talkin' to you. She's got such pleasant, lively ways, and yet as pitiful as pitiful if there's sickness. And she do make herself so at home in one's place. 'Let me dust your chimbley-piece, Mrs. Morris,' she says to me; and dusts it before I can look, and sets the things out so pretty, and brings me that there blue chaney vase next day, bless her kind heart!"

Mr. Forde was deeply grieved by this falling off. It seemed as if the Promethean spark had been untimely blown out. The beautiful clay was once more only clay. He felt unspeakably disheartened by the straying of this one lamb which he had sought to gather into the fold.

Once possessed of his facts, he went straightway to the Vicarage to remonstrate.

"I do not care how obnoxious I render myself to her," he thought. "I am not here to speak smooth words. If her father neglects his duty, there is so much more reason I should do mine."

The year had grown six weeks older since the picnic. In summer-time the Luttrell girls—with the exception of Gertrude, who was always busy—lived for the most part a straggling life, scattering themselves about garden and orchard, and doing all things in a desultory manner. In summer the curate might have felt tolerably sure of finding Elizabeth alone under some favorite tree, reading a novel, or making believe to work. Today it was different. The October afternoon was fine, but chill. He would have to seek his erring sister in the house, to inquire for the vicar and the young ladies after the usual manner of visitors, and to take his chance of getting a few words alone with Elizabeth.

He looked right and left of the winding path as he went from the garden gate to the house, but saw no glimpse of feminine apparel athwart the tall hollyhocks; so he was fain to go on to the hall door. He was not particularly observant of details; but it struck him that the gray old house had a smarter aspect than usual. The carriage drive had been lately rolled; there was even some indication of a thin coating of new gravel. Muslin curtains that were unfamiliar to his eyes shrouded the bow-windows of the drawing-room, and a little yapping black-and-tan terrier—the veriest abbreviation of the dog species—flew out of a half-open door to gird at him as he rang the bell.

The Vicarage parlor-maid—a young woman he had prepared for confirmation twelve months before—came smiling to admit him. Even she had an altered air—more starch in her gown, a smart white apron, cherry-colored bows in her cap.

"Is Mr. Luttrell at home?"

"No, Sir. Master went to Bulford in the pony-chaise with Miss Luttrell directly after lunch. But the other young ladies are in the drawing-room, Sir, and Mrs. Chevenix."

He went into the hall—a square low-ceilinged chamber, embellished with antiquated cabinets of cracked Oriental china; an ancient barometer; a pair of antlers, a fox's brush lying across them, both trophies of the vicar's prowess in the field; a smoky-looking piece of still-life, with the usual cut lemon and dead leveret and monster bunch of impossible grapes; the still smokier portrait of an old gentleman of the pigtail period; and sundry other specimens of art, which, massed into one lot of oddments at an auction, might possibly have realized a five-pound note.

"Mrs. Chevenix?" said the curate, interrogatively.

"Yes, Sir—the young ladies' aunt, Sir—master's sister."

"Oh," said Mr. Forde. He faintly remembered having heard of this lady—the well-to-do aunt and godmother who had given Diana the grand piano; an aunt who was sometimes alluded to confidently by Blanche as an authority upon all matters of taste and fashion; a person possessed of a universal knowledge of the lighter sort; whose judgment as to the best book or the cleverest picture of the season was a judgment beyond dispute; who knew the ins and outs of life aristocratic and life diplomatic, and would naturally be one of the first persons to be informed of an approaching marriage in fashionable circles or an impending war.

Without ever having seen this lady, Mr. Forde had, from his inner consciousness, as it were, evolved some faint image of her, and the image was eminently distasteful to him. He disliked Mrs. Chevenix, of course, more or less on the Dr. Fell principle. The reason why he could not tell, but he most assuredly did dislike her.

He could understand now that the new muslin curtains and the sprinkling of new gravel were expenses incurred in honor of this superior person. He kept his hat in his hand—he would have left it in the hall, most likely, had the young ladies been alone—and thus armed, went in to be presented to Mrs. Chevenix.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Forde?" cried Diana, bouncing up from the hearth-rug, where she had been caressing the infinitesimal terrier. "You are quite a stranger. We never see you now, except in church. Let me present you to my aunt, Mrs. Chevenix."

He had a sense of something large and brown and rustling rising with a stately air between him and the light, and then slowly sinking into the luxurious depths of a capacious arm-chair—a chair not indigenous to the rectory drawing-room, evidently an importation of Aunt Chevenix's.

He had shaken hands with Diana, and bowed to Aunt Chevenix, who maintained an aristocratic reserve on the subject of hand-shaking, and did not go about the world offering her hand to the first comer. He had performed these two ceremonies with his eyes wandering in quest of that other Miss Luttrell for whose special behalf he had come to the Rectory.

She—Elizabeth—sat in a low chair by the fire, reading a novel, the very picture of contented idleness. She too, like the house, seemed to him altered. Her garments had a more fashionable air. That Puritan simplicity she had assumed at the beginning of her career as a district visitor was entirely discarded. She wore lockets and trinkets which he had not seen her wear of late, and rich plaits of dark brown hair were piled high on the graceful head, like the pictures in fashion-books.

She rose now to greet him with a languid air, an elegant indifference of manner, which he surmised had been imparted by the stately personage in shining brown silk. They shook hands coldly enough on both sides, and Elizabeth resumed her seat, with her book open in her lap.

Mrs. Chevenix sat with her portly brown silk back toward the bow-window. It was one of Mrs. Chevenix's principles to sit with her back to the light, whereby a *soupçon* of pearl-powder and hair-dye was rendered less obvious to the observer. A beauty had Mrs. Chevenix been in her time, ay, and as acknowledged a beauty as Elizabeth Luttrell herself, although it would have cost Malcolm Forde a profound effort of faith to believe that vivid flashing brunette loveliness of Elizabeth's could ever develop into the fleshly charms of the matron. But in certain circles, and in her own estimation, Mrs. Chevenix still took high rank as a fine woman. She had arrived at that arid full-blown stage of existence in which a woman can only be distinguished as fine, in which a carefully preserved figure and a complexion eked out by art are the last melancholy vestiges of departed beauty.

She was a large person, with a large aquiline-nosed countenance, framed by broad-plaited bands of flaxen hair. Her cheeks bloomed with the florid bloom of middle age, delicately toned down by a judicious application of pearl-powder; her arched eyebrows were several shades darker than her hair, and a little too regular for nature; her eyes were blue—cold, calculating eyes, which looked as if they had never beheld the outer world as any thing better than a theatre for the advancement and gratification of self; or at least this was the idea which those chilly azure orbs inspired in the mind of Mr. Forde as he sat opposite the lady, talking small-talk and telling Diana Luttrell the news of his parish.

Mrs. Chevenix had a certain good-society manner which was as artificial as her eyebrows or the bluish-white tints that toned her cheek-bones; and of this manner she kept two samples always in stock—the gushing and vivacious style, which she affected with people whom she deemed her superiors; the listless and patronizing, or secondary manner, wherewith she gratified her inferiors.

It was, of course, not likely she would take the trouble to gush for her brother's curate, even though he might be a person of decent family, and possessed of independent means. Had he been an "Honorable," a scion, however remote, of some distinguished house in the peerage, she would have beamed upon him with her most entrancing smiles. But an unknown Scotchman; a man who had been described to her as terribly in earnest; a person of revolutionary principles, who set himself against the existing order of things, wanting to reform this and that, and perhaps to level the convenient barriers which keep the common herd in their proper places; a dismal person, no doubt, full of strange wailings, like the ancient prophets, whom she heard wonderingly sometimes at church, giving them just as much attention as she could spare from the fair vista of new bonnets shining in a shaft of light from the Gothic window, and who seemed to her to have been distracted personages eminently ineligible for dinner-parties.

"Aunt Chevenix missed your sermon last Sunday morning, Mr. Forde," said Diana. "She had one of her headaches, and was afraid the church might be hot."

"In October?" said Mr. Forde, smiling. "Our congregation is not vast enough for that." He did not express any regret about his loss of such a hearer as Aunt Chevenix.

"I am really fond of a good sermon," remarked the lady, blandly, trifling with a shining black fan, wherewith she was wont to flap the empty air at all times and seasons. This fan, a gold-rimmed eyeglass, and a double-headed scent-bottle were Mrs. Chevenix's only means of employment, after she had read the *Morning Post* and accomplished her diurnal tale of letter-writing. "And good sermons are become so rare," she went on, in her slow, pompous way. "I have heard no eloquent preacher for the last five years, except the Bishop of Granchester."

"You would not say that if you had heard Mr. Forde," said Diana.

Mrs. Chevenix put up her eyeglass and looked at the curate with a languid smile, as if with the aid of that instrument she were able to make a precise estimate of his powers.

"Mr. Forde is very young, my dear. It is hardly fair to name him in the same breath with the bishop."

Elizabeth, who had been turning the leaves of her book listlessly, with an air of absolute inattention, flashed out at this.

"Mr. Forde is natural," she said, "which is more than I can say for the bishop. I admit his eloquence, his grand bass voice, sinking to an almost awful solemnity at every climax. But it seems to me a tutored eloquence. I could fancy him an actor in a Greek play, declaiming behind a mask. Mr. Forde"—a sudden pause, as if she had been going to say a great deal, and had hastily checked herself—"is different."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATE LORD LYTTON.

On the first page of this paper will be found a very striking and remarkable portrait of Lord Lytton, engraved from a picture in his own possession. As an author and statesman Lord Lytton is no less admired on this side of the Atlantic than in his own country. The reputation won by him during the course of his long and brilliant career is as varied as his industry has been indefatigable. He has, with apparent ease, achieved for himself almost equal celebrity as statesman and orator, as dramatist and essayist, as poet, as novelist, and as social philosopher. Thirty-five years ago, in recognition of his literary merits, he received the award of a baronetcy, in companionship with Herschel, as the representative man of science. His subsequent elevation to the peerage was partly an acknowledgment of his brilliant literary reputation, and partly in recognition of his merits as a politician and administrator.

The Right Hon. Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, Baron Lytton, of Knebworth, in Hertfordshire, was born on Saturday, May 25, 1805. He is the youngest of the three sons of General William Earle Bulwer, of Heyden Hall and Wood Dalling, in the county of Norfolk, a distinguished officer, who had, in 1798, married Elizabeth Barbara, sole heiress and last representative of the Lyttons of Knebworth. From each side, therefore, the future poet, novelist, and statesman came of an ancient race lineally descended from a Norman patrician who accompanied the Conqueror.

His first published volume was a small book of poems, entitled *Weeds and Wild Flowers*, issued privately in Paris in 1826. It has never been republished. Since then the story of his life has been one of constant literary activity. To mention in the briefest manner possible all the novels, poems, and dramas which he has given to the world would require at least a column of the *Weekly*. His first success was achieved with *Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman*. The MS., which had been rejected by the publisher's reader, was read by the publisher himself, who at once (in 1828) issued the work in three volumes, and dispatched a check for £500 to the young novelist. *The Disowned* appeared in 1829, and was followed in 1830 by *Devereux*. *Pelham* proved his right to the title of wit and humorist. *The Disowned* revealed at once larger powers and loftier aspirations, more especially through the character of Algernon Mordaunt, in himself the very archetype of the heroism of Christian philosophy; while the intricate plot and subtle analysis of *Devereux* displayed still more fully the young novelist's exceptional capabilities as a writer of fiction. Those capabilities were still more remarkably evidenced in 1831 by the scathing political satire of *Paul Clifford*.

These works were followed in rapid succession by *Eugene Aram*, *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Ernest Maltravers; or, the Eleusinia*—the most widely popular of all his romances—followed within a year by its fascinating sequel, *Alice; or, the Mysteries*. In 1838 he made his second and singularly brilliant venture as a dramatist. *The Lady of Lyons*, written within less than a fortnight, and placed as a gift for the season in the hands of the manager (Macready), took the town by storm, and has held its position ever since as a stock piece. The historical drama of *Richelieu* attained a kindred success in 1839, as to a certain extent also did another five-act play, called *The Sea-Captain*. The latter, however, out of motives of fastidiousness on the part of the author, was withdrawn from the stage at the close of the season, although it had run triumphantly through it, to be recast by him, and reproduced upon the boards nearly twenty years afterward (in 1868) under its new title as *The Rightful Heir*. Perhaps the most legitimate of all his dramatic successes, however, was that achieved in 1840 by his brilliant five-act comedy of *Money*. This was followed in 1841 by his new story of modern life and middle-class society, entitled *Night and Morning*.

The most charming of all his novels, *The Caxtons*, appeared anonymously in *Blackwood* in 1848. Unannounced as by any one in particular, it rapidly won its way to the public heart, and excited but one sentiment of admiration. It was succeeded in due course, through the same channel, by a work of kindred purity and power, but of far greater elaboration. The narrative in this instance was illustrative of the varieties of English life, and was emphatically designated by its author, *My Novel*. It may be regarded as so far worthy of the title that it is in many respects Lord Lytton's masterpiece. *My Novel* was succeeded by *What will He do with It?* and *A Strange Story*. Since the publication of the latter, ten years ago, Lord Lytton has not appeared before the world as a novelist. It is a remembrance of this that imparts such a peculiar interest to the announcement of his forth-coming fiction of *Kenelm Chillingly, His Adventures and Opinions*," which, by arrangement with the author, will be published in this country by Harper & Brothers.

We have not space to dwell upon the incidents of Lord Lytton's public career. He first entered the House of Commons in 1831, and again in 1852, after an absence from it of eleven years. He remained there until his elevation to the peerage, in July of 1866, as Baron Lytton of Knebworth. Once during the interval, immediately after the formation of Lord Derby's second government, he had taken his seat in the cabinet as Secretary of State for the Colonies. During his twelvemonth of office the abolition of the monopoly of the Hudson Bay Company was accomplished, and the two noble colonies of British Columbia and Queensland were called into existence. In each settlement the colonists have attested their grateful appreciation of his genius as an administrator by giving the name of Lytton to the nucleus of a future great city.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Powell has returned from the exploration of the Colorado River of the West, having completed the examinations of the wonderful series of cañons along the course of this river about the 1st of October last. He then visited a group of volcanic mountains north of the Grand Cañon, composed of about sixty basaltic cones, to which he has given the name of Uinkaret Mountains (the Indian name, signifying "Where the pines grow").

An extensive series of faults has been examined by the party this year. These run in a northerly and southerly direction across the Grand Cañon, and north into the plateaus at the head of the Sevier, and some as far as the Wasatch Mountains. They are from 50 to 200 miles in length, and the drop from 100 to 3000 feet. The fissures of these faults have been vents for volcanic eruptions, and along their courses vast floods of lava have been poured out and cones built up.

A number more of the ruins of ancient communal houses have been discovered, making in all more than a hundred so far found by the party in the valley of the Colorado. One of these was situated on the crater of a volcanic cone.

The collection of picture-writings (etchings on the rocks) has been much enlarged; and the seven ancient towns, called by the Spaniards the province of Tusayan, have been revisited for ethnological purposes.

The professor has also continued his studies of the Ute Indians. He has discovered among them an extensive system of mythology and a great number of rude songs, and brought with him a large collection of articles illustrating the state of the arts among the people who inhabit the valley of the Colorado, composed of stone implements, pottery, basket-ware, clothing, implements for hunting and entrapping animals, musical instruments, ornaments of feathers, bones, teeth, and claws, and various miscellaneous articles.

Professor Thompson remains in the field for the purpose of extending the exploration north, toward the Wasatch Mountains.

The passage of the Grand Cañon in boats was again successfully accomplished this year, but made perilous at one time by a sudden rising of the river during the night. The river came up fifteen feet, and covered a pile of rocks on which the boats had been landed, and the party was compelled to raise them with lines, and hang them against the wall until daylight came.

Astronomers have been for some time interested in devising some method by which the discoveries of new planets or comets in one hemisphere may be reported to the other with the least possible delay, communication by mail being so slow, comparatively, that the object materially changes its place before fellow-workers on the opposite side of the Atlantic Ocean can direct their attention to it. The difficulty is still greater when the bodies in question are faint, since they are necessarily discovered in nights free from the light of the moon; but before the news can be transmitted across the water (requiring an interval of about two weeks) the moon will so illuminate the sky as to prevent observers from looking immediately for the object, and for this reason the first notice of a planet is frequently its last, the most careful search failing to detect it again in consequence of the impossibility of determining a second or third position.

These considerations have naturally invoked attention to the Atlantic cable as a means for exchanging discoveries; but the great expense of dispatches by it, and the poverty of astronomers, have prevented their making use of this means of communication to any great extent. For some time past Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, has been in correspondence with the authorities of the cable for the purpose of inducing them to transmit such communications free, and at last has had the pleasure of receiving from Mr. Cyrus W. Field the announcement that this boon has been granted. The precise details of the arrangement to be made are not yet fully established, but it is probable that, in case of important discoveries in America, the fact will be communicated by telegraph to the Smithsonian Institution, which will at once forward it to the observatories in Paris, London, Berlin, and Vienna, which, in turn, will supply the information to their associates. These same institutions will be the recipients, by telegraph, of the first announcements in Europe, to be transmitted to the Smithsonian Institution as before, and the information sent from Washington, either by the medium of the Associated Press, or by direct telegraphic dispatch.

The Western Union Company has also in the most cordial manner consented to pass inland messages to and from the Institute, free, over its lines. The directors of the cable and Western Union lines deserve great credit for their enlightened liberality, and for thus aiding in the scientific work of the day; and it is hoped that the European inland lines will not be behind in their co-operation, so as to make it an absolutely free interchange from one country to the other. The number of such dispatches traveling in either direction annually can not be very great (hardly more than one or two a month), as during 1872 there were only eleven new asteroids discovered. It is probable that the information in regard to the discovery of comets in America will be sent more directly to the Vienna Academy of Sciences, as that body has a standing offer of reward for all such announcements, made under certain specific conditions.

According to observations at Hameln, on the Weser, the young salmon, as generally supposed, usually return about the expiration of their second year to the ocean, and remain there, not one year only, but two, before going back to the river from which they had previously descended. It has been shown by numerous observations at Hameln that between the birth of the salmon and its first return from the ocean an interval of four years commonly elapses. Thus, the newly born salmon which were put into the water in the spring of 1868, in Silesia, ascended the Upper Oder in March, 1872. Of these several weighed from nine to twelve pounds, but the majority from five to eight.

A controversy has arisen between Dr. Hetting, Norwegian inspector of fish at Christiania, and Von der Wengen, in reference to the most desirable water for hatching out the eggs of salmon; the former recommending that this be taken from a point as near to the origin of the spring as possible, while the latter insists that by so doing there will be a scarcity of air in the water, which will have a pernicious effect upon the health of the young fish. He thinks that it is of the utmost importance that the water should previously traverse a considerable distance, and be more or less disturbed by falls and obstructions, so as to absorb a large amount of atmospheric air.

An important branch of industry has lately sprung up on the lakes, having for its object the utilization of certain fish formerly considered as worthless, and among them more particularly the sturgeon. It is not many years since the sturgeon was regarded as of no value, and although taken in great numbers in the pounds and traps, it was always thrown away.

Messrs. Schacht Brothers, of Sandusky, Ohio, have, however, undertaken to utilize this fish, and opened an establishment on a large scale for the purpose. They now purchase all the sturgeon that are taken in the vicinity and others sent from a distance; and after cleaning them cut the meat into small pieces, which they salt and smoke. Whatever is not to be prepared immediately is frozen and kept in that condition until it can be worked up. From the eggs they make caviare, while the bladder is converted into isinglass of the best quality. The offal of the head and other parts is boiled and the oil extracted, and every part of the fish is converted to some useful purpose, a good price being obtained for the different products.

In 1872 there were worked up at this establishment 13,800 sturgeon, averaging fifty pounds each, and costing a little over a dollar apiece, ten or twelve men being employed during the fishing season. The smoked meat is sent to the South and Southwest, where there is a large demand for it. The oil is used in tanning; the isinglass is employed by brewers and wine manufacturers for purposes of clarification; and the greater portion of the caviare is shipped to Germany, where it competes well with the genuine Russian article. In addition to the smoked sturgeon, they also put up a very excellent quality of smoked white-fish and lake herring.

We find in the *College Courant* a detailed history of the late exploring expedition of Professor Marsh to the Rocky Mountains. This consisted, in addition to Professor Marsh, of Messrs. Russell, Hill, Hoppin, and M'Naughton, the party concentrating at St. Louis, and proceeding to Fort Wallace by way of Kansas City. Here they received an escort of eight soldiers, under command of Lieutenant Pope, with army wagons and mules, and started for the Smoky Hill Fork, where they remained twenty-five days. They were surrounded most of the time by immense numbers of buffaloes, one herd being estimated as containing 15,000. The party was principally occupied, however, in collecting fossils, among which were numerous saurians, pterodactyls, and birds.

After returning to Fort Wallace, the party left for Denver, and thence proceeded to Cheyenne, where they found the thermometer fifteen degrees below zero, and with little prospect of an opportunity to prosecute out-door researches. They remained here four days, or until the weather moderated. They left Cheyenne for Crow Creek, in Colorado, and spent seven days there, most of the time in sight of Pike's Peak. This part of their work was not so successful as the first, though they obtained some rhinoceros' teeth, bones of rodents, and numerous fossil turtles.

From this point they proceeded to Salt Lake City, and thence to Green River. The party then divided at Ogden, a portion of it going on to San Francisco, with the intention of coming back by the way of Panama, and the others returning direct to Omaha, and home.

The *Academy* announces the recent death, at Göttingen, of the great mathematician Klebsch, at the age of forty.

As long ago as the 8th of July, 1872, the glass of the great telescope of the Alleghany Observatory, one of the largest of the kind in the country, and valued at about $4000, was stolen from the building, and all efforts to detect the robber and regain the plundered article were unavailing. We now learn from the *College Courant* that the lens has been recovered under the following circumstances. Not long since information was communicated to the parties interested that a gentleman, some months before, had overheard two men in a saloon in Cleveland talking of the proposed theft of an observatory glass. They spoke of a failure to obtain one from the Ann Arbor Observatory in consequence of the residence of the janitor's family in the building, and they discussed the possibility of obtaining the coveted prize from the Alleghany Observatory. This clew was followed up with great ingenuity until on the 8th of November, when the glass was discovered in the rooms of a friend of one of the parties referred to. This has since been returned to the observatory, but was found to have received serious damage in the form of several scratches, which may require the regrinding of the glass at a cost of thirty or forty per cent. of the original cost.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Why, Biddy," said Mary, "how long are you going to boil those eggs? You've had 'em on ten minutes already." "Well, faith, an' missus tould me to boil 'em soft, an' I'm goin' to boil 'em till they're soft, if it takes all day."

Why does a druggist's lost watch-key resemble himself?—Because it's a key missed (a chemist).

Lip Service—Tea-cups and saucers.

Suppose a man owns a skiff; he fastens the skiff to the shore with a rope made of straw; along comes a cow; cow gets into the boat; turns around and eats the rope; the skiff thus let loose, with the cow on board, starts down stream, and on its passage is upset; the cow is drowned. Now has the man that owns the cow got to pay for the boat, or the man that owns the boat got to pay for the cow?

Which goes the quicker—a full minute or a spare moment?

One of our city confectioners wishes us to inform his juvenile patrons he can not give thirty days' time on five cents' worth of chewing gum, but he will take first mortgage on skates and hand-sleds from parties whose parents are on a substantial basis.

The reason an urchin gave for being late at school was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing down with a bed-cord, and he waited to hear him howl.

"You may say what you darn please," said Bill Muggins, speaking of a deceased comrade, "Jake was a good boy, he was, and a great hunter," continued Bill; "but he was the meanest man that ever breathed in the State; and he played one of the sharpest tricks you ever heard of, and I'll tell you how it was. I was out shootin' with him one mornin'. I tell you the duck was plenty; and other game we despised so long as we could see duck. Jake he was too mean to blaze away unless he could put down two or three at a shot. Jake often was blowin' me up for wastin' shot and powder so; but I didn't care—I blazed away. Well, somehow or other, while fussin' around the boat, my powder-flask fell overboard in about sixteen feet of water, which was as clear as good gin, and I could see the flask lay at the bottom. Jake being a good swimmer, also diver, he said he'd fetch her up, and in a minit he was in. Well, I waited quite a considerable time for him to come up; then I looked over the side for old Jake. Good Jerusalem! there sot old Jake on a pile of oyster-shells pourin' the powder out of my flask into his'n. Wasn't that mean?"

When is a house like a bird?—When it has wings.

"Is that marble?" said a gentleman, pointing to the bust of Kentucky's great statesman, recently, in a New York store. "No, Sir, that's Clay," quietly replied the dealer.

What workman never turns to the left?—A wheel-*wright*.

The only good motive for riding a man on a rail is a locomotive.

Eagles fly alone; sheep generally flock together: so we have *herd*.

Why is an overworked horse like an umbrella?—Because it is used up.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Beeswax; "what will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder! Why, they might as well tell me that the man had six heads in his hat."

Always "hard pressed"—Bricks.

Mere catch-penny Affairs—Hand-organs.

A bad Style of Arithmetic—Division among families.

One of the rarest and most pleasing of flowers is the pink of politeness.

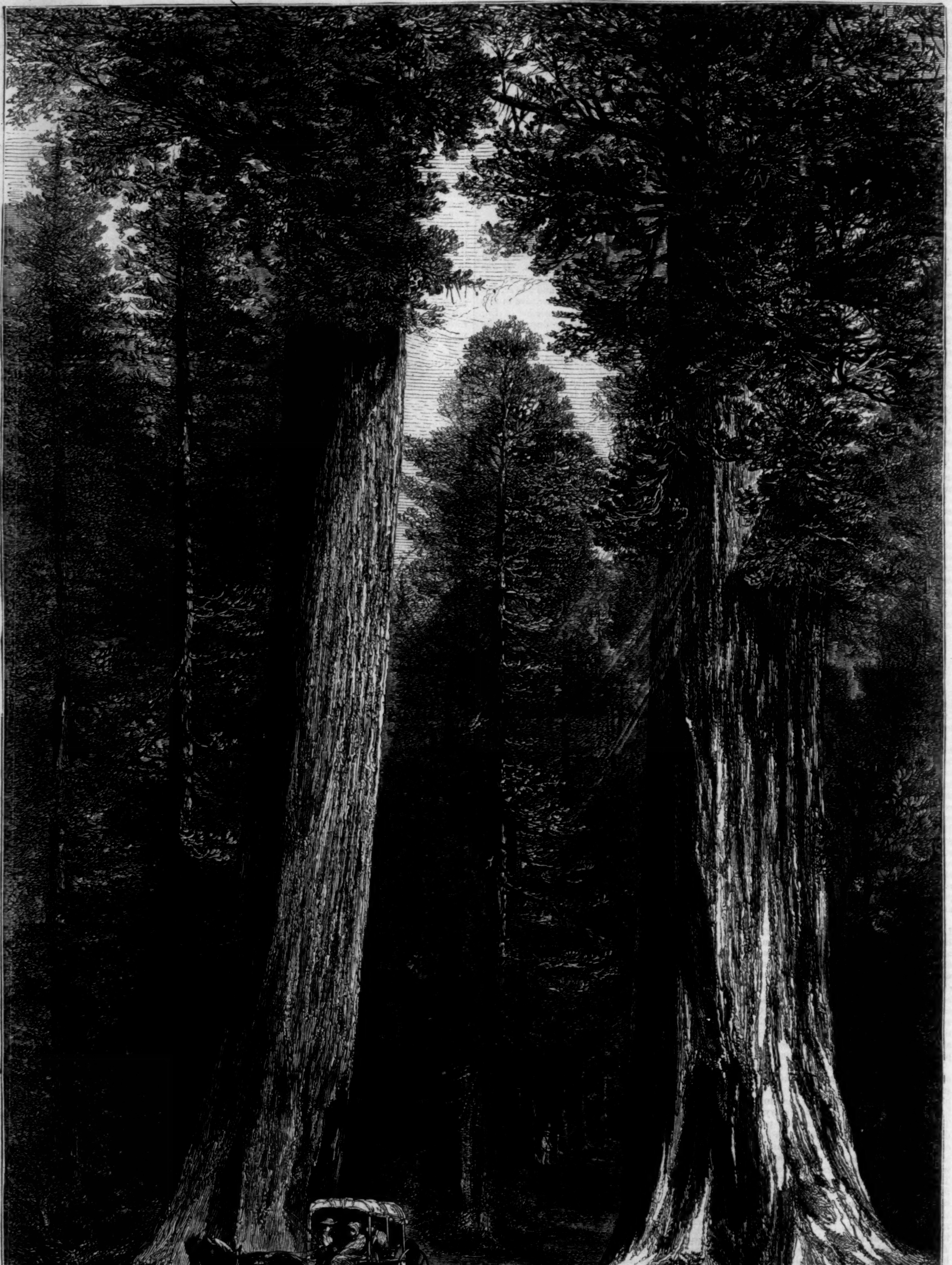
What is that from which, if you take the whole, some will remain?—The word wholesome.

To become a lion of a party it is not necessary to make a beast of one's self.

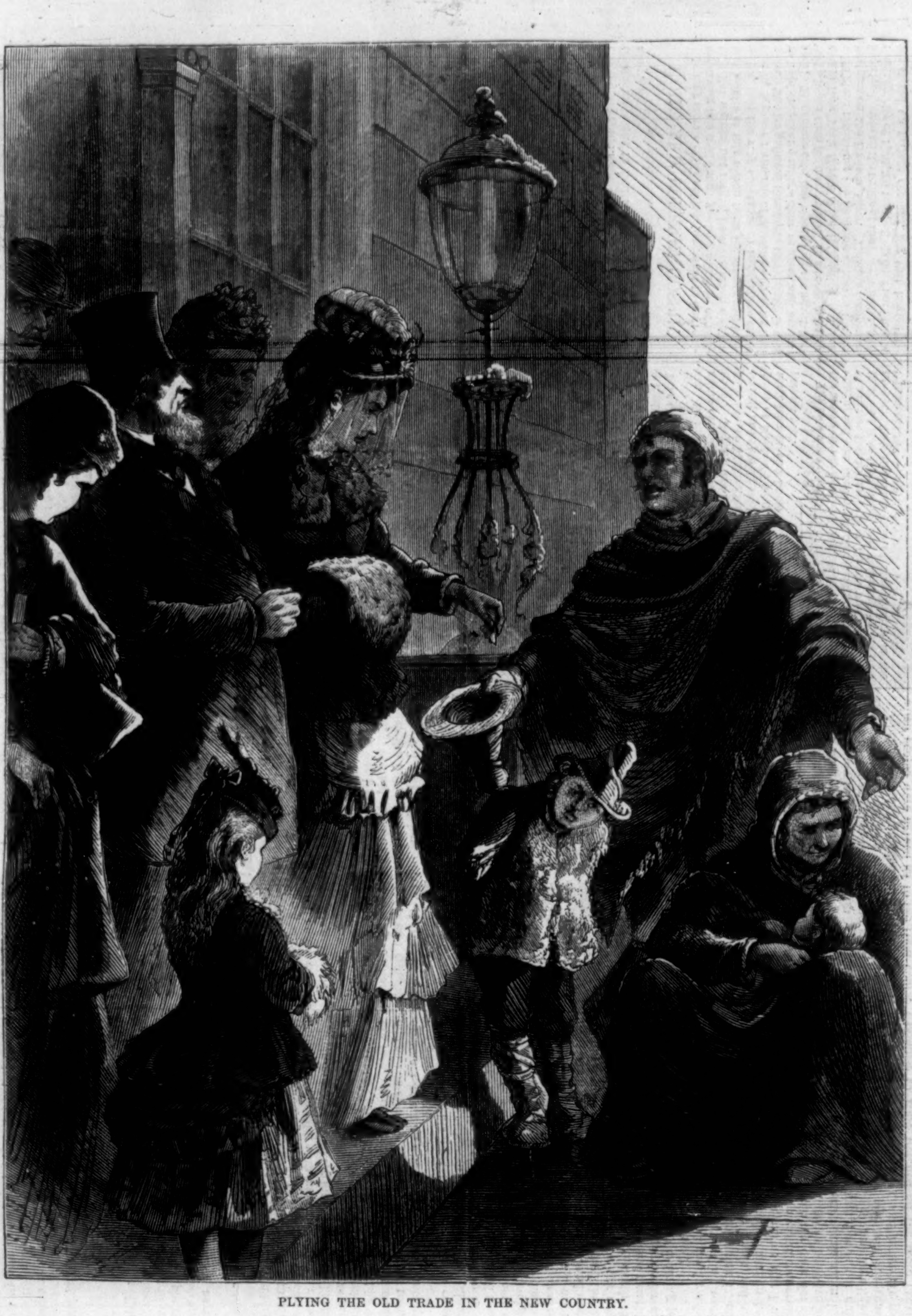
A Sound Judge—A musical critic.

Madame De —— having said, in her intense style, "I should like to be married in English—in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," some one asked Frère, "What language, I wonder, was she married in?" "Broken English, I suppose," answered Frère.

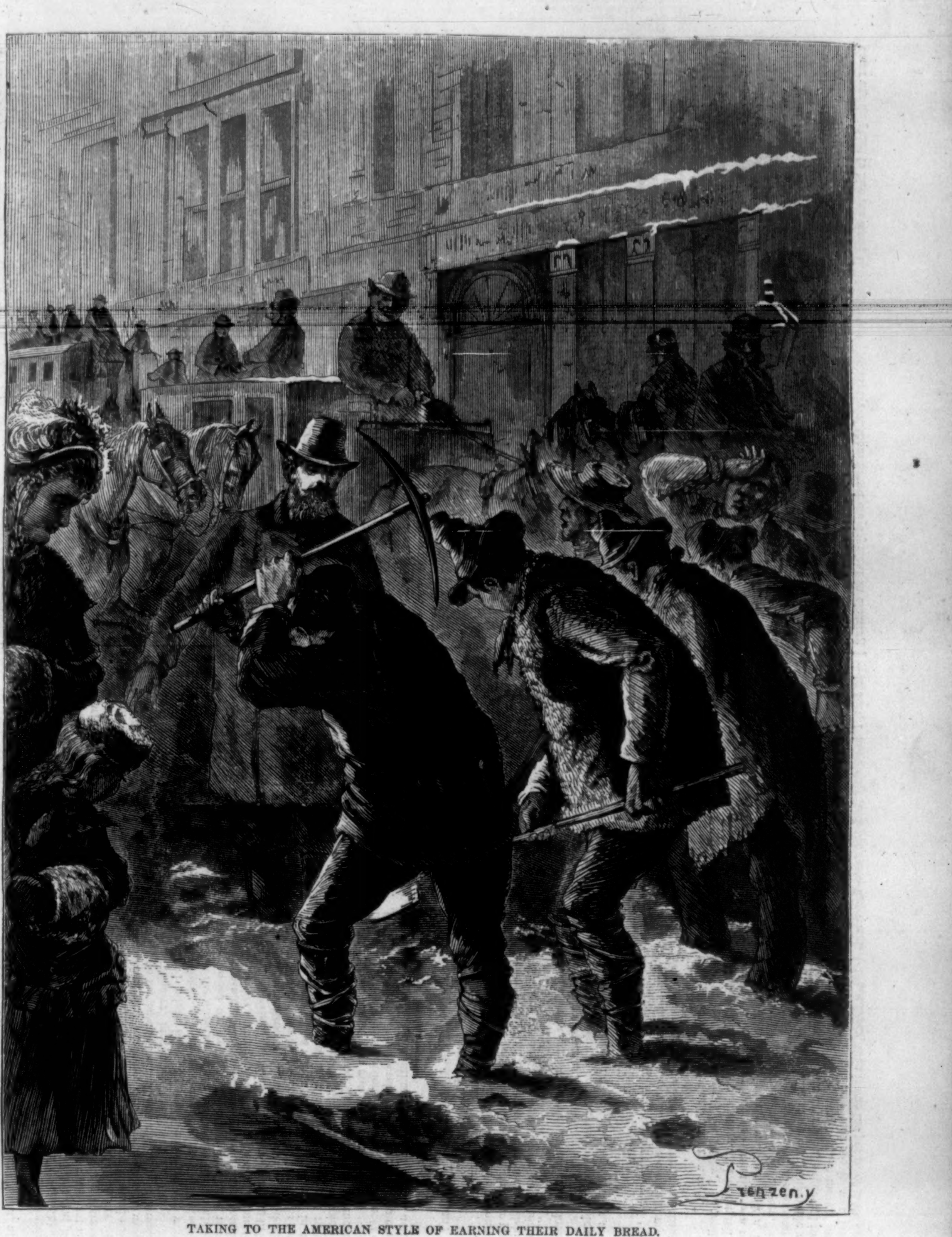
What a Barber mustn't do—Lather his wife.



THE SENTINELS—GIGANTIC TREES OF CALIFORNIA.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 98.]



PLYING THE OLD TRADE IN THE NEW COUNTRY.



TAKING TO THE AMERICAN STYLE OF EARNING THEIR DAILY BREAD.

ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 98.]

THE "SENTINELS."

AMONG the "things to be seen" in California, particularly described in Mr. NORDHOFF's interesting work on that State, are the groves of "Big Trees," of which the principal are those of Calaveras and Mariposa. These gigantic trees are said to have been accidentally discovered in 1852 by a hunter employed by a mining company. His story seemed so incredible that he was obliged to employ an innocent ruse to lure the workmen to the spot.

The "Sentinels," of which we give an engraving on page 96, stand at the entrance to the Calaveras grove. The grove covers an area about the size of the Boston Common, and contains over a hundred large trees, twenty of which are more than 25 feet in diameter at the base. Some of them have fallen from age, and others have been felled. The largest now standing, the "Mother of the Forest," is 320 feet high, 90 feet in circumference at the roots, and 61 feet in circumference six feet from the ground. The "Father of the Forest," now prostrate, was the largest in the grove. Its estimated height was 435 feet, and its circumference at the ground 110 feet. In 1853 one of these gigantic trees was felled. Five workmen, with pump augers and wedges, consumed twenty-five days in the labor of bringing it to the ground. It was 300 feet high, and in its prostrate trunk a house and a double bowling-alley 80 feet long have been constructed. Another prostrate trunk, called the "Burnt Tree," will admit a person on horseback, who can enter at one knot-hole and go out through another 60 feet distant.

The "Sentinels," 50 feet in circumference at the base, and 275 feet high, stand guard at the entrance to the grove, like giants at the portal of an enchanted palace. As the traveler passes between their colossal trunks into the solemn gloom of the grove, he almost expects to hear the weird chant of Druid worshipers, and to come upon some stately shrine. It is a ludicrous disenchantment to find a tavern and a bowling-alley.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT may seem a chilly subject to present to our readers during this cold January—the ice harvest of 1872-73. Yet we can not forget, however much discomfort results at this season from icy streets and sidewalks, that the very substance so treacherous under foot is, in purer form, one of America's greatest luxuries. The ice gathered thus far in this vicinity is said to be of excellent quality—clear as glass, and hard as rock. The severe cold has ripened an abundant harvest—better than for many years. In a recent number of the New York *Herald* some interesting statistics were given respecting the immense extent of the ice business on the Hudson River. Thirteen companies have ice-houses on the banks of the river, which have a total capacity of 1,406,500 tons. This does not include ice stored on private account, nor that housed by the local companies in towns on the Hudson. These thirteen companies employ 6521 men, 1003 horses, and forty-two engines. According to the present method of gathering the ice, the surface is first nicely scraped and planed for a distance of three or four acres near the house, and then cut up into blocks twenty-two by thirty-two inches, and in some places forty-four inches square, the work of cutting being done by saws made for the purpose. Then a canal is cut from the sawed acres to the mouth of the elevator at the house, and through this canal the pole-men shove the ice along till it reaches the elevator, which is worked by steam. The elevator catches up two blocks abreast and conveys them to open slide-ways on each floor of the building, when they shoot down to the floor over an inclined plane, where stowers stand ready with hooks and pack them away. Since the companies have brought steam-engines into use to work the elevators with instead of horses, each house manages to lift from the river and stow away thirty blocks of ice per minute, each weighing about 250 pounds. This is 18,000 blocks per day, when work is carried on ten hours a day, and as there are forty-two ice-houses on the river, 756,000 blocks of ice are housed daily, or about 94,500 tons. One single elevator is capable of putting in 2250 tons per day. It is expected that the entire crop will be harvested by the 1st of February.

Japan is about to remodel her whole system of education. The country is to be portioned off into eight divisions, in each of which there are to be a university and thirty-two "middle" schools. There are also to be academies, and, beneath these, primary schools.

Whether the changes in system and discipline at Harvard University which are announced as forthcoming will be advantageous or not time alone can indicate. Morning prayers are to be henceforth abolished, and attendance at recitations will not be obligatory upon students. The examinations, however, are to be rigid, and the graduation of a student dependent upon his ability to pass them. Thus upon each student is thrown the entire responsibility of the use or misuse of his time.

The great storm with which 1872 took his leave of us, and the results of which will long linger in the streets of our city, caused many fatal casualties in the Northwestern States. In Minnesota the snow was so blinding that many persons perished only a short distance from places where help might have been obtained. Near Willmar three brothers were found frozen to death in a sleigh; and in the same vicinity many abandoned ox-teams were found, the drivers probably having perished in the snow. In Iowa and Wisconsin, also, many persons were frozen to death. On some of the Western railroads snow-drifts were found from two hundred to two thousand feet in length, and from five to twenty-five feet deep. It may be readily imagined that the suffering consequent upon unavoidable delays in traveling must have been great.

"Honor among thieves" is an old saying, upon which we are not accustomed to rely much, although it does prove true in exceptional instances. One of these instances was connected with the Boston fire, and has been brought to light by some enterprising Boston newspaper. When the fire was raging among the elegant stores of the "Hub," and a merchant was collecting a few valuables in his arms, a rough-looking fellow with a large wagon offered to take away a load. The merchant was delighted to hire the man; the wagon was speedily filled, and the driver told where to take the goods. As he was disappearing a policeman asked the merchant if he knew the man, saying he believed him to be a thief. It was useless to follow, and in half an hour the merchant's store was in ashes. The next day he found his goods were not at the place where he had directed them to be carried; but a couple of days afterward the carter appeared, gave the merchant a key, and told him where he would find his goods. In surprise the merchant mentioned the suspicion of the policeman.

"That's so," said the carter; "but do you remember when you were on the jury, and —— was tried for stealing?"

"Yes, I do, and from the evidence I believed him innocent."

"Well, Sir, that was me, and I was innocent—as innocent as a child of what I was tried for. I understood it was you that was wise enough to see I was, although I had no reputation to back me, and you saved me from an unrighteous verdict and the State-prison."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. And I've been trying to get even with you for more than two years, and never got a chance till the night of the fire, when I borrowed a horse and cart and took your goods away. There's the key, and there's nothing to pay." So saying the man disappeared, and the goods were found all right.

A gentleman of Middletown, New Jersey, recently made fifteen hundred school children happy by giving them a grand sleigh-ride. Many little ones who had never enjoyed such a pleasure before were full of joyous hilarity, and the whole excursion was a delightful one both for participants and for witnesses.

The year 1872 was remarkable for the large number of prominent persons who died. Among journalists may be mentioned Horace Greeley, of the New York *Tribune*; James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*; Mr. Spalding, of the New York *World*; Edward A. Pollard, formerly of the Richmond *Examiner*; General Ambrose R. Wright, of the Augusta (Georgia) *Chronicle and Sentinel*; Thomas B. Halcombe, formerly editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*; Rev. Dr. Amasa Converse, editor of the *Christian Observer*; Adolph Geroult, editor of the Paris *Opinion Nationale*; and Théophile Gautier, the celebrated French feuilletonist. Literature also suffered in the loss of Charles Lever, the novelist; D'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation; Professor Hadley, of Yale College; "Fanny Fern" Parton; Horace Mayhew, the English novelist; Norman MacLeod, and others. Science has met with its losses, and from the ranks of military and political life many have been taken. Royalty has lost King Charles XV., of Sweden; the Archduke Albrecht, of Austria; the Duke of Guise; and Don Angel Iturbide, son of the first Emperor of Mexico. King Kamehameha, of the Sandwich Islands, and Louis Napoleon, died early in the present year.

The lady upon whom it has been proposed to bestow the crown of the Sandwich Islands is a native of Honolulu, and was born a princess, being nearly related to the last three kings. Mrs. Bishop was married in 1849, and is well educated, and respected by her own people. The Hawaiian title of Mrs. Bishop is the "Princess Ji."

During the residence of Louis Napoleon at Chiselhurst the royal family of England have testified, in a quiet way, their sympathy with the banished imperialists. On several occasions the sons of Queen Victoria have paid their respects to the occupants of Camden Place.

All the time Napoleon was emperor he lived in constant dread of assassination. One of his first acts after the *coup d'état* was to appoint as chief of police a skillful secret agent named Pietri. A valuable assistant to Pietri was a Corsican soldier, Griscelli by name; and by the adroit management of these two men numerous unlucky conspirators were discovered, and their cunning plots brought to naught.

The sixth annual exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors opens in the galleries of the National Academy of Design on the 5th of February. Water-color drawings sent by English artists will form a collection altogether different from any hitherto seen in New York. Not having been collected with any special reference to sale, there will be greater variety; and works of Prout, D. Cox, Copley, Fielding, and others, of which we have had few examples in this country, will be valuable artistic study. Any of these pictures which are not sold at the Academy will be returned at once to London: there will be no auction, but they will be sold at artists' prices.

ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS.

A GREAT hue-and-cry was lately raised against what was styled the invasion of New York by hordes of Italian convicts, brigands, and beggars. The sensational and exaggerated statements in some of our daily papers led many persons to believe that the scum of all the Italian cities had been emptied on our shores, and that our streets were to be infested with Neapolitan lazzaroni and Calabrian brigands. How far from the truth were these statements was shown by the peaceable and quiet manner in which these poor people, many of them the victims of a cruel deception, deported themselves at Castle Garden, and still more by the eagerness with which they sought for and accepted employment. Hundreds of them went South to work on railroads and farms, and most of those who remained in New York went to work with an alacrity which should have shamed their detractors. The greater number were miserably poor, it is true; but when America repels from her shores the honest and industrious poor of foreign lands her glory among nations will be gone.

The proportion of the idle and vicious among them was surprisingly small. Some, indeed, recommenced their old trade of mendicancy, and a group seen on the street furnished our artist with the picturesque sketch given on page 97. But the companion sketch on the same page, entitled "Commencing a New Life," is also taken from an actual scene, and shows the spirit with which most of our new Italian citizens went to work. During the great snow-storm large numbers of them found employment in clearing the sidewalks, glad of the opportunity to earn a little money by honest labor. Many of them had never seen the ground covered with snow before, but they seemed to take real enjoyment in the work, and shoveled and scraped and swept with the zest of children at play. On the whole, we have every reason to be well satisfied with these immigrants. We have no doubt the majority will make good, industrious citizens. A great change has taken place within the last fifteen years in the Italian character. Emancipated from the yoke of the petty despots who with priestly assistance ground them to the dust, the people of sunny Italy have developed traits of which they were once believed to be utterly destitute—a capacity for self-government, a thirst for knowledge, a growing independence in civil and religious matters, on which other nations look with amazement, and which fill the Vatican with dismay. The Pope and his Jesuitical allies may bemoan the present condition of Italy as a triumph of the devil, but the Protestant world sees a nation arousing itself like a strong man from sleep, awaking to a new life and a career more glorious than old Rome ever beheld. The Italian immigrants come to America with these newly awakened aspirations and ideas, and in their adopted home are not likely to abandon them. We bid them welcome to a land where, under the influence of free schools and enlightened civil and religious liberty, they may find complete emancipation from the chains of ignorance and superstition which their nation has worn so long.

(Continued from No. 838, page 60.)

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," "Poor Humanity," etc., etc.

Book the Fourth.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER II.

A LITTLE SURPRISE.

IT was not to be a long engagement—that is, one of those very long engagements wherein the man grows wrinkled and the woman sleepy before they have made up their minds to get married. It was to be an engagement of six months; Martin thought that that was quite long enough for any man to wait for his wife, and as I had made up my mind to take Martin Westmair for better or worse, why, there was no stern necessity to take him when he was as gray as a badger.

Abel Westmair coincided with his nephew that when people were agreed as to the right course to pursue, they should pursue it at once; and though Mrs. Westmair thought that a couple of years would have shown less haste and more discretion, she offered no strong arguments against the match, especially as Abel had asserted that he should not constitute Martin as his lawful partner in the business until he was a married man with a wife to see after him. Martin as a bachelor he declined to trust with full power, although he was taken into the secret of the polish, and worked with his uncle once a fortnight in the mixing-room.

That mixing-room was to the Westmairs what the Blue Chamber was to Blue-beard. It was a room with a seal set upon it, and of which Abel Westmair kept the key. Here, at stated periods, had Abel shut himself in for years over a jealously guarded secret; and giving the finishing touch to that polish in which the trade had faith, and had more than once tried to plagiarize without success. Here had Abel Westmair's father worked in his day, and here would Martin work after his young uncle, when Abel retired from business, which he talked of doing presently, having no wish to slave for a fortune which he should not know what to do with. Here he kept the business together for his successor—and the world thought that I had not made a bad match, taking into consideration the probability of Martin's coming into full possession of the polish, when he had proved himself the right man to keep the business together. Here, surrounded by workmen in the outer rooms, where huge coppers were simmering, and big barrels of oils and gums were being rolled to and fro by ever-busy and ever-dirty men, toiled occasionally Abel and his nephew; and on the great day in the fortnight, when the last and secret mixing of unknown quantities of ingredients took place, there was a clear-out of the staff for three hours in the afternoon, and the great factory left to the principals and their mystery. On these days Abel left early, and Martin somewhat late, hence I used to stray across the fields, by Martin's express desire, and meet my lover on his homeward route, dressed in his workman's clothes, which he would change at Broomfield. It was a life that oscillated strangely between the factory and the fine house—a life that had been always distasteful to the punctiliousness of Abel Westmair, and which the more adaptive nature of his nephew did not take to readily.

"But it means money, Faith, and money means power, and Parliament, and the silent worship of the million, and the friendship of the upper ten; and so here's for polish with all my heart," said Martin one day to me.

"But you are not fond of money?"

"Not like Abel, who is fond of saving it—but if you run against a fellow with a greater taste for spending it than I, he will be a curiosity."

"And you confess that you are a spendthrift?" I cried.

"Well, I have not had a great deal to spend—in fact, I have only had the taste for spending," he said, laughing at me, "and that comes by descent from a rackety father. *He* would not take to the business, but had his share of the money it brought paid in advance and in the lump. They say he got rid of it by spontaneous combustion, he and some jockeys whom he asked to help him with tips."

"Do you mean that he lost it on what you gentlemen call the turf?" I asked.

"Exactly."

"And would you—"

"Oh no—I would rather stick to the polish, unless I was quite sure of making my fortune the other way. And as this sticky business will result in fortune, Faith—old Abe has put a pot of money by!—we will enjoy life in good time, and before the sense of enjoyment reduces us to Grandpapa Westmair's condition."

"I don't like your reasoning—there is a want of prudence in it, and a dash of recklessness," I said, half chidingly, for I only half believed him.

Life had grown almost a jest with him, the good-tempered fellow was happy in his present—happy, let me add, with me, and with that love which he knew I had for him. The past he did not care to dwell upon; the future he was certain of, he said, and life seemed beyond misfortune, unless some miracle of evil dashed him in the face. To be certain that in a few months one will be rich is a pleasant thought even to the dreamers, of which a few are left in this money-grubbing world.

Concerning his past I had a right to cross-examine him, although he resisted laughingly my importunities. Once he had spoken of a "floorer" that he had had, and he insisted upon it that it was his tailor's bill, and four coats at six guineas each that were only worth thirty-eight shillings, cash down, in Whitechapel—for he had seen them hanging in the windows, and on symmetrical dummies at shop doors—but I would not take his explanation for sober fact, and when I grew serious concerning it, he promised that he would tell me a month or two before our marriage day. It was a story scarcely worth the telling, it was not a "floorer," as he had asserted—but I should have a true and particular account of his life and adventures at a fitting period. There, would that content me?

It was a promise that contented me for a few weeks, and then I reminded him of his word, and he said that he had not forgotten it, and added, jestingly, that his little Faith had not the patience that he had hoped to find in her. I did not press him for his history; was I not concealing from him one little secret concerning Kate?—her secret rather than my own, for she was proud, and wished some day to be above her past—and keeping any thing back from him seemed so like treachery that I was not quite happy in my mind about it. I knew how lightly he would regard the story, and how generously he would receive the facts, and hence my past promise to Kate weighed all the more heavily upon me.

"Do not tell him or his set any thing about me; it is not his business or yours. It will lower you as well as me; it may affect all our after-lives, when we have lived down the present, and can face these people."

They were almost my little Kate's last words; I could see her flashing eyes, and the life-blood in her face, as I recalled them. I felt that her warnings and her prophecy were wrong, but she should not reproach me with having betrayed her to "these people." I would keep her tiny secret, which concerned herself, as she had said, somewhat uncivilly, but, nevertheless, I would do my best to hear all about Martin Westmair's "floorer" in due course of time.

I might have resumed the subject one warm afternoon early in August, when I had strolled in the direction of the factory, as Martin always wished me to do on "mixing day," had not a considerable divergence been given to my thoughts *en route*. It was Abel Westmair who began the first series of surprises; he was crossing the fields toward Broomfield, in his factory suit; and with his hands in his pockets, and his head bent low, he looked like a man very much "down" in the world. He was so absorbed in his own meditations, and was talking in so loud a voice to himself, that he would not have perceived me had I not bidden him good-day *en passant*.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I did not perceive you. I was rehearsing my poem, fancying myself the misanthropic hero of it, and acting accordingly."

"Your poem!" I repeated.

"Mrs. Westmair did not tell you, then? or you have forgotten it," he said.

"I have not forgotten it," I answered.

"Why should you not?" he said; "yours is the poetry of life, which always eclipses the poetry of art. And I am a mere bungler, publishing my poor verse at my own expense, as publishers are shy, and there is no art to be eclipsed."

This was somewhat enigmatical, and I looked up for a clearer explanation.

"My book was on the drawing-room table yesterday evening," he said, "*all* yesterday evening."

"I did not see it."

"Nobody saw it," was the dry response: "you were talking to Martin, Ettie was drawing, my father was asleep, and Mrs. Westmair was reading a novel."

"But you did not call attention to it."

"I am too modest, Miss Kirby," he replied, without a smile upon his face. "I never tell of my own deeds or misdeeds—and this is a misdeed. Do you mind my walking back a few yards? I have something else to tell you."

I had nothing to urge against his request—I was glad to find him more companionable and less austere. Of late days it had suggested itself to me that he had grown a shade more grim at times, but Martin had told me it was fancy. If not fancy, then it was the poem, or Aunt Jane, who had been crusading among the servants lately, and detailing her wrongs to Abel in homeopathic doses, as he never received too much information at once without giving signs that it disagreed with him.

"Ettie is looking pale," he said, as we walked on; "we are going to Lowestoft to-morrow."

"So soon!" I exclaimed, in my surprise.

"The doctor says that Ettie requires a bracing air; and therefore the sooner she gets it the better, I imagine."

"Assuredly."

"You will of course accompany Ettie and her aunt, myself and my father. Martin can run down every week from Friday till Monday to see you—I have told him so."

It was a matter-of-fact way of arranging matters to every one's satisfaction, and I felt that I was blushing at his method, although half disposed to say "Thank you" out of sheer gratitude for his consideration.

"I don't think that I have any thing more to say," Abel added, after a silence during which he had been taking long strides at my side. "I will see you past that gentleman who is getting out of the ditch; he may still be disposed to strong language."

"What gentleman?" I said, looking round, and at last perceiving one of the factory men making his way with some difficulty from the ooze and weeds of a deep ditch that divided the Westmair property from some arable land beyond. It was a strange feature in a quiet landscape, this figure crawling abjectly on his hands and knees from his miserable position to the deep dry grass; and I turned to Abel with an inquiring look, to which he did not readily respond.

"Is it an accident?" I asked.

"No. He's a new man, and has not got used to our rules," said Abel, coolly. "He and I have had a little argument about them, and it's ended in that way. Don't go near him, Miss Kirby; he's very wet."

"Surely I know that man's face!" I exclaimed.

"I dare say you do—it's very odd if you do not, now that I think of it."

"Dick Simmons," I said, below my breath; then I went toward him, as toward a strange and unclean creature whom I could not pass for old association's sake.

CHAPTER III.

MARTIN MAKES ANOTHER PROMISE.

Dick Simmons was crying when I came up with him. His weak nature had received a sudden shock and a gross indignity, and he was wiping his eyes with his cap, and getting rid of some superfluous duck-weed from his lank hair, as I called him by his name. He stared at me in surprise; he opened his mouth and gasped forth a word or two that I could not catch; he glanced furtively, and as a dog in disgrace might have done at his master, and then pulled up some tufts of grass with his nervous hand, and did not look my way again.

"You know me?" I said.

"Yes, you're Miss Kirby."

"How is it that you are here? What has happened?"

He did not answer, and Abel Westmair said instead:

"It is not worth explaining. I think that you had better leave him now. He has been drinking."

"I am as sober as you are, Mr. Westmair," said Dick, shortly; "I'm not a bit drunk. I haven't touched a drop since last night."

"It was a large drop then," said Abel, "and if you have any idea of remaining in my service, you should give up touching these drops altogether, Simmons."

"I—I should like to ask him a few questions, Mr. Westmair," I said. "I am not afraid of him."

"There is not a great deal of him to be alarmed at," was Abel Westmair's reply; "and as I see Martin in the distance, I can leave you without fear. But this man—"

He paused as if a natural objection to disparage any body had checked him, and I said, quickly,

"His mother was a true friend of mine not very long ago."

"I know it," he said; "that's why—"

I was preparing to ask Abel Westmair a few questions instead of Richard Simmons, but he baffled me by walking rapidly away without completing his remark, and leaving me *tête-à-tête* with my damp and disreputable acquaintance. I did not call Abel back; I saw that Martin would be with me in a few minutes, as there were only two fields between the factory gates and me, and I was not afraid of Richard Simmons, greatly as he had deteriorated in general appearance since he and I had met. He was unmistakably the wreck of a man now; drink had got a tighter hold of him; the face had become more sallow and flabby, the eyes more blood-shot, and even the forehead narrower. But certainly a man who has been in a ditch—and a somewhat unwholesome ditch—is not seen at his best, and I was surveying Richard Simmons at a disadvantage.

"How did you get here?" I asked.

"How did I get there, you mean," he rejoined, with a fierce jerk of his head toward the ditch; "because he pitched me into it—because I wasn't his own size and strength, and it was easy work to do it—curse him!"

"Don't say that; you must have seriously offended him," I said, "or he would have never treated you like this."

"He had no right to try and drown me," he muttered; "look at all these beastly weeds—look at my clothes!"

"What did you do?"

"It's too long a story to tell you, Miss Kirby," he said, getting up, stamping his feet, and shaking himself, "and I'm wet through and can't stand still. He said I was where I had no right to be on mixing-day—as if I should know every thing at once, or care to know it, or make it my business to know it! The wages are not so wonderfully high that I have sold my soul and body for them. Who is he, after all, but a proud, stuck-up, spiteful brute?"

"He is your employer."

"Yes, worse luck, and for the present—that's all. I shall have a better berth than this, thank God, before I die. Does he think I'd stop here and put up with him if I hadn't something to look forward to?"

"How did you get this situation?" I asked again, as I walked on by his side toward the factory and Martin; "will you tell me?"

"I don't know why I should tell you," he answered, still with sullenness; "you were never my friend; you were always against me with the rest of them."

"That is untrue, Dick," I said; "try and remember Dorset Street."

"Oh, don't talk of Dorset Street, unless you want to drive me mad," he cried, passionately. "I was all right until your sister—but I'm an infernal fool to talk like this. Mind you, Miss Kirby, I always was a fool."

I did not venture to contradict his assertion, and after waiting for a moment as if he expected me to do so, he continued:

"I was always to be talked over, always an idiot to be laughed at and made fun of afterward, always some one's tool or butt. I sha'n't stand it much longer; there'll be a row presently, mark my words."

"Will you tell me why you are in Mr. Westmair's employ," I asked again, "or is it too great a favor to ask?"

"Mother went to Watling Street when she heard from you, and saw that fierce nigger fellow, and told him about you, and asked for a berth for me, if he could find one any where about; and he did. And a nice berth it is," he cried, savagely; "you see where he put me last, the—the—"

"And your mother—why has she not answered my last two letters? Is she well, Dick?" I asked, quickly.

"As well as her bad temper will let her be, I suppose," answered Dick. "She and the baby have emigrated, and it's a good job too. She told me to tell you that she was not a good hand at writing, and that perhaps you would excuse her till she got to New Zealand, where I think there's a berth waiting for her at some farm or other."

"Did Mr. Abel Westmair obtain her that situation?"

"I don't know any thing about it—mother and I haven't been friends for some time—she turned against me too. Every body turns against me, and helps to shove me further down the hill. It's the way with the world. I'll shove some one else down when I get a chance," he said, vindictively; "and if it's Abel Westmair, or this man coming—whom I hated long ago, damn him!" he cried, with bitter intensity—"I shall be very glad to do it."

"Dick Simmons, you are like a man past hope."

"Whose fault is it?" he retorted. "Ask Kate, who br—br—br—broke my heart—and who married Tommy Pounce—that hateful, vulgar, comic snob, of all men. That ugly beast—that—"

"How do you know that my sister married Mr. Pounce?" I cried, quickly; "who told you?"

"Oh, I know that she was going to marry him," he added, with much sagacious nodding of his head.

"Can you tell me where she is now?"

"Perhaps I can; perhaps I can't. Didn't I swear years back that I would haunt her like a ghost?"

"Where is she?"

The low cunning in his face was not satisfactory to confront, but I braved it in my anxiety.

"You will tell me, I hope," I said; "I have grown very anxious of late days concerning her."

"So have other people; so have I, for that matter," he muttered, as he slunk past Martin Westmair, who had now come up with us.

"What has that fellow been saying to you, Faith?" Martin said. "Has he been asking you for money?"

"No."

"He's a man to be wary of; an unprincipled scamp, an area-sneak kind of fellow. Abel caught him in the factory half an hour ago, and took him out by the ear. He said he did not know the rules—the liar! I beg your pardon, Faith," he cried, "but it's put me out to see you talking to him. He has imposed upon your natural amiability and asked you for money. Come, confess, and be forgiven. How much did he get?"

"I have only to confess that I knew this man some eighteen months ago," I said; "that it was his mother who was kind to me, when I was alone in the world, on the night that I first saw you."

"His mother? By Jove! was it, though? I have never seen his mother, I suppose?"

"I think not."

"Because that man's face was awfully familiar to me when it first cropped up here," said he. "I asked him if I had ever seen him before, and he said no. I didn't believe him, for all that."

"He has come down in the world; I am afraid that he drinks a little."

"I'm sure that he drinks a great deal."

"He's not a bad man."

"When he's sober, perhaps. I haven't seen him sober yet," Martin said; "but in his cups he's about the most disagreeable beggar that I have ever had the pleasure of encountering. I dare say he's charming company of a Sunday morning, when the public-houses are shut."

"I hope you do not talk like this to him; he—he may be of a revengeful nature; he may have altered for the worse since I knew him, Martin," I said, remembering Dick Simmons's half threats. "Pray be on your guard, and leave him alone as much as you can. Oh, I wish he had not come here!"

"Well, so do I," said Martin, laughing, "but it's not for your reason. He doesn't work, and he does drink, that's all. He's one of Abel's *protégés*—a 'last chance' kind of experiment with a fellow who never intends to do well—who would much rather not, thank you."

"Does Abel think this too?"

"Yes—now," replied Martin. "I remember he said the mother begged very hard for her lout, and that he gave way. Fancy Abel Westmair's giving way to an old woman's protestations, and taking this fellow upon trust!"

"I begin to suspect that Abel Westmair is one of the kindest of men."

"You did not think so once, Faith."

"No."

"Neither did I. It takes a terribly long time to understand that fellow—but yes," he added, very thoughtfully, "he's a good sort. When I entered his service, after trying fifty things for myself that never turned out well, I hated him for his advice, his method, his aggravating way of dropping upon my weak points and making the worst of them, his pride, his patronage."

"And then?"

"Then, Faith, through all these thick layers I found out by degrees that he was one of the best men in the world. I don't know that I discovered it before his offer of the partnership," he said, shrewdly, "but I was beginning to suspect it very strongly."

"And now you like him very much?"

"No—that's the odd part of it—I don't like him much better than I did at first."

"Oh, Martin!"

"Because he puzzles me still; because he preaches at me just the same as if I were his office boy."

"You are not his partner yet, Martin; he thinks that you want advice."

"I will take it from my other partner, then," he said, meaningly.

I looked away from him; I turned the conversation ingeniously too.

"Do you know that we are going to Lowestoft to-morrow?"

"Yes, worse luck."

"Why?"

"Why!—when you are going to be miles away from me," he said.

"But you are to come down and see me every week, Abel says."

"And the rest of the week to be left to mind that big house, and look after the workmen, and stir up the polish, and kick Dick Simmons's drunkenness out of him."

"Oh, let Dick Simmons alone, please. Don't say any thing more about him; don't say any thing to him while I am gone."

"Why, Faith, you are as nervous as a kitten."

"I don't know why I should feel nervous, but I am."

"That's feminine logic. Let us talk of the color of the wedding-dress, Kate."

"*Kate!*" I cried. "What makes you call me Kate?"

"Did I say Kate?" he said, after a moment's silence. "Yes, that's strange."

"That is my sister's name."

"To be sure—you told me so. It's a pretty name too; I always liked it."

"Perhaps you have liked a Kate too, long ago, before I knew you."

"Before you knew me, Faith, I was not worth knowing," he said, half seriously, half jestingly, "and my life was not worth knowing any thing about either."

"That reminds me of your 'floorer,'" I said, quickly. "Was it—"

"And that dinner-bell—don't you hear it, Faith?—reminds me that I have to change this toggery and reappear in a blaze of glory in a quarter of an hour. When I come down to Lowestoft, at the end of the pier, on some calm still night, with nothing before us but the sea, and nothing above us but the stars, I'll tell you all my history, and ask you to forgive me."

"Will there be any thing to forgive, Martin?"

"That depends upon the light you see the facts in—and the good or bad temper of her who listens to me. And as she is a very good-tempered, amiable, kind-hearted little fairy"—somehow he was shaking me by the hand with every compliment—"I think that I may count upon forgiveness."

He kissed me suddenly and very indiscreetly in the broad daylight, and in sight of all the top windows of the house too, and then hurried away to dress for dinner. I thought that I should forgive him—these courting days were very pleasant, and Heaven knows that I was very happy in them.

CHAPTER IV.

LOWESTOFT.

On the following day we went down to Lowestoft in the order which Abel Westmair had appointed, and found the bracing air that had been recommended for the rich man's daughter. Here, in a little house on the Esplanade, we settled down to that quiet, peaceful, sea-side laziness which some busy men are glad to come to, and others find harder to put up with than their books and businesses in murky London offices. Abel Westmair took to his holiday naturally, and I had scarcely expected it. With the exception of a wholesome horror of in-doors, and a greater horror of his landlady, he demonstrated no particular crotchets that are worth recording. We saw very little of him, but we knew that he was content with the place and willing to remain in it, so long as Ettie seemed to like it and to gather some degree of strength. What became of him all day, when he was not with Ettie, it was difficult to discover. He turned up with distressing irregularity at his meals; he had been for a long walk across country; he had been for a lonely sail or row with a wooden-visaged boatman whom he had especially engaged for service on the water; he had been resting under the shadow of the Pakefield cliffs, away from the band and the people; he had always been to some place, or on some expedition, that took him from our society and left him with his own strange silent self for company. There were frequent occasions, certainly, when he would order a carriage for himself and Ettie, when they would disappear for the day, and Ettie would return delighted with her journey, and with long stories of the happy holiday that had been spent with papa, full of life and pleasant jesting, which were difficult for Aunt Jane or me to associate with Abel Westmair's general deportment.

"If we saw a little more of your papa's high spirits and of your papa's company, it would be all the better. I declare that I am hipped to death," Aunt Jane could not refrain from saying, after one of Ettie's glowing descriptions of the pleasures of a long drive beyond Southwold. "Why doesn't he offer to take me and Miss Kirby"—Mrs. Westmair still called me Miss Kirby—"for a drive with you?"

"I don't know," said Ettie, after a moment's consideration, "unless it is that papa likes plenty of room in the carriage, or likes me all to himself."

"*I* know," said Mrs. Westmair, when Ettie was not by—and Mrs. Westmair was an indiscreet woman, who spoke out occasionally—"because he's too proud, Miss Kirby; because you're a dependent, and I'm a dependent, his poor brother's lone widow, who's *stuck* here to look after him and his household when she might be doing so much better for herself elsewhere—in that society which has been always glad to welcome her."

"It is not his pride," I said; "his is a very different kind of pride from that, I think."

"What is it, then?" Mrs. Westmair asked, tartly.

"It appears simply to me that he doesn't want us."

"Exactly."

"We are in the way of his thoughts."

"Just as the band is, or the excursionists from Norwich and Yarmouth—we're objectionable."

"Not objectionable, I hope."

"Doesn't he shun us?"

"He does not run after us, that is certain."

"Oh, how glad I shall be when my boy comes down!" said Mrs. Westmair, with a sigh.

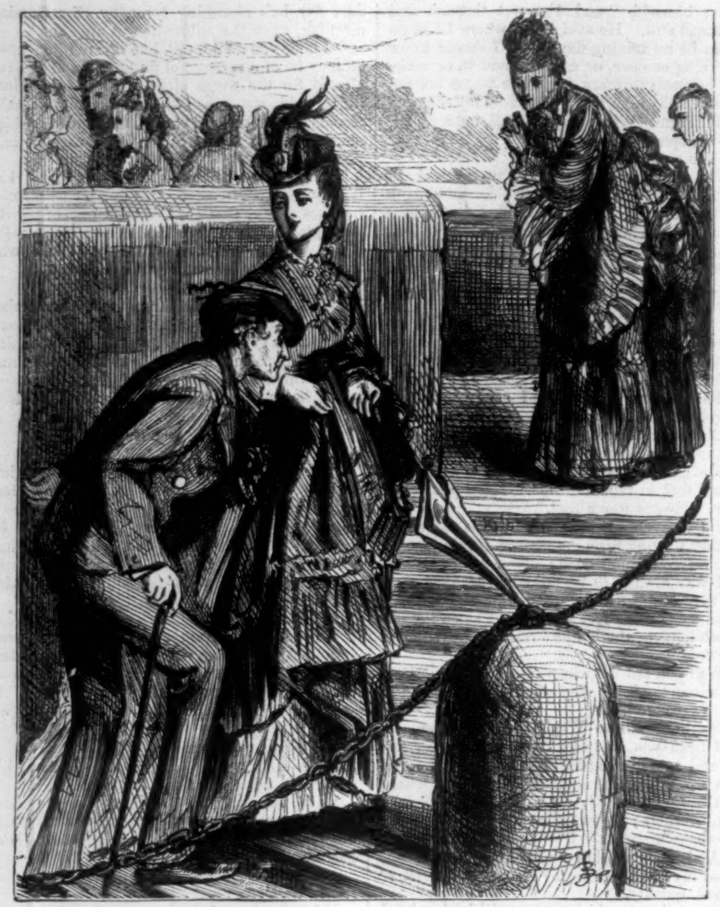
"Yes, that will make a difference," I replied.

"I had forgotten you for a moment, Miss Kirby," Aunt Jane said, in not too complimentary a tone; "then you and he will be stealing away at every opportunity, and I shall be left more alone than ever in this shell of a place—like an oyster. Whether he comes or stops, I can't see any change for me, now that I consider the matter more carefully. No one thinks of me now—oh dear, no!"

I thought that I should be very glad to see Martin Westmair in Lowestoft, even if I did steal away from Aunt Jane now and then, as she had prophesied. I preferred Broomfield to Lowestoft at present. I had had too much of Aunt Jane's society at the sea-side, and it had depressed me a little. I had become her companion rather than Ettie's, and she clung to me morning, noon, and night, except in easterly gales, which were fortunately frequent that year, and which she thought were inclined to settle on her chest.

Mrs. Jane Westmair was an oddly dispositioned woman, if I may use the term. I had tried of late days to like her; I believed that she disliked me less, and had grown almost reconciled to my possessing the first place in her son's heart; but there was no taking to her. Her natural acerbity of temper would find its way to the surface. Her habit of saying rude things rudely, and with not even the polish of sarcasm to flavor them; her sense of being slighted on every occasion for every body else; her chronic desire to be considered of the first importance; her suspicions of the world in which she moved, and of every one on its surface with whom she was brought in contact; her little vanities, and her great discontent—were all against her utterly.

I had not escaped her on the second Thursday that we were at Lowestoft. Abel and his daughter had gone for a long drive again, and Aunt Jane had arrayed herself in gorgeous apparel for band night upon the pier. Band night upon the pier at Lowestoft brought together the usual sea-side assemblage, a trifle less dressy and a great deal less demonstrative than are sea-side mobs in general. The place was naturally peaceful, amusements were few and far between, fast men had long since vetoed it as a place with no "go" in it, snobs were preternaturally scarce, and elaborate costumes *à la* Scarborough or Ryde were not the order of the day. Hence Aunt Jane in mauve satin, with a plenitude of black lace flounces, was an object of interest; and as her hat was a carefully executed copy of Ettie's, and her face was very pinched and angular beneath it, I was not so greatly surprised as I had been that her brother-in-law was not more often in her society. She attracted observation, and Abel Westmair had been always glad to shun it. Her appearance was a success in her own estimation, but I was glad when her promenading powers were exhausted, and we were listening to the music in a remote seat at the back of the read-



"IT WAS MY SISTER KATIE AND MY FATHER."

ing-room, where only subscribers were allowed to take refuge.

How well I remember that calm summer evening, with the sea still and glassy as though tired out with last week's restlessness, the wind-bound vessels lying in the harbor, the boats moving to and fro with phosphorescent shimmerings at their keels as they glided through the water, the lights brightening in the town beyond, the music playing softly under the tent, the manly or pretty faces glancing by us, and the light-houses at the pier heads glaring out at sea with flaming great red eyes.

It was a fair picture, but it wanted Martin. It was English leisure and English happiness marred by a mauve silk, a child's hat, and by a thin wiry voice that was summing up human nature uncharitably. It was astonishing what a deal of information Mrs. Westmair had obtained about her neighbors—these sea-side folk whom she was never likely to see again—and what pains she had taken to ascertain from her landlady, her tradesmen, the man in the pigeon-hole at the pier gates, and the amiable old custodian of the reading-room, all the news of all the notabilities. It was a merciful gift that I could submerge myself from this tattle, and yet not appear wholly indifferent, although Aunt Jane found me out at times, and was hurt at my want of attention.

"I don't believe they are of any great account, after all. Flashy people, you may depend upon it, Miss Kirby—people with money, nothing more."

I seemed to step from dream-land, and hear these words reverberating near me.

"Indeed!" I said.

I often said "Indeed," and saved myself from a cross-examination as to my knowledge of the subject; but Aunt Jane had got used to my tactics of late.

"Don't you think so?"

"I have not given a great amount of thought to the subject," I replied, evasively; "but it is very likely."

"What is very likely?"

"That—that they are people with money, and flashy," I said, jumping at her own words.

"That is exactly what I say," Aunt Jane replied; "there is a pretension about them that is extremely irritating. The father doesn't look like a gentleman, and the daughter is as vain as she can hold together, and dresses like a peacock. She's pretty, certainly; and she knows it; and she likes the men to know it. Oh, I have seen her."

"Indeed!" I said again.

"And as for their yacht—well, how a young woman can live in a yacht with all those nasty sailors, and those odious smoking friends of her father's, I don't know. Mr. Tapsweed, the butcher, says she sleeps on shore—No. 214 Marine Parade—but I have never seen her there, or the man she calls her father either. And then—why, they are leaving the yacht now!"

Aunt Jane's exclamation brought me to a keener interest in the subject under consideration. I had never heard the history of these particular visitors, but as my companion looked across the harbor I followed her gaze, and noticed that a boat was leaving the yacht's side with the evident intention of bringing a gentleman and a lady to the pier steps. The distance was not great from the yacht to where we were sitting, and the daylight had not died out so completely but that the figures in the boat were strangely familiar to me, unless my eyes were deceiving me. The gentleman was smoking, and the lady was gazing toward the pier with an interest in the promenaders upon it. The boat made for mid-stream, and for the flight of steps at the pier head—I leaped up with a suddenness which startled my companion.

"Katie!" I cried, and before Mrs. Westmair could ask for an explanation of my extraordinary excitement, I had run through the reading-room and along the pier away from her.

It was my sister Katie and my father—both together—both approaching my life again! I stood on the top of the broad flight of steps leading down to the water and awaited their coming toward me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HON. S. B. H. VANCE.

THE Hon. SAMUEL B. H. VANCE, whose portrait is given on this page, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He was liberally educated, and on arriving at manhood entered into mercantile pursuits in the city of Philadelphia. On the breaking out of the Mexican war he was appointed a captain in a regiment of dragoons, and served in that capacity under General TAYLOR until the end of the war. He shortly after came to this city, where he composed one of the well-known firm of MITCHELL, VANCE, & Co. He then identified himself with the public schools of this city, and for a period of ten years, as chairman of the Executive Committee on the College of the City of New York, and as chairman of the Finance Committee of the Board of Education, through his executive and financial abilities, united with a conscientious fidelity to duty, exerted an influence equal to any one connected with the public-school system in raising them to the high position they occupied up to the year 1869, when, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of Mr. VANCE and other earnest friends of the schools, they fell under the control of the Tammany Ring.

Mr. VANCE, through his experience in the management of the public schools, early perceived the bad influence the Ring was to have on the destinies of this city, and was among the first to enlist in what was then thought to be the almost hopeless effort to drive it from power. As the Common Council was a stronghold of the Ring, the reformers made great efforts to secure the election of competent and true men to that body, and prevailed on Mr. VANCE to accept a nomination for alderman. He was elected in 1871, and again in 1872, and has been chosen this year president of the board. Mr. VANCE is a man of strong, decisive character, capable, experienced, and one to whom our citizens may look for the wise discharge of the duties of his office.

A BISHOP FOR THE INDIANS.

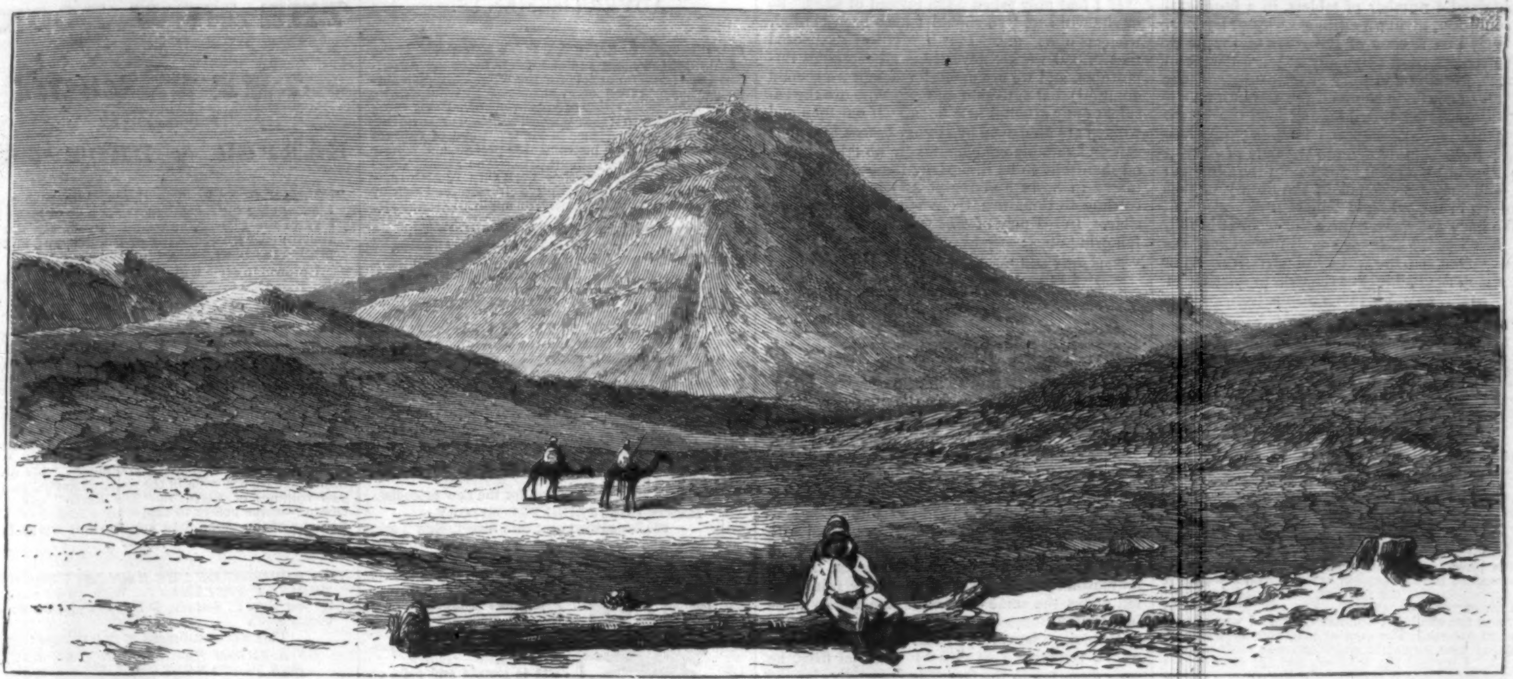
THE Indian tribes which the Episcopal Church has taken under its special charge belong chiefly to the Sioux or Dakota nation, the most formidable of the Northwestern savages, and believed to number between thirty and forty thousand souls. The missions to these Indians are limited at present to the Santee and Yankton reservations on the Missouri River, near the boundary line which separates Nebraska and Dakota, the Santees being in Nebraska, and the Yanktons twenty-five miles above, on the opposite or east bank of the Missouri, in Dakota. Immediately across the river from the Yanktons are the Poncas, a tribe long hostile to the Sioux, but for many years friendly to the whites, and gathered upon a reservation on the west bank of the river, within the boundaries of the new Indian territory of the Northwest, to which the Church has given the name of Niobrara.

On the 9th inst. the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM H. HARE, of whom we give a portrait on this page, was consecrated at Philadelphia bishop of this new territory. Dr. HARE is a grandson of Bishop HOBART, former Bishop of New York, and the son of Rev. G. E. HARE, D.D., Professor of Biblical Learning in the Divinity School of Philadelphia. He is only thirty-four years of age, and has for the past two years served the Church with great acceptableness and success as the secretary of the foreign department of missions. This is his second call to the episcopate, although the first (to be Bishop of Africa) was not perfected, and because of his valuableness as foreign secretary the tender of the bishopric was not made to him. It is understood that he had a majority of the House of Bishops, however, in favor of his election.

The consecration ceremony was the more interesting from the fact that Dr. HARE is the one hundredth bishop set apart by the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and such has been the rapid growth of the episcopate in late years that the oldest and presiding bishop of that Church has personally known ninety-one out of the one hundred.

THE HON. S. B. H. VANCE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. W. BOGARDUS.]

THE REV. DR. HARE, BISHOP OF NIOBRARA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO.]



EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES—THE REPUTED RUINED PYRAMID OF LEPSIUS.

THE PYRAMID OF LEPSIUS.

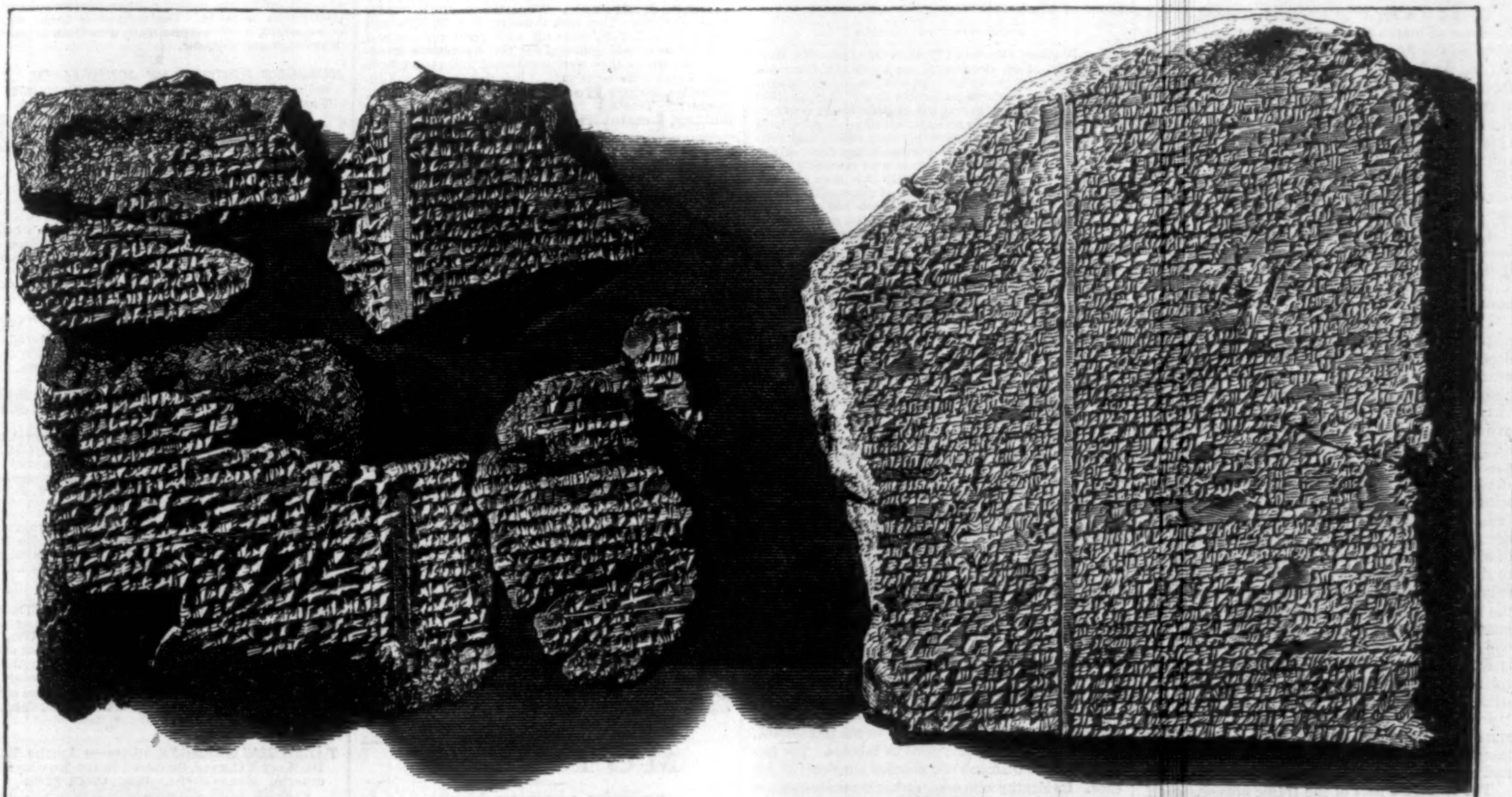
Exploring in the Libyan Desert to the westward of the Great Pyramid, Messrs. Dixon—some of whose sketches were lately engraved in *Harper's Weekly*—recently visited the spot where Lepsius and other writers allege that a ruined pyramid is reputed to exist. They found it to be merely the conical end of a natural prism-shaped hill, composed of sand, alternating with layers of gypsum, its steep sides covered with loose desert sand and flints.

In the valleys to the north and west, and thickly scattered in all directions, they found the remains of a wonderful petrified forest, the existence of which has been hitherto unknown: hundreds of trees lying scattered in broken fragments over the surface of the sand, or partially buried therein—the wood petrified into flint, its grain, fibre, and bark distinctly visible. Two of the principal trees still standing were measured at from forty feet to seventy feet long, and from two feet to three feet six inches in diameter. They were branching forest trees, very much like Scotch firs in appearance. Erecting a cairn on the top of the hill, they christened it the Khoom el Hasheb, or Hill of the Wood, and it will doubtless form the subject of an interesting desert tour for future visitors to Cairo. We give on this page an illustration of this interesting natural pyramid.

THE DELUGE.

About fifteen years ago, during the excavations on the site of the old palace of Nineveh, the *débris* of the royal library was found. In ancient days books were merely inscribed on clay tablets, and a great many of these were discovered among the ruins in as perfect a state of preservation as they had been 2500 years previously. They were deposited in the British Museum, and have furnished a perfect mine of resource to all Assyrian scholars.

One of the most distinguished of these scholars, Mr. George Smith, a short time since found among these tablets an account of the flood. For convenience of working he had divided the collection into sections according to the subject-matter of the inscriptions. He had recently been examining the division containing the mythological and mythical tablets, and from that section



TABLET CONTAINING THE CHALDEAN ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.

he obtained a number of tablets, in a fragmentary condition, giving a curious series of legends, and including a copy of the story of the flood. These tablets were originally at least twelve in number, forming one story or set of legends, the account of the flood being on the eleventh tablet. Of the inscription describing the flood there were fragments of three copies containing duplicate texts; these copies belong to the time of Assurbanipal, or about 660 years before the Christian era, and they were found in the library of that monarch in the palace at Nineveh.

We have not space to give the account in full, but the following extracts show interesting points of resemblance to the Scriptural narrative. After describing the building of the ark, the author of this account, speaking in his own person, goes on to say:

> "I caused to go up into the ship all my male and female servants, the beasts of the field, the animals of the field, and the sons of the army—all of them, I caused to go up. A flood Shamas made, and he spake, saying in the night, 'I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily; enter to the midst of the ship and shut thy door.' A flood he raised, and he spake, saying in the night, 'I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily.' In the day that I celebrated his festival, the day which he had appointed; fear I had, I entered to the midst of the ship and shut my door;....the flood, reached to heaven; the bright earth to a waste was turned; the surface of the earth, like....it swept; it destroyed all life, from the face of the earth;....the strong tempest over the people, reached to heaven. Brother saw not his brother, it did not spare the people. Six days and nights passed, the wind, tempest and storm, overwhelmed, on the seventh day in its course, was calmed the storm, and all the tempest, which had destroyed like an earthquake, quieted. The sea he caused to dry, and the wind and tempest ended. I was carried through the sea. The doer of evil, and the whole of mankind who turned to sin, like reeds their corpses floated. I opened the window, and the light broke in, over my refuge it passed. On the seventh day in the course of it I sent forth a dove, and it left. The dove went and searched and a resting-place it did not find, and it returned. I sent forth a swallow, and it left. The swallow went and searched and a resting-place it did not find, and it returned. I sent a raven, and it left. The raven went, and the corpses on the waters it saw, and it did eat, it swam, and wandered away, and did not return."

On page 101 we give engravings of the fragments of this interesting tablet. It is probable that beneath the mounds and ruined cities of Chaldæa there are other legends and histories calculated to shed much light on the early history of mankind.

MATCH-MAKING BY ADVERTISEMENT.

There is a paper in England devoted to the business of match-making by advertisement. It is called the *Matrimonial News*. In every number the reader may review some 350 candidates for marriage, and for one shilling an advertiser may describe his or her attractions, provided that the same be done in no more than forty words. Questions of difficulty or delicacy referring to courtship are answered gratuitously in these columns, privately for twelve stamps, personally for five shillings; a fee of five shillings is also required one month after any marriage brought about by this machinery. It is said that the business is *bona fide*, that confidence and secrecy are strictly observed, and, if the editor is to be believed, hundreds of marriages have resulted from his labors.

The *modus operandi* is this. The real name, address, and photograph of each candidate are deposited with the editor, the advertisement appears, and those who like correspond in the *Matrimonial News*, at first by numbers, like convicts: No. 6000 replies to Nos. 6007 and 6010, avowing that the particulars suit, and that he desires an exchange of photographs. This is done through the editor, who then, if both parties wish it, places them in direct private correspondence with each other, on condition of receiving a fee (amount not stated). Assuming that all this has occurred, it is probable that the first step taken is to ascertain that the personal appearance is equal to the photograph, and the second to cause their respective lawyers to inquire as to the fortune of the lady and the "ample private means" of the gentleman. For it is a most noteworthy fact, and one which extorts our admiration, that not only is fortune-hunting in these advertisements conspicuous by its absence, but that instances of extreme disinterestedness abound, so that men of "private fortune" or "ample means" expressly state that "money on the lady's side is of no moment." Out of nearly 200, not above twenty make it a necessary qualification.

The strangest part of the traffic presents itself in the social position of the candidates. In one batch there are two noblemen, two colonels, a member of three learned societies, barristers, physicians, missionaries, squires with beautiful residences and good fortune, county magistrates, and numberless naval and military officers; a French lady of title, two English ditto, one having a jointure of £3000 per annum, two heiresses, whereof one is a ward in Chancery, entitled to large landed property on coming of age, some half a dozen of noble family or of ancient lineage; and above the rest in point of urgency is an application from a widow lady and her three daughters, all wanting husbands and having independent incomes. Surely this is, to say the least of it, very strange.

On another point a few words of warning seem needed. Certain of the candidates desire to correspond with too many of the other sex at once. Thus a bachelor, No. 6371, "desires to correspond" with no fewer than nine ladies; an Italian, No. 6421, with six; a medical man, No. 6456, with seven. The daughter of a deceased officer wishes to hear from eight gentlemen, and Emmeline, who is the offender in chief, wishes to correspond with as many as fourteen. Such a course of proceeding is hardly fair, nor is it promising of future happiness, for if the marriage accomplished proves unsatisfactory, the nucleus of regret, if not of discontent, is already formed. "If I had only taken 5423 instead of 6320," he or she will say, "so should I have been blessed, whereas now," etc. It is hardly to be supposed that of 350 weekly advertisers all represent impostures, and we are assured (though we remain doubtful) that detection and exposure are the results of any attempt at a hoax. If our men and women are so driven by circumstances that they can find suitable companions by no other method than this, so be it. Many there may be who marry in haste and regret at leisure; but, according to Congreve, there is a worse fate possible. In his play of *The Old Bachelor* are the following lines:

"Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure—
Married in haste we may repent at leisure;
Some by experience find those words misplaced—
At leisure married, they repent in haste."

DO GREAT FIRES PRODUCE RAIN?

Professor Lapham, in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, discusses the question whether the great fires in the Northwest, during the months of September, October, and November of 1871, especially that which destroyed the greater part of Chicago, had any decided effect upon the weather, either by creating or moving currents of air, or by causing the fall of rain. After a careful consideration of the facts connected with these fires, and the accompanying meteorological conditions, as shown by reliable records, he sees no reason to conclude that any of the rains that fell about the same time were due to the cause in question.

Referring, however, to Mr. Espy's hypothesis of the production of rain by artificial fires, he calls attention to the fact that Espy only claimed that fires would produce rain under favorable circumstances of a high dew-point and a calm atmosphere, both of which conditions were entirely wanting in Chicago at the time of the fire, the air being almost destitute of moisture, and the wind blowing a gale. To produce rain the air must ascend until it becomes cool enough to condense the moisture, which then falls in the form of rain. In the case of Chicago the air could not ascend very far, being driven off in nearly a horizontal direction by the great force of the wind. He presumes, therefore, that this instance neither confirms nor disproves the Espian theory, and that we may still believe the well-authenticated accounts of instances where rain has been produced by a large fire under favorable circumstances of very moist air and absence of wind.

The Waters' Concerto Parlor Organs.—Mr. Horace Waters, of 481 Broadway, has a patented improvement in parlor organs which renders his popular instruments in some respects preferable to any that we have seen. The new feature consists of what is called a Concerto Stop, produced by an extra set of reeds peculiarly voiced. Its tone is remarkably full, sweet, and brilliant, and its power very fine, while it has none of the harshness and inflexibility common to the forte stops of the ordinary reed organ. With this stop and the swell the most charming varieties of expression can be produced. The organ in other respects has also some conspicuous merits. The largest of the several sizes embraces ten stops, namely, a rich sub-bass, a very delicate picolo, a flute, melodia, dulciana, forte, viola, coupler, the concerto, and a vox humana or tremolo. They have three full sets of reeds, with a clear, delicate tone, an excellent action, and an easy bellows attachment, besides being handsome in appearance.—*N. Y. Tribune.*—[*Com.*]

DIAMONDS.

The curious story which has been published in the London papers since the report of the discovery of new and extensive Diamond fields in Arizona, about a mysterious stranger, an American by his accent and appearance, who some eighteen months ago entered the establishment of certain Diamond brokers in London, and there bought a quantity of Diamonds in the rough without investigating their weight, or worth as separate stones, has doubtless suggested to many Diamond-fanciers in this country, for the first time in their lives, the fact that Diamonds are not found "a splendor in the soil," and betrayed, like the glow-worm, to the seeker by the brilliancy they emit. One who wanders, for example, into the establishment of Messrs. Starr & Marcus, 22 John Street (up stairs), where Diamonds are studied as well as sold, will find it difficult to believe that these sparkling drops of crystal light have been evolved by human science and human skill from dull and crusted masses of matter in which only the experienced eye could detect the transparent, translucent, incomparable gems he beholds. The formation of the Diamond still remains a mystery to science. Its identity with other carboniferous bodies was indeed proved long ago by Lavoisier and Clouet. But this gives us no clew by which to reach a rational conclusion as to whether Diamonds are or are not likely to be found in any given locality. Diamond-mining, therefore, whether in Hindoostan, in the Brazils, in Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago, in Siberia, in Australia, in Africa, is still an emperical enterprise. Whether Diamonds are or are not to be found in Arizona, is a question which nothing but actual investigation can determine. Should they be found there, we suspect that it will be easy to show that the speculations of theorists, whether in England or America, as to the effect of the new mines upon the value of the product, are as wild and as wide of any practical importance as are their speculations upon the probability or improbability of the discovery.—[*Com.*]

Facts Worth Knowing.—The New Wilson Under-Feed Shuttle Sewing-Machine is to-day the simplest, most perfect, most easy operated, best made, most durable, and in every way most valuable sewing-machine in existence, and it is sold fifteen dollars less than all other first-class machines, on easy terms. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

Moule's Patent Earth Closet.—Simplest, cheapest, and most effective in the market. Send for circular. Earth Closet Company, 31 Cortlandt St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

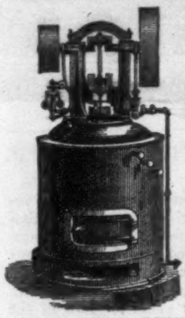
To Excel in Improvement is the leading element and characteristic of the American mind; and no article for the relief of human suffering has equalled or even approached the Elastic Truss in its rapid stride of improvement. Every thing has been added to it that science, constant experimenting, and large experience in the treatment of rupture could suggest. The instrument is perfect, and is now worn day and night without pain. The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York City, furnish their new trusses, with full descriptive circulars, and sent by mail to all parts of the country, on application as above.

☞ **IMPORTANT to Physicians.** ☜
Clinical Lectures on *The Diseases of Women*, by Prof. R. Ludlam, M.D., of Hahnemann College, Chicago. Just published, $7 50. C. S. Halsey, 72 State St., Chicago.

What is the use of buying an expensive Shoe without a
SILVER TIP;
They will be through at the toe while the remainder of the shoe is perfectly good.

If you want to know what
CABLE SCREW WIRE
Means, ask your Shoe Dealer, and if he can't tell you, make up your mind he has some pegged work on hand that he wants to sell before he dare tell you.

MAGIC FOR THE PARLOR.
Send a stamp for the new price-list.
HARTZ CONJURING REPOSITORY,
850 Broadway, near 14th Street, New York.



The Baxter Engine is manufactured by Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co. Is made interchangeable in all its parts, and consequently is perfect in construction.

It is simple and safe, so that a child may run it.

No extra insurance to pay.

It occupies less space and is run up to rated power with less fuel than any known motor. Over 50 are now in use in this city, and hundreds of them in use all over the U.S., and the universal judgment confirms all we claim; and, therefore, we fully guarantee them. For Circulars and Price-List call upon or address WM. D. RUSSELL, 18 Park Place, N. Y.

$100,000 for only $10!

TEN THOUSAND CASH GIFTS aggregating **$500,000** will be distributed by lot to patrons of the **Third Grand Gift Concert** in aid of the **Public Library of Ky.**, at Louisville, Ky., Tuesday, April 8, 1873. Gifts range from **$10 to $100,000, all cash.** Whole tickets $10, halves $5, quarters $2 50. The first Concert, Dec. 16, 1871, and second, Dec. 7, 1872, went off with great success and received universal approval for the scrupulous integrity with which they were conducted and promptness with which gifts were paid. For tickets and full information, address **Hon. Thos. E. Bramlette,** Agent for Trustees Public Library of Ky., Library Building, **Louisville, Ky.**

THE TRADE WAGON.

A WAGON INTENDED FOR GENERAL PURPOSES.
WEIGHS BUT 400 POUNDS.
Is finished ready to paint and trim. Inquire of your carriage-maker, or the only manufacturers,
S. N. BROWN & CO., of Dayton, Ohio.

CHENEY BRO'S
American Gros-Grain Silks,
IN BLACK STRIPES,
AND ELEGANT FALL COLORS,
Of Shades especially adapted for Suitings.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.
In great demand. A complete success. Water and Chamber Pails, Slop Jars, Spittoons, Milk Pans, Basins, Fruit Dishes, Trays, &c. Durable and cheap. Trade supplied. JENNINGS BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 352 Pearl St. (Franklin Square), New York City.

MOTHERS,
SAVE YOUR INFANTS.
NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA,
THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE.
Extensively used and recommended
by the most eminent physicians.
Sold by Druggists and Grocers.
H. ASTIÉ & CO., Sole Agents,
15 South William Street, New York.

ORIENT SAFETY LAMPS,
Entirely of metal, are the only lamps in use which can neither break, leak, nor explode. Are ornamental and cheap. Adapted to all household uses; also to stores, factories, churches, &c.
AGENTS Make $10 a DAY
SELLING THESE LAMPS.
For an Agency, address
WALLACE & SONS,
89 Chambers St., New York.

CIVIL ENGINEERING SCHOOL,
Of Union College, Schenectady, N.Y.

Thorough course of instruction and field practice. Unrivaled collection of apparatus. Tuition, $30 per term. Assistance rendered deserving students. For special information, address Prof. C. STALEY. For information concerning the College courses, Classical, Scientific, and Eclectic, address E. N. POTTER, Pres't.

THE NEW BOOKS
OF
THE SEASON
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS.

1.

RECLUS'S OCEAN. The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life. Being the Second Series of a Descriptive History of the Life of the Globe. By Élisée Reclus. Illustrated with 250 Maps or Figures, and 27 Maps printed in Colors. 8vo, Cloth, $6 00.

Uniform in style with "*THE EARTH,*" by Élisée Reclus. 8vo, Cloth $5 00.

M. Elisée Reclus, so well known by his excellent work, "The Earth," has added a much needed companion piece to it. * * * Reclus has devoted fifteen years to the exploration of the earth, and it is the fruit of his travels and studies that we find in his two excellent books. He is not a mere writer about what he has seen, he endeavors to trace the law and make plain the connection with some antecedent fact. In other words, while having all the enthusiasm of the traveler and the polished ease of the man of the world, he has the training of the man of science. "The Ocean" is a very fascinating volume. * * * We do not think that we are wide of the mark in saying that the two volumes of Reclus's—"The Earth" and "The Ocean"—come nearer to supplying a real physical geography of the globe than any work or works in the English language.—*World*, N. Y.

2.

THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. With an Introduction by the Rev. P. Schaff, D.D. 618 pp., Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

This work embraces in one volume:

ON A FRESH REVISION OF THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. Second Edition, Revised.

ON THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT in connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By C. J. Ellicott, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., has done the Christian public a valuable and timely service in editing a popular edition of the "Revision of the English Version of the New Testament," as discussed by Lightfoot, Ellicott, and Trench. Heretofore the able writings of these authors on this important subject have only been obtainable in separate volumes. Here they are presented in one compact book, with an able and scholarly introduction by Dr. Schaff, which gives a clear account of the origin and expediency of the revision now in progress, the composition and ability of the commission engaged upon it, and concise illustrations of the changes to be made. The volume is to be warmly commended, and is emphatically a *multum in parvo.*—*Watchman and Reflector.*

3.

HUDSON'S HISTORY OF JOURNALISM. Journalism in the United States, from 1690 to 1872. By Frederic Hudson. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

The book is interesting from beginning to end. No page but has its item of curious information or its piquant anecdote.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

There is no man better qualified to write the history of American Journalism than Mr. Hudson, and, accordingly, his history is well written. He possesses the various knowledge thereof that it is necessary to impart, and the skilled power that enables a man to impart his knowledge agreeably, and, therefore, usefully. He has brought together an immense number of facts, and the entire book is highly entertaining. His book is a good book—an excellent book.—*Boston Traveller.*

4.

GEORGE ELIOT'S MIDDLEMARCH. Middlemarch: a Study of Provincial Life. By George Eliot, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola," &c. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 50.

* * * It is our deliberate judgment that it indicates a genius superior to that of any other novelist now living.—*Boston Globe.*

The author exhibits an insight into the secret heart of our nature scarcely less subtle and manifold than that of Shakespeare. * * * Such a rare cabinet of character sketches is perhaps not to be found in any other single production of English literature.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

5.

NORDHOFF'S CALIFORNIA. California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A Book for Travelers and Settlers. By Charles Nordhoff. *Seventh Thousand just ready.* Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $2 00; Cloth, $2 50.

A delightful and instructive volume. * * * The most entertaining, the most intelligent, and the most useful book on California we have ever read. * * * What particularly pleases us in this volume is the ease and felicity of the style. The author seems to be indulging simply in a quiet, genial talk with the reader. He escapes the predominant California rhetorical sin, the sin of eloquence. Good sense is his special characteristic.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

6.

TALMAGE'S SERMONS. Sermons by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. *Second Series.* 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

Uniform with the *First Series of Talmage's Sermons.*

These sermons abound in wit, humor, pathos, metaphor, simple poetic beauty and fine word-painting, startling declarations of truth, and some daring rhetorical extravagance. They are original, stirring, and refreshing, and reveal the remarkable mental characteristics which render their author one of the most popular preachers of this country at the present time.—*Lutheran Observer*, Phila.

7.

SCIENCE FOR THE YOUNG.

FORCE. Being Vol. IV. of *Science for the Young*, by Jacob Abbott. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

HEAT.—LIGHT.—WATER AND LAND.—FORCE. 4 vols. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 each.

8.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS. Written or Edited by the Author of "John Halifax." Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each.

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY.—THE COUSIN FROM INDIA.—TWENTY YEARS AGO.—IS IT TRUE?—AN ONLY SISTER.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.*

For New Novels see next page.

PATENT METALLIC SHIELDS—certain cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, *and all other Nervous Diseases.* By mail or express. GEO. SWEETSER, 190 Wall St., N. Y.

The New Novels

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

I.

THE WANDERING HEIR. By Charles Reade, Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Never Too Late to Mend," "Foul Play," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cts.; Cloth, 60 cts.

II.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON. By William Black, Author of "Love or Marriage?" "In Silk Attire," "The Monarch of Mincing-Lane," "Kilmeny," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

III.

DR. WAINWRIGHT'S PATIENT. By Edmund Yates, Author of "Black Sheep," "Land at Last," "Wrecked in Port," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

IV.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE. By James Payn, Author of "Carlyon's Year," "Cecil's Tryst," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," "Found Dead," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

V.

FOR THE KING. An Historical Novel. By Charles Gibbon, Author of "For Lack of Gold," "Robin Gray," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

☞ *Harper & Brothers will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

LOVEJOY'S METALLIC

WEATHER HOUSE.

A sure indicator of the changes in the weather, and a pretty mantel ornament. The little man walks out in stormy and the lady in fair weather, and never make mistakes. Price **$2 00** (Two). Sent to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of price, by

Alvan L. Lovejoy,
Proprietor and manufacturer,
229 Washington St.,
Boston.

Package of one doz. to same address, $20.

Liberal discount to the trade.

THE Grandest Work of Modern Times. Agents Wanted for its Sale.

POTTER'S COMPLETE

BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA,

A universal Dictionary of Biblical, Ecclesiastical, and Historical Information, from the earliest times to the present day. Edited by Rev. Wm. Blackwood, D.D., LL.D., assisted by other eminent divines. With nearly 3000 fine illustrative engravings. Published in serial form, at 50 cents a part. For Circulars and terms, address JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

HOLIDAYS

are drawing near! and those intending useful GIFTS for ANY of their FRIENDS, whether Men, Women, Boys or Girls, could not bestow one that would be BETTER appreciated than a

NOVELTY PRINTING PRESS

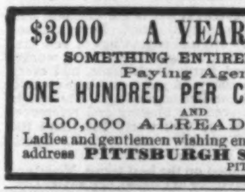
Send for a descriptive, illustrated Pamphlet, containing the various Agents' addresses, to **BENJ. O. WOODS,** Manufacturer, 349—351 Federal & 152 Kneeland-st's, Boston.

No suspension of Business on account of Fire!

$3000 A YEAR $3000

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW,
Paying Agents
ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. PROFIT,
AND
100,000 ALREADY SOLD.

Ladies and gentlemen wishing employment should address **PITTSBURGH SUPPLY CO.,**
PITTSBURGH, PA.



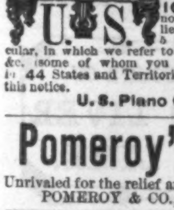
You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for **$290?** We answer—It costs less than **$300** to make any **$600** Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make **100 per ct.** profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant 5 Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to over **500** Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos, in **44** States and Territories. Please state where you saw this notice.

U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, N. Y.

Pomeroy's Trusses,

Unrivaled for the relief and cure of Hernia or Rupture.
POMEROY & CO., 744 Broadway, New York.

CUNDURANGO.



Bliss, Keene, & Co.'s Fluid Extract cures Cancer, Scrofula, Syphilis, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Skin Diseases, and all Blood Diseases.

The best-known Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. Price, $3 per bottle.

Office, No. 60 Cedar St., New York.

OPIUM-EATING ANTIDOTE, discovered and compounded by a sufferer. Send stamp for treatise "On Opium-Eating and its Cure" to W. B. SQUIRE, M.D., Worthington, Greene Co., Ind.

OIL PAINTINGS.—Send for Price List. **W. LEVIN, 10 Decalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

VALENTINES

In $5, $10, $20, and $25 Lots.
Assortments to suit Dealers.
Best Stock—Cheapest Prices.
Send for Circular.
A. J. FISHER,
98 Nassau St., N. Y.

RUBBER STAMPS, Steel Letters, the Little Gem, Stencil Dies, &c. U. S. M'f'g Co., 97 W. Lombard St., Balto. $10 a day to Agents.

THE discovery of the *heart dropsy cure*, by Dr. N. S. Dodge, of Albany, N. Y., was accidental.—*Ch'n Union.*

SAVE YOUR EYES,
RESTORE your SIGHT,
THROW AWAY YOUR SPECTACLES,

By reading our Illustrated PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY of the EYESIGHT. Tells how to Restore Impaired Vision and Overworked Eyes; how to cure Weak, Watery, Inflamed, and Near-Sighted Eyes, and all other Diseases of the Eyes. *WASTE NO MORE MONEY BY ADJUSTING HUGE GLASSES ON YOUR NOSE AND DISFIGURING YOUR FACE.* **Pamphlet of 160 pages Mailed Free. Send your address to**

DR. J. BALL & CO., (P. O. Box 957.)
No. 91 Liberty Street, New York City, N. Y.

MAHOGANY,

ROSEWOOD, FRENCH WALNUT, SATIN WOOD, HUNGARIAN ASH, CEDAR, &c.

Large and Choice Stock Foreign and Domestic Woods, in

VENEERS, BOARDS, AND PLANK.

Imported and manufactured by
GEORGE W. READ & CO.,
Office, Mill, and Yard, 186 to 200 Lewis St., cor. 6th, E. R.
Branch Salesrooms, 170 and 172 Centre St., N. Y.
☞ Send for Catalogue and Price-List.

"It STILL WAVES!" The old, original, and only "STAR SPANGLED BANNER," THE FAMILY PAPER of America. It is a paper for THE MILLION. Old and young, rich and poor, saint or sinner, will find it JUST the paper for them. It is a large, illustrated, 40 column paper; 8 pages, *Ledger* size, and filled to overflowing with charming Stories, Tales, Sketches, Poetry, Wit, Humor and Fun. It makes a specialty of "showing up" and exposing Rogues, Rascals, Swindlers, Quacks and Humbugs. IT EXPOSES RASCALITY, and saves money to its readers. Every subscriber, for only $1.00, will receive the BANNER a whole year; and also, FREE GRATIS, and prepaid, a superb PRANG CHROMO, "BOUQUET OF AUTUMN LEAVES." *Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.* $1.00 a year; 3 months, 15 Cents. Sample SENT FREE. NOW IS THE TIME. AGENTS WANTED. *Now! NOW!* NOW! don't put it off. Address, STAR SPANGLED BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are Graded to Fit any Figure, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy,* the names and directions for putting together being printed on each separate piece of the pattern, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. V.

Pattern	No.
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	No. 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 8
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt	" 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT	" 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 46
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt	" 50
DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT	" 51

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

DRS. REYNOLDS BROTHERS, Surgeon Dentists, 62 West 14th St., New York, have made the study and practice of Dentistry a life work. Painless extraction of teeth.

YOUNG LADIES' EDUCATIONAL HOME will admit four new scholars Feb. 10, 1873. Preferences given to first applicants.
Mr. & Mrs. D. S. TROWBRIDGE, Greenwich, Conn.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS
FOR 1873.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

There is no monthly Magazine an intelligent reading family can less afford to be without. Many Magazines are accumulated. *Harper's* is edited. There is not a Magazine that is printed which shows more intelligent pains expended on its articles and mechanical execution. There is not a cheaper Magazine published. There is not, confessedly, a more popular Magazine in the world.—*New England Homestead.*

A repository of biography and history, literature, science, and art, unequaled by any other American publication.—*N. Y. Standard.*

The most popular and, in its scheme, the most original of our Magazines.—*Nation.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY. JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

The best publication of its class in America, and so far ahead of all other weekly journals as not to permit of any comparison between it and any of their number. Its columns contain the finest collections of reading-matter that are printed. * * * Its illustrations are numerous and beautiful, being furnished by the chief artists of the country.—*Boston Traveler.*

Harper's Weekly deserves its primacy in this class of publications, alike for the value of its reading-matter and the excellence of its illustrations. The editorials on public affairs are models of discussion, weighty and temperate, supporting high principles in an elevated tone and a chastened literary style.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HARPER'S BAZAR. A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

It is really the only illustrated chronicler of fashion in the country. Its supplements alone are worth the subscription price of the paper. While fully maintaining its position as a mirror of fashion, it also contains stories, poems, brilliant essays, besides general and personal gossip.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

There never was any paper published that so delighted the heart of woman. Never mind if it does cost you a new bonnet; it will save you ten times the price in the household economy it teaches.—*Providence Journal.*

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

Harper's Magazine,	One Year	$4 00
Harper's Weekly,	One Year	4 00
Harper's Bazar,	One Year	4 00

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the Magazine 24 cents a year, for the Weekly or Bazar 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the new and old one must be given.

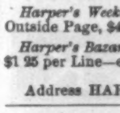
In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



1st Premium at Am. Institute, 1871.

STAMFORD SEWING MACHINE.

The *most quiet* and the *Lightest Running* Shuttle Machine in the world. **Not a Cam, Cog, or Roller.** *No intermediate expenses or profits.* We sell directly to those who retail the machine. Agents wanted.

T. B. BISHOP & CO., Stamford, Conn.

PENSIONS and all classes of **Government Claims.**—Persons entitled thereto are invited to address Dr. F. SALTER, (late medical Referee U. S. Pension Bureau), Washington, D. C.

Imitation Gold Watches.

Imitation Gold Chains.

This metal has all the brilliancy and durability of Gold; can not be distinguished from it by the best judges; retains its color till worn out, and is equal to gold excepting in intrinsic value. We manufacture three qualities and three sizes—prices, $15, $20, and $25—all Patent Levers, Full Jeweled, in Hunting Cases each, Gents', Ladies', and Boys' sizes. Chains, $2 to $12, of the latest patterns. Every watch is fully guaranteed by a special certificate. When six watches are ordered at one time, we send a *seventh one free;* the same with chains. All kinds of Jewelry of the same elegant Collins Metal. Goods sent by express, to be paid for on delivery; or, if Post-Office Orders be sent, they will be sent registered and free by mail. Send a stamp for our Illustrated Circular. The Genuine Collins Watches can only be had of us; we have no agents. The goods of the Collins Metal Watch Factory have invariably given satisfaction.—*N. Y. Times.* One of the $20 Watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.* When you order, mention Harper's Weekly. Address

COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Over 15,000,000 square feet now in use.

H. W. JOHNS
ASBESTOS ROOFING

For steep or flat Roofs, in all climates.

Asbestos Roof Coating & Cement,

For restoring and repairing old Roofs.

ASBESTOS BOILER FELTING,

The best non-conductor, and the lightest and most economical covering for Hot-Air and Steam Pipes, Boilers, Oil Stills, &c., whether housed or exposed to the weather.

These materials are prepared ready for use, and can be easily applied by any one.

ROOFING & SHEATHING FELTS, ASBESTOS BOARD & PAPER, ASBESTOS, ASPHALTUM, &c. Send for Descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, Terms to Dealers, &c.

H. W. JOHNS,
{*Established* in 1858.} New Offices, 87 MAIDEN LANE, cor. GOLD STREET, New York.

ROGERS'
GROUPS OF
STATUARY.

Inclose Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to
JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., New York.

$100.—A CITY LOT IN SAN DIEGO, California, the Pacific terminus of the Texas Pacific Railway, costing $100 will soon command thousands. Circulars and Maps gratis. W. H. FRANCIS, San Diego Land Agency, 187 Broadway, N. Y.

THE BEST SPORTING BOAT MADE
CANOES
W. E. BOND. CLEVELAND. O.
FOR EXPLORING
TRAVELING
HUNTING, FISHING,
TRAPPING
ETC

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Prof. FOWLER'S Great Work

On Manhood, Womanhood, and their Mutual Interrelations: Love, Its Laws, Power, &c. Send for specimen pages and circulars, with terms. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa.

SAVE YOUR CHILD'S EYESIGHT; buy the **Novelty Carriage**—Cradle and Carriage combined—with Patent Adjustable Parasol. Adopted by Central Park Commissioners, and recommended by the Medical Faculty. Send stamp for circular to LEWIS P. TIBBALS, 512 Broadway, N. Y.

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.

An Elegantly Bound Canvassing Book for the best and cheapest Family Bible ever published, will be sent free of charge to any book agent. It contains nearly **500** fine Scripture illustrations, and agents are meeting with unprecedented success. Address, stating experience, &c., and we will show you what our agents are doing, National Publishing Co., Phila., Pa.

WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES.

150 DESIGNS and PLANS for Houses of moderate cost. $1 50, postpaid.

ORANGE JUDD & CO.,
Publishers, 245 Broadway, N. Y.

☞ Send for Catalogue of all the best books on Architecture, Agriculture, Field Sports, & the Horse.

MASONIC—WANTED, ON SALARY OR COMMISSION, members of the fraternity as agents for the unique and splendid New Work. A rare chance. Send for descriptive catalogue and terms. REDDING & CO., Publishers of Masonic Works, 544 Broadway, N. Y.

HOW 'TIS DONE, or the Secret Out.—Mustache and Whiskers in **42** days. This GREAT SECRET and 100 others. Gamblers' Tricks, Cardiology, Ventriloquism, all in the ORIGINAL **"Book of Wonders."** Mailed for 25 cents. Address D. C. CUTLER, Carthage, Illinois.

AGENTS WANTED for McCLELLAN'S GOLDEN STATE. *The first and only complete history of the Pacific Slope,* embracing California, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Washington Territory, British Columbia, and Alaska, descriptive of their Seasons, Products, Mountains, Valleys, Rivers, Lakes, &c. 700 pages, with 200 Illustrations and Maps. Send for Illustrated Circular. WM. FLINT & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.; Cincinnati, O.; Springfield, Mass.; or Atlanta, Ga.

$72 00 EACH WEEK.—Agents wanted every where. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo.

BOOK AGENTS, and other Canvassers now at work, can learn how to increase their income $18 a week (*sure*), without interfering with their regular Canvassing by addressing F. N. REED, 139 Eighth St., N. Y.

BIG MONEY! AGENTS' outfit free. J. R. HOLCOMB, Mallet Creek, O.

$325 A MONTH and expenses to good Canvassers. Samples free. Address H. G. DEAN, New Bedford, Mass.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

$475 A MONTH to good canvassers—articles new and as staple as flour. Samples free. C. M. LININGTON, Chicago.

$30 PER WEEK and expenses paid. We want a reliable agent in every County in the U. S. Address *Hudson River Wire Co.,* 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y., or Chicago, Ill.

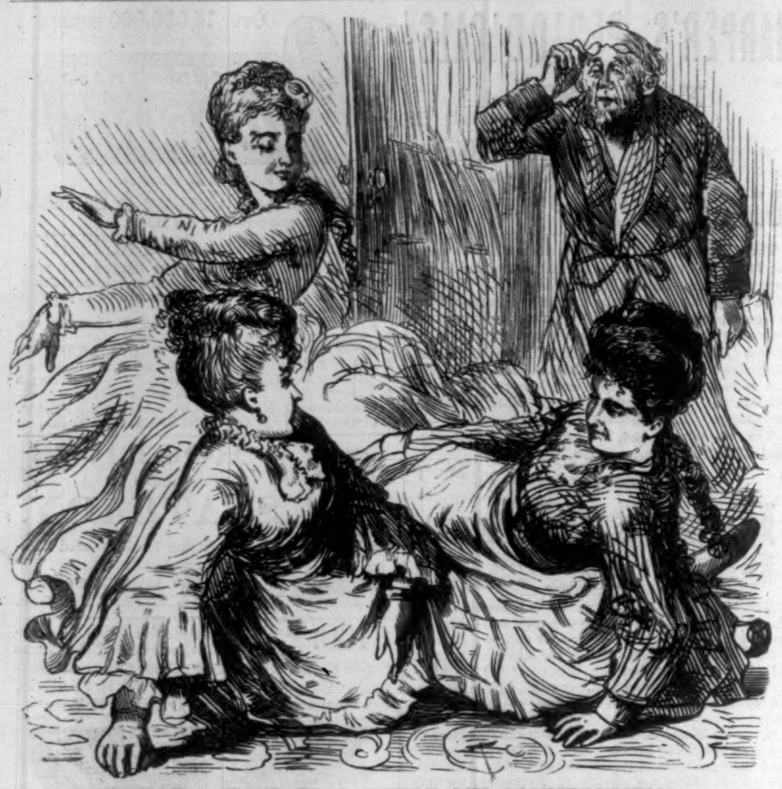
MEN, Women, Boys, and Girls Wanted, to act as agents for useful articles in their own localities—no capital required. Pays large profits. Inclose no stamp. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

100-YEAR ALMANAC.—For **50** cts. we send *postpaid* an Almanac giving every Year, Month, Week, and Day of the Century, also a Pocket Calendar for 1873. Extra inducements to Agents. Address **George A. Heard & Co.,** Boston, Mass.

RIVERVIEW Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A thorough-going school for boys.

---

12 SAMPLES sent by mail for 50c. that retail quick for $10. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.



"WHAT A FALL WAS THERE, MY COUNTRYMEN."
PAPA. "Hallo! what's this? Are you all mad?"
GIRLS. "Oh no, Papa; we're going a-skating to-morrow, and we're practicing graceful falls."

TO INVESTORS.

To those who wish to REINVEST COUPONS OR DIVIDENDS, and those who wish to INCREASE THEIR INCOME from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company as well secured and unusually productive.

The bonds are always convertible at Ten per cent. premium (1.10) into the Company's Lands at Market Prices. The Rate of Interest (seven and three-tenths per cent. gold) is equal now to about 8¼ currency—yielding an income more than one-third greater than U. S. 5-20's. Gold Checks for the semi-annual interest on the Registered Bonds are mailed to the Post-office address of the owner. All marketable stocks and bonds are received in exchange for Northern Pacifics ON MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

JAY COOKE & CO.

SHIRTS.

J. W. Johnston,
260 GRAND STREET, New York,

Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.
☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
☞ Six good " " Harris " " $9.

To gentlemen residing outside of New York a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurements in inches: Size of Collar worn; measure from centre of Shoulder along arm to Knuckle of small finger; around Chest, Waist, and Wrist. State number of Plaits; if for Studs, Spirals, or Buttons; style of Cuff.
☞ The Trade supplied with Dress Shirts to Order.

Drawing Inst's

Priced Catalogues sent to any address, 10 cents each.

Part 1st.	Mathematical Instruments....	153 pages
" 2d.	Optical Instruments..........	107 "
" 3d.	Stereopticons..................	90 "
" 4th.	Physical Apparatus...........	66 "

JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,
535 Broadway, New York; 924 Chestnut St., Philada.

CELEBRATED
"REMINGTON."

Send for Illustrated Price-List of Rifles, Shot-Guns, Pistols, Rifle-Canes, Cartridges, &c.

ARMORY, ILLION, N.Y. **REMINGTON & SONS,** **281 Broadway, N. Y.**

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.
For particulars, address AVERY BILL, Care Harper & Brothers, 331 Pearl St., New York.

Edmund Yates' Story,

A Bad Lot

Will be commenced in No. 276 of the
New York Fireside Companion,
Out Monday, January 27.
TERMS—One Copy, One Year......$3 00
Two Copies, One Year.... 5 00
Address
GEORGE MUNRO, New York Fireside Companion,
84 *BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.*

HENRY CAPT,

Of GENEVA,

Now has a beautiful assortment of Watches and Traveling Clocks, of his own make, at
No. 23 Union Square, New York.
E. LOUPPE, Agent.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.

Organs & Melodeons.

The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.

51,000

Now in use.
No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.
☞ Send for Price-Lists.
Address **BUFFALO, N. Y.**

STECK

GRAND, SQUARE, & UPRIGHT
PIANOS
ARE
THE CHEAPEST
BECAUSE THE
Best and Most Durable.
WAREROOMS, 25 East 14th St., N. Y.

"Best in the Market."
ASHWORTH'S
SIX-CORD
SPOOL COTTON.
SOLD BY
The GROVER & BAKER Sewing-Machine Company.
ALEX. KING & Co., Agents, New York.

BECKWITH SEWING-MACHINE, IMPROVED, $12. On 30 days' trial. Sent on receipt of $12. Money refunded if desired, less Express charges, on return of machine. 26 West Broadway, N. Y.

WINTER RESORT.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, NASSAU, N. P., Bahamas, } *NOW OPEN.*

Persons desiring to escape the rigors of a Northern Winter can obtain circular containing full information by addressing JAMES LIDGERWOOD, Agent, 758 Broadway, N. Y.
N. B.—Please state that you saw this advertisement in *Harper's Weekly.*

THE
(ORIGINAL)
Continental Life Insurance Co.,
Of HARTFORD, CONN.
INCORPORATED, MAY, 1862.

SAM'L E. ELMORE, *President.* JOHN S. RICE, *Vice-President.*
FRANCIS D. DOUGLASS, *Secretary.* H. R. MORLEY, *Actuary.*

The CONTINENTAL especially commends itself, by its past experience and present management, to those who desire to place their insurance in a conservative company, conducted on the principle of furnishing *reliable and absolute insurance* at as *reasonable cost* as is consistent with *perfect security.*

☞ A few first-class Agents wanted for unoccupied fields.

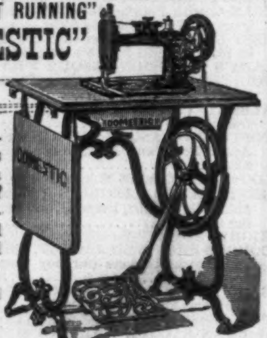
FOR USE IN FAMILIES.

THE FAMOUS
HALFORD
LEICESTERSHIRE
TABLE SAUCE,
FOR TABLE USE.
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

PINTS, ...	FIFTY CENTS.
HALF PINTS, . . .	THIRTY CENTS.

AND TO THE TRADE BY
HALFORD SAUCE CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

THE "LIGHT RUNNING"
"DOMESTIC"



Presents a record of success unparalleled in the history of Sewing Machines. Send for Illustrated Price List.

Agents wanted everywhere.

Address
"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., New York.

THE
Christian Intelligencer
IS NOW IN ITS
44th YEAR.

Every family should have a Religious Newspaper.
CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN TO
GET THE BEST.
The Christian Intelligencer
Is thoroughly Orthodox, therefore a safe teacher.
Its Editorial Staff is composed of the ablest writers in this country. Among its contributors are
Rev. Dr. JOHN HALL,
Rev. Dr. TALBOT W. CHAMBERS,
Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ORMISTON,
JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE,
THOS. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE,
Prof. W. G. T. SHEDD,
Prof. TAYLOR LEWIS,
And many others.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE'S
First Article will appear
JANUARY 23d.

A FINE CHROMO, 17½ x 23½,
Given to new subscribers.

AGENTS WANTED.
Office, 6 NEW CHURCH St., N. Y.

THE BEST PAPER! TRY IT!

The **Scientific American** is the cheapest and best illustrated weekly paper published. Every number contains from 10 to 15 original engravings of new machinery, novel inventions, Bridges, Engineering works, Architecture, improved Farm Implements, and every new discovery in Chemistry. A year's numbers contain 832 pages and several hundred engravings. Thousands of volumes are preserved for binding and reference. The practical receipts are well worth ten times the subscription price. Terms, $3 a year by mail. Specimens sent free. May be had of all Newsdealers.

PATENTS obtained on the best terms, Models of new inventions and sketches examined, and advice free. All Patents are published in the Scientific American the week they issue. Send for Pamphlet, 110 pages, containing laws and full directions for obtaining Patents.

Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents, MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y. Branch Office, cor. F and 7th Sts., Washington, D.C.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF
PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

To Consumptives.—Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of "*Wilbor's Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime.* Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, 166 Court St., Boston. Sold by druggists generally.

WEBER
PIANO-FORTES.

Endorsed by the leading Artists, Seminarians, and the Press, as the
BEST PIANOS MADE.
Prices as reasonable and terms as easy as consistent with thorough workmanship.
WAREROOMS,
Fifth Avenue, cor. 16th St., N. Y.

TO BOOK CANVASSERS.
A new way of running a book. Can sell thousands per week. Address MURRAY HILL PUBLISHING CO., 129 East 28th St., N. Y. City.

ACCIDENTS. Insure in the **TRAVELERS,** of Hartford.

MIDDLEMARCH

BY

GEORGE ELIOT

[Continued from No. 839, page 79.]

BOOK VII.

TWO TEMPTATIONS.

CHAPTER LXXI.—(*Continued.*)

THIS was the tone of thought chiefly sanctioned by Mrs. Dollop, the spirited landlady of the Tankard in Slaughter Lane, who had often to resist the shallow pragmatism of customers disposed to think that their reports from the outer world were of equal force with what had "come up" in her mind. How it had been brought to her she didn't know, but it was there before her as if it had been scored with the chalk on the chimney-board—"as Bulstrode should say, his inside was *that black* as if the hairs of his head knowed the thoughts of his heart, he'd tear 'em up by the roots."

"That's odd," said Mr. Limp, a meditative shoe-maker, with weak eyes and a piping voice. "Why, I read in the *Trumpet* that was what the Duke of Wellington said when he turned his coat and went over to the Romans."

"Very like," said Mrs. Dollop. "If one raskill said it, it's more reason why another should. But hypo*crite* as he's been, and holding things with that high hand, as there was no parson i' the country good enough for him, he was forced to take Old Harry into his counsel, and Old Harry's been too many for him."

"Ay, ay, he's a 'complice you can't send out o' the country," said Mr. Crabbe, the glazier, who gathered much news and groped among it dimly. "But by what I can make out, there's them says Bulstrode was for running away, for fear o' being found out before now."

"He'll be drove away, whether or no," said Mr. Dill, the barber, who had just dropped in. "I shaved Fletcher, Hawley's clerk, this morning—he's got a bad finger—and he says they're all of one mind to get rid o' Bulstrode. Mr. Thesiger is turned against him, and wants him out o' the parish. And there's gentlemen in this town says they'd as soon dine with a fellow from the hulks. 'And a deal sooner I would,' says Fletcher; 'for what's more against one's stomach than a man coming and making himself bad company with his religion, and giving out as the Ten Commandments are not enough for him, and all the while he's worse than half the men at the tread-mill?' Fletcher said so himself."

"It 'll be a bad thing for the town, though, if Bulstrode's money goes out of it," said Mr. Limp, quaveringly.

"Ah, there's better folks spend their money worse," said a firm-voiced dyer, whose crimson hands looked out of keeping with his good-natured face.

"But he won't keep his money, by what I can make out," said the glazier. "Don't they say as there's somebody can strip it off him? By what I can understan', they could take every penny off him, if they went to lawing."

"No such thing!" said the barber, who felt himself a little above his company at Dollop's, but liked it none the worse. "Fletcher says it's no such thing. He says they might prove over and over again whose child this young Ladislaw was, and they'd do no more than if they proved I came out of the Fens—he couldn't touch a penny."

"Look you there, now!" said Mrs. Dollop, indignantly. "I thank the Lord he took my children to Himself, if that's all the law can do for the motherless. Then by that, it's o' no use who your father and mother is. But as to listening to what one lawyer says without asking another—I wonder at a man o' your cleverness, Mr. Dill. It's well known there's always two sides, if no more; else who'd go to law, I should like to know? It's a poor tale, with all the law as there is up and down, if it's no use proving whose child you are. Fletcher may say that if he likes, but I say, don't Fletcher *me!*"

Mr. Dill affected a laugh in a complimentary way at Mrs. Dollop, as a woman who was more than a match for the lawyers; being disposed to submit to much twitting from a landlady who had a long score against him.

"If they come to lawing, and it's all true as folks say, there's more to be looked to nor money," said the glazier. "There's this poor creetur as is dead and gone: by what I can make out, he'd seen the day when he was a deal finer gentleman nor Bulstrode."

"Finer gentleman! I'll warrant him," said Mrs. Dollop; "and a far personabler man, by what I can hear. As I said, when Mr. Baldwin, the tax-gatherer, comes in, a-standing where you sit, and says, 'Bulstrode got all his money as he brought into this town by thieving and swindling'—I said, 'You don't make me no wiser, Mr. Baldwin: it's set my blood a-creeping to look at him ever sin' here he came into Slaughter Lane a-wanting to buy the house over my head: folks don't look the color o' the dough-tub and stare at you as if they wanted to see into your backbone for nothingk.' That was what I said, and Mr. Baldwin can bear me witness."

"And in the rights of it too," said Mr. Crabbe. "For by what I can make out, this Raffles, as they call him, was a lusty, fresh-colored man as you'd wish to see, and the best o' company—though dead he lies in Lowick Church-yard sure enough; and by what I can understan', there's them knows more than they *should* know about how he got there."

"I'll believe you!" said Mrs. Dollop, with a touch of scorn at Mr. Crabbe's apparent dimness. "When a man's been 'ticed to a lone house, and there's them can pay for hospitals and nurses for half the country-side choose to be sitters-up night and day, and nobody to come near but a doctor as is known to stick at nothingk, and as poor as he can hang together, and after that so flush o' money as he can pay off Mr. Byles the butcher as his bill has been running on for the best o' joints since last Michaelmas was a twelvemonth—I don't want any body to come and tell me as there's been more going on nor the Prayer-book's got a service for—I don't want to stand winking and blinking and thinking."

Mrs. Dollop looked round with the air of a landlady accustomed to dominate her company. There was a chorus of adhesion from the more courageous; but Mr. Limp, after taking a draught, placed his flat hands together and pressed them hard between his knees, looking down at them with blear-eyed contemplation, as if the scorching power of Mrs. Dollop's speech had quite dried up and nullified his wits until they could be brought round again by further moisture.

"Why shouldn't they dig the man up, and have the Crowner?" said the dyer. "It's been done many and many's the time. If there's been foul play, they might find it out."

"Not they, Mr. Jones!" said Mrs. Dollop, emphatically. "I know what doctors are. They're a deal too cunning to be found out. And this Doctor Lydgate that's been for cutting up every body before the breath was well out o' their body—it's plain enough what use he wanted to make o' looking into respectable people's insides. He knows drugs, you may be sure, as you can neither smell nor see, neither before they're swallowed nor after. Why, I've seen drops myself ordered by Doctor Gambit, as is our club doctor and a good charikter, and has brought more live children into the world nor ever another i' Middlemarch—I say I've seen drops myself as made no difference whether they was in the glass or out, and yet have griped you the next day. So I'll leave your own sense to judge. Don't tell me! All I say is, it's a mercy they didn't take this Doctor Lydgate on to our club. There's many a mother's child might ha' rued it."

The heads of this discussion at "Dollop's" had been the common theme among all classes in the town, had been carried to Lowick Parsonage on one side and to Tipton Grange on the other, had come fully to the ears of the Vincy family, and had been discussed with sad reference to "poor Harriet" by all Mrs. Bulstrode's friends, before Lydgate knew distinctly why people were looking strangely at him, and before Bulstrode himself suspected the betrayal of his secrets. He had not been accustomed to very cordial relations with his neighbors, and hence he could not miss the signs of cordiality; moreover, he had been taking journeys on business of various kinds, having now made up his mind that he need not quit Middlemarch, and feeling able consequently to determine on matters which he had before left in suspense.

"We will make a journey to Cheltenham in the course of a month or two," he had said to his wife. "There are great spiritual advantages to be had in that town along with the air and the waters, and six weeks there will be eminently refreshing to us."

He really believed in the spiritual advantages, and meant that his life henceforth should be the more devoted because of those later sins which he represented to himself as hypothetic, praying hypothetically for their pardon: "If I have herein transgressed."

As to the Hospital, he avoided saying any thing further to Lydgate, fearing to manifest a too sudden change of plans immediately on the death of Raffles. In his secret soul he believed that Lydgate suspected his orders to have been intentionally disobeyed, and suspecting this he must also suspect a motive. But nothing had been betrayed to him as to the history of Raffles, and Bulstrode was anxious not to do any thing which would give emphasis to his undefined suspicions. As to any certainty that a particular method of treatment would either save or kill, Lydgate himself was constantly arguing against such dogmatism; he had no right to speak, and he had every motive for being silent. Hence Bulstrode felt himself providentially secured. The only incident he had strongly winced under had been an occasional encounter with Caleb Garth, who, however, had raised his hat with mild gravity.

Meanwhile, on the part of the principal townsmen a strong determination was growing against him.

A meeting was to be held in the Town-Hall on a sanitary question which had risen into pressing importance by the occurrence of a cholera case in the town. Since the Act of Parliament, which had been hurriedly passed, authorizing assessments for sanitary measures, there had been a Board for the superintendence of such measures appointed in Middlemarch, and much cleansing and preparation had been concurred in by Whigs and Tories. The question now was, whether a piece of ground outside the town should be secured as a burial-ground by means of assessment or by private subscription. The meeting was to be open, and almost every body of importance in the town was expected to be there.

Mr. Bulstrode was a member of the Board, and just before twelve o'clock he started from the Bank with the intention of urging the plan of private subscription. Under the hesitation of his projects, he had for some time kept himself in the background, and he felt that he should this morning resume his old position as a man of action and influence in the public affairs of the town where he expected to end his days. Among the various persons going in the same direction he saw Lydgate; they joined, talked over the object of the meeting, and entered it together.

It seemed that every body of mark had been earlier than they. But there were still spaces left near the head of the large central table, and they made their way thither. Mr. Farebrother sat opposite, not far from Mr. Hawley; all the medical men were there; Mr. Thesiger was in the chair, and Mr. Brooke of Tipton was on his right hand.

Lydgate noticed a peculiar interchange of glances when he and Bulstrode took their seats.

After the business had been fully opened by the chairman, who pointed out the advantages of purchasing by subscription a piece of ground large enough to be ultimately used as a general cemetery, Mr. Bulstrode, whose rather high-pitched but subdued and fluent voice the town was used to at meetings of this sort, rose and asked leave to deliver his opinion. Lydgate could see again the peculiar interchange of glances before Mr. Hawley started up, and said, in his firm, resonant voice, "Mr. Chairman, I request that before any one delivers his opinion on this point I may be permitted to speak on a question of public feeling, which not only by myself, but by many gentlemen present, is regarded as preliminary."

Mr. Hawley's mode of speech, even when public decorum repressed his "awful language," was formidable in its curtness and self-possession. Mr. Thesiger sanctioned the request, Mr. Bulstrode sat down, and Mr. Hawley continued.

"In what I have to say, Mr. Chairman, I am not speaking simply on my own behalf: I am speaking with the concurrence and at the express request of no fewer than eight of my fellow-townsmen, who are immediately around us. It is our united sentiment that Mr. Bulstrode should be called upon—and I do now call upon him—to resign public positions which he holds not simply as a tax-payer, but as a gentleman among gentlemen. There are practices and there are acts which, owing to circumstances, the law can not visit, though they may be worse than many things which are legally punishable. Honest men and gentlemen, if they don't want the company of people who perpetrate such acts, have got to defend themselves as they best can, and that is what I and the friends whom I may call my clients in this affair are determined to do. I don't say that Mr. Bulstrode has been guilty of shameful acts, but I call upon him either publicly to deny and confute the scandalous statements made against him by a man now dead, and who died in his house—the statement that he was for many years engaged in nefarious practices, and that he won his fortune by dishonest procedures—or else to withdraw from positions which could only have been allowed him as a gentleman among gentlemen."

All eyes in the room were turned on Mr. Bulstrode, who, since the first mention of his name, had been going through a crisis of feeling almost too violent for his delicate frame to support. Lydgate, who himself was undergoing a shock as from the terrible practical interpretation of some faint augury, felt, nevertheless, that his own movement of resentful hatred was checked by that instinct of the Healer, which thinks first of bringing rescue or relief to the sufferer, when he looked at the shrunken misery of Bulstrode's livid face.

The quick vision that his life was, after all, a failure, that he was a dishonored man, and must quail before the glance of those toward whom he had habitually assumed the attitude of a reprover—that God had disowned him before men and left him unscreened to the triumphant scorn of those who were glad to have their hatred justified—the sense of utter futility in that equivocation with his conscience in dealing with the life of his accomplice, an equivocation which now turned venomously upon him with the full-grown fang of a discovered lie—all this rushed through him like the agony of terror which fails to kill, and leaves the ears still open to the returning wave of execration. The sudden sense of exposure after the re-established sense of safety came not to the coarse organization of a criminal, but to the susceptible nerve of a man whose intensest being lay in such mastery and predominance as the conditions of his life had shaped for him.

But in that intense being lay the strength of reaction. Through all his bodily infirmity there ran a tenacious nerve of ambitious self-preserving will, which had continually leaped out like a flame, scattering all doctrinal fears, and which, even while he sat an object of compassion for the merciful, was beginning to stir and glow under his ashy paleness. Before the last words were out of Mr. Hawley's mouth Bulstrode felt that he should answer, and that his answer would be a retort. He dared not get up and say, "I am not guilty, the whole story is false"—even if he had dared this, it would have seemed to him, under his present keen sense of betrayal, as vain as to pull, for covering to his nakedness, a frail rag which would rend at every little strain.

For a few moments there was total silence, while every man in the room was looking at Bulstrode. He sat perfectly still, leaning hard against the back of his chair: he could not venture to rise, and when he began to speak he pressed his hands upon the seat on each side of him. But his voice was perfectly audible, though hoarser than usual, and his words were distinctly pronounced, though he paused between each sentence as if short of breath. He said, turning first toward Mr. Thesiger, and then looking at Mr. Hawley—

"I protest before you, Sir, as a Christian minister, against the sanction of proceedings toward me which are dictated by virulent hatred. Those who are hostile to me are glad to believe any libel uttered by a loose tongue against me. And their consciences become strict against me. Say that the evil-speaking of which I am to be made the victim accuses me of malpractices"—here Bulstrode's voice rose and took on a more biting accent, till it seemed a low cry—"who shall be my accuser? Not men whose own lives are unchristian—nay, scandalous—not men who themselves use low instruments to carry out their ends—whose profession is a tissue of chicanery—who have been spending their income on their own sensual enjoyments, while I have been devoting mine to advance the best objects with regard to this life and the next."

After the word chicanery there was a growing noise, half of murmurs and half of hisses, while four persons started up at once—Mr. Hawley, Mr. Toller, Mr. Chichely, and Mr. Hackbutt; but Mr. Hawley's outburst was instantaneous, and left the others behind in silence.

"If you mean me, Sir, I call you and every one else to the inspection of my professional life. As to Christian or unchristian, I repudiate your canting, palavering Christianity; and as to the way in which I spend my income, it is not my principle to maintain thieves and cheat offspring of their due inheritance in order to support religion and set myself up as a saintly Kill-joy. I affect no niceness of conscience—I have not found any nice standards necessary yet to measure your actions by, Sir. And I again call upon you to enter into satisfactory explanations concerning the scandals against you, or else to withdraw from posts in which we, at any rate, decline you as a colleague. I say, Sir, we decline to co-operate with a man whose character is not cleared from infamous lights cast upon it, not only by reports but by recent actions."

"Allow me, Mr. Hawley," said the chairman; and Mr. Hawley, still fuming, bowed half impatiently, and sat down with his hands thrust deep in his pockets.

"Mr. Bulstrode, it is not desirable, I think, to prolong the present discussion," said Mr. Thesiger, turning to the pallid, trembling man; "I must so far concur with what has fallen from Mr. Hawley in expression of a general feeling as to think it due to your Christian profession that you should clear yourself, if possible, from unhappy aspersions. I for my part should be willing to give you full opportunity and hearing. But I must say that your present attitude is painfully inconsistent with those principles which you have sought to identify yourself with, and for the honor of which I am bound to care. I recommend you at present, as your clergyman, and one who hopes for your reinstatement in respect, to quit the room, and avoid further hinderance to business."

Bulstrode, after a moment's hesitation, took his hat from the floor and slowly rose, but he grasped the corner of the chair so totteringly that Lydgate felt sure there was not strength enough in him to walk away without support. What could he do? He could not see a man sink close to him for want of help. He rose and gave his arm to Bulstrode, and in that way led him out of the room; yet this act, which might have been one of gentle duty and pure compassion, was at this moment unspeakably bitter to him. It seemed as if he were putting his sign-manual to that association of himself with Bulstrode of which he now saw the full meaning as it must have presented itself to other minds. He now felt the conviction that this man, who was leaning tremblingly on his arm, had given him the thousand pounds as a bribe, and that somehow the treatment of Raffles had been tampered with from an evil motive. The inferences were closely linked enough: the town knew of the loan, believed it to be a bribe, and believed that he took it as a bribe.

Poor Lydgate, his mind struggling under the terrible clutch of this revelation, was all the while morally forced to take Mr. Bulstrode to the Bank, send a man off for his carriage, and wait to accompany him home.

Meanwhile the business of the meeting was dispatched, and fringed off into eager discussion among various groups concerning this affair of Bulstrode—and Lydgate.

Mr. Brooke, who had before heard only imperfect hints of it, and was very uneasy that he had "gone a little too far" in countenancing Bulstrode, now got himself fully informed, and felt some benevolent sadness in talking to Mr. Farebrother about the ugly light in which Lydgate had come to be regarded. Mr. Farebrother was going to walk back to Lowick.

"Step into my carriage," said Mr. Brooke. "I am going round to see Mrs. Casaubon. She was to come back from Yorkshire last night. She will like to see me, you know."

So they drove along, Mr. Brooke chatting with good-natured hope that there had not really been any thing black in Lydgate's behavior—a young fellow whom he had seen to be quite above the common mark, when he brought a letter from his uncle, Sir Godwin. Mr. Farebrother said little: he was deeply mournful: with a keen perception of human weakness, he could not be confident that, under the pressure of humiliating needs, Lydgate had not fallen below himself.

When the carriage drove up to the gate of the Manor, Dorothea was out on the gravel, and came to greet them.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Brooke, "we have just come from a meeting—a sanitary meeting, you know."

"Was Mr. Lydgate there?" said Dorothea, who looked full of health and animation, and stood with her head bare under the gleaming April lights. "I want to see him, and have a great consultation with him about the Hospital. I have engaged with Mr. Bulstrode to do so."

"Oh, my dear," said Mr. Brooke, "we have been hearing bad news—bad news, you know."

They walked through the garden toward the church-yard gate, Mr. Farebrother wanting to go on to the parsonage; and Dorothea heard the whole sad story.

She listened with deep interest, and begged to hear twice over the facts and impressions concerning Lydgate. After a short silence, pausing at the church-yard gate, and addressing Mr. Farebrother, she said, energetically,

"You don't believe that Mr. Lydgate is guilty of any thing base? I will not believe it. Let us find out the truth and clear him!"

BOOK VIII.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

CHAPTER LXXII.

> "Full souls are double mirrors, making still
> An endless vista of fair things before
> Repeating things behind."

Dorothea's impetuous generosity, which would have leaped at once to the vindication of Lydgate from the suspicion of having accepted money as a bribe, underwent a melancholy check when she came to consider all the circumstances of the case by the light of Mr. Farebrother's experience.

"It is a delicate matter to touch," he said. "How can we begin to inquire into it? It must be either publicly by setting the magistrate and coroner to work, or privately by questioning Lydgate. As to the first proceeding there is no solid ground to go upon, else Hawley would have adopted it; and as to opening the subject with Lydgate, I confess I should shrink from it. He would probably take it as a deadly insult. I have more than once experienced the difficulty of speaking to him on personal matters. And one should know the truth about his conduct beforehand, to feel very confident of a good result."

"I feel convinced that his conduct has not been guilty: I believe that people are almost always better than their neighbors think they are," said Dorothea. Some of her intensest experience in the last two years had set her mind strongly in opposition to any unfavorable construction of others; and for the first time she felt rather discontented with Mr. Farebrother. She disliked this cautious weighing of consequences, instead of an ardent faith in efforts of justice and mercy, which would conquer by their emotional force. Two days afterward he was dining at the Manor with her uncle and the Chettams, and when the dessert was standing uneaten, the servants were out of the room, and Mr. Brooke was nodding in a nap, she returned to the subject with renewed vivacity.

"Mr. Lydgate would understand that if his friends hear a calumny about him their first wish must be to justify him. What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other? I can not be indifferent to the troubles of a man who advised me in *my* trouble, and attended me in my illness."

Dorothea's tone and manner were not more energetic than they had been when she was at the head of her uncle's table nearly three years before, and her experience since had given her more right to express a decided opinion. But Sir James Chettam was no longer the diffident and acquiescent suitor: he was the anxious brother-in-law, with a devout admiration for his sister, but with a constant alarm lest she should fall under some new illusion almost as bad as marrying Casaubon. He smiled much less; when he said "Exactly," it was more often an introduction to a dissentient opinion than in those submissive bachelor days; and Dorothea found to her surprise that she had to resolve not to be afraid of him—all the more because he was really her best friend. He disagreed with her now.

"But, Dorothea," he said, remonstrantly, "you can't undertake to manage a man's life for him in that way. Lydgate must know—at least he will soon come to know how he stands. If he can clear himself, he will. He must act for himself."

"I think his friends must wait till they find an opportunity," added Mr. Farebrother. "It is possible—I have often felt so much weakness in myself that I can conceive even a man of honorable disposition, such as I have always believed Lydgate to be, succumbing to such a temptation as that of accepting money which was offered more or less indirectly as a bribe to insure his silence about scandalous facts long gone by. I say, I can conceive this, if he were under the pressure of hard circumstances—if he had been harassed as I feel sure Lydgate has been. I would not believe any thing worse of him except under stringent proof. But there is the terrible Nemesis following on some errors, that it is always possible for those who like it to interpret them into a crime: there is no proof in favor of the man outside his own consciousness and assertion."

"Oh, how cruel!" said Dorothea, clasping her hands. "And would you not like to be the one person who believed in that man's innocence, if the rest of the world belied him? Besides, there is a man's character beforehand to speak for him."

"But, my dear Mrs. Casaubon," said Mr. Farebrother, smiling gently at her ardor, "character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do."

"Then it may be rescued and healed," said Dorothea. "I should not be afraid of asking Mr. Lydgate to tell me the truth, that I might help him. Why should I be afraid? Now that I am not to have the land, James, I might do as Mr. Bulstrode proposed, and take his place in providing for the Hospital; and I have to consult Mr. Lydgate, to know thoroughly what are the prospects of doing good by keeping up the present plans. There is the best opportunity in the world for me to ask for his confidence; and he would be able to tell me things which might make all the circumstances clear. Then we would all stand by him and bring him out of his trouble. People glorify all sorts of bravery except the bravery they might show on behalf of their nearest neighbors." Dorothea's eyes had a moist brightness in them, and the changed tones of her voice roused her uncle, who began to listen.

"It is true that a woman may venture on some efforts of sympathy which would hardly succeed if we men undertook them," said Mr. Farebrother, almost converted by Dorothea's ardor.

"Surely, a woman is bound to be cautious, and listen to those who know the world better than she does," said Sir James, with his little frown. "Whatever you do in the end, Dorothea, you should really keep back at present, and not volunteer any meddling with this Bulstrode business. We don't know yet what may turn up. You must agree with me?" he ended, looking at Mr. Farebrother.

"I do think it would be better to wait," said the latter.

"Yes, yes, my dear," said Mr. Brooke, not quite knowing at what point the discussion had arrived, but coming up to it with a contribution which was generally appropriate. "It is easy to go too far, you know. You must not let your ideas run away with you. And as to being in a hurry to put money into schemes—it won't do, you know. Garth has drawn me in uncommonly with repairs, draining, that sort of thing: I'm uncommonly out of pocket with one thing or another. I must pull up. As for you, Chettam, you are spending a fortune on those oak fences round your demesne."

Dorothea, submitting uneasily to this discouragement, went with Celia into the library, which was her usual drawing-room.

"Now, Dodo, do listen to what James says," said Celia, "else you will be getting into a scrape. You always did, and you always will, when you set about doing as you please. And I think it is a mercy now, after all, that you have got James to think for you. He lets you have your plans, only he hinders you from being taken in. And that is the good of having a brother instead of a husband. A husband would not let you have your plans."

"As if I wanted a husband!" said Dorothea. "I only want not to have my feelings checked at every turn." Mrs. Casaubon was still undisciplined enough to burst into angry tears.

"Now, really, Dodo," said Celia, with rather a deeper guttural than usual, "you *are* contradictory: first one thing and then another. You used to submit to Mr. Casaubon quite shamefully: I think you would have given up ever coming to see me if he had asked you."

"Of course I submitted to him, because it was my duty; it was my feeling for him," said Dorothea, looking through the prison of her tears.

"Then why can't you think it your duty to submit a little to what James wishes?" said Celia, with a sense of stringency in her argument. "Because he only wishes what is for your own good. And of course men know best about every thing, except what women know better."

Dorothea laughed, and forgot her tears.

"Well, I mean about babies and those things," explained Celia. "I should not give up to James when I knew he was wrong, as you used to do to Mr. Casaubon."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

> "Pity the laden one; this wandering woe
> May visit you and me."

When Lydgate had allayed Mrs. Bulstrode's anxiety by telling her that her husband had been seized with faintness at the meeting, but that he trusted soon to see him better, and would call again the next day, unless she sent for him earlier, he went directly home, got on his horse, and rode three miles out of the town for the sake of being out of reach.

He felt himself becoming violent and unreasonable, as if raging under the pain of stings: he was ready to curse the day on which he had come to Middlemarch. Every thing that had happened to him there seemed a mere preparation for this hateful fatality, which had come as a blight on his honorable ambition, and must make even people who had only vulgar standards regard his reputation as irrevocably damaged. In such moments a man can hardly escape being unloving. Lydgate thought of himself as the sufferer, and of others as the agents who had injured his lot. He had meant every thing to turn out differently; and others had thrust themselves into his life and thwarted his purposes. His marriage seemed an unmitigated calamity; and he was afraid of going to Rosamond before he had vented himself in this solitary rage, lest the mere sight of her should exasperate him and make him behave unwarrantably. There are episodes in most men's lives in which their highest qualities can only cast a deterring shadow over the objects that fill their inward vision: Lydgate's tender-heartedness was present just then only as a dread lest he should offend against it, not as an emotion that swayed him to tenderness. For he was very miserable. Only those who know the supremacy of the intellectual life—the life which has a seed of ennobling thought and purpose within it—can understand the grief of one who falls from that serene activity into the absorbing soul-wasting struggle with worldly annoyances.

How was he to live on without vindicating himself among people who suspected him of baseness? How could he go silently away from Middlemarch, as if he were retreating before a just condemnation? And yet how was he to set about vindicating himself?

For that scene at the meeting, which he had just witnessed, although it had told him no particulars, had been enough to make his own situation thoroughly clear to him. Bulstrode had been in dread of scandalous disclosures on the part of Raffles. Lydgate could now construct all the probabilities of the case. "He was afraid of some betrayal in my hearing: all he wanted was to bind me to him by a strong obligation; that was why he passed on a sudden from hardness to liberality. And he may have tampered with the patient—he may have disobeyed my orders. I fear he did. But whether he did or not, the world believes that he somehow or other poisoned the man, and that I winked at the crime, if I didn't help in it. And yet—and yet he may not be guilty of the last offense; and it is just possible that the change toward me may have been a genuine relenting—the effect of second thoughts such as he alleged. What we call the 'just possible' is sometimes true, and the thing we find it easier to believe is grossly false. In his last dealings with this man Bulstrode may have kept his hands pure, in spite of my suspicion to the contrary."

There was a benumbing cruelty in his position. Even if he renounced every other consideration than that of justifying himself—if he met shrugs, cold glances, and avoidance as an accusation, and made a public statement of all the facts as he knew them, who would be convinced? It would be playing the part of a fool to offer his own testimony on behalf of himself, and say, "I did not take the money as a bribe." The circumstances would always be stronger than his assertion. And besides, to come forward and tell every thing about himself must include declarations about Bulstrode which would darken the suspicions of others against him. He must tell that he had not known of Raffles's existence when he first mentioned his pressing need of money to Bulstrode, and that he took it innocently as a result of that communication, not knowing that a new motive for the loan might have arisen on his being called in to this man. And after all, the suspicion of Bulstrode's motives might be unjust.

But then came the question whether he should have acted in precisely the same way if he had not taken the money? Certainly, if Raffles had continued alive and susceptible of further treatment when he arrived, and he had then imagined any disobedience to his orders on the part of Bulstrode, he would have made a strict inquiry, and if his conjecture had been verified he would have thrown up the case, in spite of his recent heavy obligation. But if he had not received any money—if Bulstrode had never revoked his cold recommendation of bankruptcy—would he, Lydgate, have abstained from all inquiry even on finding the man dead?—would the shrinking from an insult to Bulstrode—would the dubiousness of all medical treatment, and the argument that his own treatment would pass for the wrong with most members of his profession—have had just the same force or significance with him?

That was the uneasy corner of Lydgate's consciousness while he was reviewing the facts and resisting all reproach. If he had been independent, this matter of a patient's treatment and the distinct rule that he must do or see done that which he believed best for the life committed to him, would have been the point on which he would have been the sturdiest. As it was, he had rested in the consideration that disobedience to his orders, however it might have arisen, could not be considered a crime, that in the dominant opinion obedience to his orders was just as likely to be fatal, and that the affair was simply one of etiquette. Whereas, again and again, in his time of freedom, he had denounced the perversion of pathological doubt into moral doubt, and had said, "The purest experiment in treatment may still be conscientious: my business is to take care of life, and to do the best I can think of for it. Science is properly more scrupulous than dogma. Dogma gives a charter to mistake, but the very breath of science is a contest with mistake, and must keep the conscience alive." Alas! the scientific conscience had got into the debasing company of money obligation and selfish respects.

"Is there a medical man of them all in Middlemarch who would question himself as I do?" said poor Lydgate, with a renewed outburst of rebellion against the oppression of his lot. "And yet they will all feel warranted in making a wide space between me and them, as if I were a leper! My practice and my reputation are utterly damned—I can see that. Even if I could be cleared by valid evidence, it would make little difference to the blessed world here. I have been set down as tainted, and should be cheapened to them all the same."

Already there had been abundant signs which had hitherto puzzled him, that just when he had been paying off his debts and getting cheerfully on his feet, the townsmen were avoiding him or looking strangely at him, and in two instances it came to his knowledge that patients of his had called in another practitioner. The reasons were too plain now. The general blackballing had begun.

No wonder that in Lydgate's energetic nature the sense of a hopeless misconstruction easily turned into a dogged resistance. The scowl which occasionally showed itself on his square brow was not a meaningless accident. Already, when he was re-entering the town after that ride taken in the first hours of stinging pain, he was setting his mind on remaining in Middlemarch in spite of the worst that could be done against him. He would not retreat before calumny, as if he submitted to it. He would face it to the utmost, and no act of his should show that he was afraid. It belonged to the generosity as well as defiant force of his nature that he resolved not to shrink from showing to the full his sense of obligation to Bulstrode. It was true that the association with this man had been fatal to him—true that if he had had the thousand pounds still in his hands, with all his debts unpaid, he would have returned the money to Bulstrode, and taken beggary rather than the rescue which had been sullied with the suspicion of a bribe (for, remember, he was one of the proudest among the sons of men)—nevertheless, he would not turn away from this crushed fellow-mortal whose aid he had used, and make a pitiful effort to get acquittal for himself by howling against another. "I shall do as I think right, and explain to nobody. They will try to starve me out, but—" he was going on with an obstinate resolve, but he was getting near home, and the thought of Rosamond urged itself again into that chief place from which it had been thrust by the agonized struggles of wounded honor and pride.

How would Rosamond take it all? Here was another weight of chain to drag, and poor Lydgate was in a bad mood for bearing her dumb mastery. He had no impulse to tell her the trouble which must soon be common to them both. He preferred waiting for the incidental disclosure which events must soon bring about.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

> "Mercifully grant that we may grow aged together."—Book of Tobit: *Marriage Prayer.*

In Middlemarch a wife could not long remain ignorant that the town held a bad opinion of her husband. No feminine intimate might carry her friendship so far as to make a plain statement to the wife of the unpleasant fact known or believed about her husband; but when a woman with her thoughts much at leisure got them suddenly employed on something grievously disadvantageous to her neighbors, various moral impulses were called into play which tended to stimulate utterance. Candor was one. To be candid, in Middlemarch phraseology, meant, to use an early opportunity of letting your friends know that you did not take a cheerful view of their capacity, their conduct, or their position; and a robust candor never waited to be asked for its opinion. Then, again, there was the love of truth—a wide phrase, but meaning, in this relation, a lively objection to seeing a wife look happier than her husband's character warranted, or manifest too much satisfaction in her lot; the poor thing should have some hint given her that if she knew the truth she would have less complacency in her bonnet, and in light dishes for a supper-party. Stronger than all, there was the regard for a friend's moral improvement, sometimes called her soul, which was likely to be benefited by remarks tending to gloom, uttered with the accompaniment of pensive staring at the furniture, and a manner implying that the speaker would not tell what was on her mind, from regard to the feelings of her hearer. On the whole, one might say that an ardent charity was at work setting the virtuous mind to make a neighbor unhappy for her good.

There were hardly any wives in Middlemarch whose matrimonial misfortunes would in different ways be likely to call forth more of this moral activity than Rosamond and her aunt Bulstrode. Mrs. Bulstrode was not an object of dislike, and had never consciously injured any human being. Men had always thought her a handsome, comfortable woman, and had reckoned it among the signs of Bulstrode's hypocrisy that he had chosen a red-blooded Vincy, instead of a ghastly and melancholy person suited to his low esteem for earthly pleasure. When the scandal about her husband was disclosed, they remarked of her—"Ah, poor woman! She's as honest as the day—*she* never suspected any thing wrong in him, you may depend on it." Women who were intimate with her talked together much of "poor Harriet," imagined what her feelings must be when she came to know every thing, and conjectured how much she had already come to know. There was no spiteful disposition toward her; rather there was a busy benevolence anxious to ascertain what it would be well for her to feel and do under the circumstances, which, of course, kept the imagination occupied with her character and history from the times when she was Harriet Vincy till now. With the review of Mrs. Bulstrode and her position it was inevitable to associate Rosamond, whose prospects were under the same blight with her aunt's. Rosamond was more severely criticised and less pitied, though she too, as one of the good old Vincy family who had always been known in Middlemarch, was regarded as a victim to marriage with an interloper. The Vincys had their weaknesses, but then they lay on the surface: there was never any thing bad to be "found out" concerning them. Mrs. Bulstrode was vindicated from any resemblance to her husband: Harriet's faults were her own.

"She has always been showy," said Mrs. Hackbutt, making tea for a small party, "though she has got into the way of putting her religion forward, to conform to her husband: she has tried to hold her head up above Middlemarch by making it known that she invites clergymen, and Heaven knows who, from Riverstone and those places."

"We can hardly blame her for that," said Mrs. Sprague; "because few of the best people in the town cared to associate with Bulstrode, and she must have somebody to sit down at her table."

"Mr. Thesiger has always countenanced him," said Mrs. Hackbutt. "I think he must be sorry now."

"But he was never fond of him in his heart—that every one knows," said Mrs. Tom Toller. "Mr. Thesiger never goes into extremes. He keeps to the truth in what is evangelical. It is only clergymen like Mr. Tyke, who want to use Dissenting hymn-books and that low kind of religion, who ever found Bulstrode to their taste."

"I understand Mr. Tyke is in great distress about him," said Mrs. Hackbutt. "And well he may be: they say the Bulstrodes have half kept the Tyke family."

"And, of course, it is a discredit to his doctrines," said Mrs. Sprague, who was elderly, and old-fashioned in her opinions. "People will not make a boast of being methodistical in Middlemarch for a good while to come."

"I think we must not set down people's bad actions to their religion," said falcon-faced Mrs. Plymdale, who had been listening hitherto.

"Oh, my dear, we are forgetting," said Mrs. Sprague. "We ought not to be talking of this before you."

"I am sure I have no reason to be partial," said Mrs. Plymdale, coloring. "It's true, Mr. Plymdale has always been on good terms with Mr. Bulstrode, and Harriet Vincy was my friend long before she married him. But I have always kept my own opinions, and told her where she was wrong, poor thing. Still, in point of religion, I must say, Mr. Bulstrode might have done what he has, and worse, and yet have been a man of no religion. I don't say that there has not been a little too much of that—I like moderation myself. But truth is truth. The men tried at the assizes are not all overreligious, I suppose."

"Well," said Mrs. Hackbutt, wheeling adroitly, "all I can say is, that I think she ought to separate from him."

"I can't say that," said Mrs. Sprague. "She took him for better or worse, you know."

"But 'worse' can never mean finding out that your husband is fit for Newgate," said Mrs. Hackbutt. "Fancy living with such a man! I should expect to be poisoned."

"Yes, I think myself it is an encouragement to crime if such men are to be taken care of and waited on by good wives," said Mrs. Tom Toller.

"And a good wife poor Harriet has been," said Mrs. Plymdale. "She thinks her husband the first of men. It's true, he has never denied her any thing."

"Well, we shall see what she will do," said Mrs. Hackbutt. "I suppose she knows nothing yet, poor creature. I do hope and trust I shall not see her, for I should be frightened to death lest I should say any thing about her husband. Do you think any hint has reached her?"

"I should hardly think so," said Mrs. Tom Toller. "We hear that *he* is ill, and has never stirred out of the house since the meeting on Thursday; but she was with her girls at church yesterday, and they had new Tuscan bonnets. Her own had a feather in it. I have never seen that her religion made any difference in her dress."

"She wears very neat patterns always," said Mrs. Plymdale, a little stung. "And that feather, I know, she got dyed a pale lavender on purpose to be consistent. I must say it of Harriet that she wishes to do right."

"As to her knowing what has happened, it can't be kept from her long," said Mrs. Hackbutt. "The Vincys know, for Mr. Vincy was at the meeting. It will be a great blow to him. There is his daughter as well as his sister."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Sprague. "Nobody supposes that Mr. Lydgate can go on holding up his head in Middlemarch, things look so black about the thousand pounds he took just at that man's death. It really makes one shudder."

"Pride must have a fall," said Mrs. Hackbutt.

"I am not so sorry for Rosamond Vincy that was, as I am for her aunt," said Mrs. Plymdale. "She needed a lesson."

"I suppose the Bulstrodes will go and live abroad somewhere," said Mrs. Sprague. "That is what is generally done when there is any thing disgraceful in a family."

"And a most deadly blow it will be to Harriet," said Mrs. Plymdale. "If ever a woman was crushed, she will be. I pity her from my heart. And with all her faults, few women are better. From a girl she had the neatest ways, and was always good-hearted, and as open as the day. You might look into her drawers when you would—always the same. And so she has brought up Kate and Ellen. You may think how hard it will be for her to go among foreigners."

"The doctor says that is what he should recommend the Lydgates to do," said Mrs. Sprague. "He says Lydgate ought to have kept among the French."

"That would suit *her* well enough, I dare say," said Mrs. Plymdale; "there is that kind of lightness about her. But she got that from her mother; she never got it from her aunt Bulstrode, who always gave her good advice, and, to my knowledge, would rather have had her marry elsewhere."

Mrs. Plymdale was in a situation which caused her some complication of feeling. There had been not only her intimacy with Mrs. Bulstrode, but also a profitable business relation of the great Plymdale dyeing-house with Mr. Bulstrode, which on the one hand would have inclined her to desire that the mildest view of his character should be the true one, but on the other made her the more afraid of seeming to palliate his culpability. Again, the late alliance of her family with the Tollers had brought her in connection with the best circle, which gratified her in every direction except in the inclination to those serious views which she believed to be the best in another sense. The sharp little woman's conscience was somewhat troubled in the adjustment of these opposing "bests," and of her griefs and satisfactions under late events, which were likely to humble those who needed humbling, but also to fall heavily on her old friend whose faults she would have preferred seeing on a background of prosperity.

Poor Mrs. Bulstrode, meanwhile, had been no further shaken by the on-coming tread of calamity than in the busier stirring of that secret uneasiness which had always been present in her since the last visit of Raffles to The Shrubs. That the hateful man had come ill to Stone Court, and that her husband had chosen to remain there and watch over him, she allowed to be explained by the fact that Raffles had been employed and aided in earlier days, and that this made a tie of benevolence toward him in his degraded helplessness; and she had been since then innocently cheered by her husband's more hopeful speech about his own health and ability to continue his attention to business. The calm was disturbed when Lydgate had brought him home ill from the meeting, and, in spite of comforting assurances during the next few days, she cried in private from the conviction that her husband was not suffering from bodily illness merely, but from something that afflicted his mind. He would not allow her to read to him, and scarcely to sit with him, alleging nervous susceptibility to sounds and movements; yet she suspected that in shutting himself up in his private room he wanted to be busy with his papers. Something, she felt sure, had happened. Perhaps it was some great loss of money; and she was kept in the dark. Not daring to question her husband, she said to Lydgate, on the fifth day after the meeting, when she had not left home except to go to church:

"Mr. Lydgate, pray be open with me: I like to know the truth. Has any thing happened to Mr. Bulstrode?"

"Some little nervous shock," said Lydgate, evasively. He felt that it was not for him to make the painful revelation.

"But what brought it on?" said Mrs. Bulstrode, looking directly at him with her large, dark eyes.

"There is often something poisonous in the air of public rooms," said Lydgate. "Strong men can stand it, but it tells on people in proportion to the delicacy of their systems. It is often impossible to account for the precise moment of an attack—or, rather, to say why the strength gives way at a particular moment."

Mrs. Bulstrode was not satisfied with this answer. There remained in her the belief that some calamity had befallen her husband, of which she was to be kept in ignorance; and it was in her nature strongly to object to such concealment. She begged leave for her daughters to sit with their father, and drove into the town to pay some visits, conjecturing that if any thing were known to have gone wrong in Mr. Bulstrode's affairs, she would see or hear some sign of it.

She called on Mrs. Thesiger, who was not at home, and then drove to Mrs. Hackbutt's, on the other side of the church-yard. Mrs. Hackbutt saw her coming from an up-stairs window, and remembering her former alarm lest she should meet Mrs. Bulstrode, felt almost bound in consistency to send word that she was not at home; but against that there was a sudden, strong desire within her for the excitement of an interview in which she was quite determined not to make the slightest allusion to what was in her mind.

Hence Mrs. Bulstrode was shown into the drawing-room, and Mrs. Hackbutt went to her, with more tightness of lip and rubbing of hands than was usually observable in her, these being precautions adopted against freedom of speech. She was resolved not to ask how Mr. Bulstrode was.

"I have not been any where except to church for nearly a week," said Mrs. Bulstrode, after a few introductory remarks. "But Mr. Bulstrode was taken so ill at the meeting on Thursday that I have not liked to leave the house."

Mrs. Hackbutt rubbed the back of one hand with the palm of the other held against her chest, and let her eyes ramble over the pattern on the rug.

"Was Mr. Hackbutt at the meeting?" persevered Mrs. Bulstrode.

"Yes, he was," said Mrs. Hackbutt, with the same attitude. "The land is to be bought by subscription, I believe."

"Let us hope that there will be no more cases of cholera to be buried in it," said Mrs. Bulstrode. "It is an awful visitation. But I always think Middlemarch a very healthy spot. I suppose it is being used to it from a child; but I never saw the town I should like to live at better, and especially our end."

"I'm sure I should be glad that you always should live at Middlemarch, Mrs. Bulstrode," said Mrs. Hackbutt, with a slight sigh. "Still, we must learn to resign ourselves, wherever our lot may be cast. Though I am sure there will always be people in this town who will wish you well."

Mrs. Hackbutt longed to say, "If you take my advice you will part from your husband," but it seemed clear to her that the poor woman knew nothing of the thunder ready to bolt on her head, and she herself could do no more than prepare her a little. Mrs. Bulstrode felt suddenly rather chill and trembling: there was evidently something unusual behind this speech of Mrs. Hackbutt's; but though she had set out with the desire to be fully informed, she found herself unable now to pursue her brave purpose, and turning the conversation by an inquiry about the young Hackbutts, she soon took her leave, saying that she was going to see Mrs. Plymdale. On her way thither she tried to imagine that there might have been some unusually warm sparring at the meeting between Mr. Bulstrode and some of his frequent opponents—perhaps Mr. Hackbutt might have been one of them. That would account for every thing.

But when she was in conversation with Mrs. Plymdale that comforting explanation seemed no longer tenable. "Selina" received her with a pathetic affectionateness and a disposition to give edifying answers on the commonest topics, which could hardly have reference to an ordinary quarrel of which the most important consequence was a perturbation of Mr. Bulstrode's health. Beforehand Mrs. Bulstrode had thought that she would sooner question Mrs. Plymdale than any one else; but she found to her surprise that an old friend is not always the person whom it is easiest to make a confidant of: there was the barrier of remembered communication under other circumstances—there was the dislike of being pitied and informed by one who had been long wont to allow her the superiority. For certain words of mysterious appropriateness that Mrs. Plymdale let fall about her resolution never to turn her back on her friends, convinced Mrs. Bulstrode that what had happened must be some kind of misfortune, and instead of being able to say with her native directness, "What is it that you have in your mind?" she found herself anxious to get away before she had heard any thing more explicit. She began to have an agitating certainty that the misfortune was something more than the mere loss of money, being keenly sensitive to the fact that Selina now, just as Mrs. Hackbutt had done before, avoided noticing what she said about her husband, as they would have avoided noticing a personal blemish.

She said good-by with nervous haste, and told the coachman to drive to Mr. Vincy's warehouse. In that short drive her dread gathered so much force from the sense of darkness, that when she entered the private counting-house where her brother sat at his desk, her knees trembled, and her usually florid face was deathly pale. Something of the same effect was produced in him by the sight of her: he rose from his seat to meet her, took her by the hand, and said, with his impulsive rashness,

"God help you, Harriet! you know all."

That moment was perhaps worse than any which came after. It contained that concentrated experience which in great crises of emotion reveals the bias of a nature, and is prophetic of the ultimate act which will end an intermediate struggle. Without that memory of Raffles she might still have thought only of monetary ruin, but now along with her brother's look and words there darted into her mind the idea of some guilt in her husband—then, under the working of terror came the image of her husband exposed to disgrace—and then, after an instant of scorching shame in which she felt only the eyes of the world, with one leap of her heart she was at his side in mournful but unreproaching fellowship with shame and isolation. All this went on within her in a mere flash of time—while she sank into the chair, and raised her eyes to her brother, who stood over her. "I know nothing, Walter. What is it?" she said, faintly.

He told her every thing, very inartificially, in slow fragments, making her aware that the scandal went much beyond proof, especially as to the end of Raffles.

"People will talk," he said. "Even if a man has been acquitted by a jury, they'll talk, and nod and wink—and as far as the world goes, a man might often as well be guilty as not. It's a break-down blow, and it damages Lydgate as much as Bulstrode. I don't pretend to say what is the truth. I only wish we had never heard the name of either Bulstrode or Lydgate. You'd better have been a Vincy all your life, and so had Rosamond."

Mrs. Bulstrode made no reply.

"But you must bear up as well as you can, Harriet. People don't blame *you*. And I'll stand by you, whatever you make up your mind to do," said the brother, with rough but well-meaning affectionateness.

"Give me your arm to the carriage, Walter," said Mrs. Bulstrode. "I feel very weak."

And when she got home she was obliged to say to her daughter, "I am not well, my dear; I must go and lie down. Attend to your papa. Leave me in quiet. I shall take no dinner."

She locked herself in her room. She needed time to get used to her maimed consciousness, her poor lopped life, before she could walk steadily to the place allotted her. A new searching light had fallen on her husband's character, and she could not judge him leniently: the twenty years in which she had believed in him and venerated him by virtue of his concealments came back with particulars that made them seem an odious deceit. He had married her with that bad past life hidden behind him, and she had no faith left to protest his innocence of the worst that was imputed to him. Her honest, ostentatious nature made the sharing of a merited dishonor as bitter as it could be to any mortal.

But this imperfectly taught woman, whose phrases and habits were an odd patchwork, had a loyal spirit within her. The man whose prosperity she had shared through nearly half a life, and who had unvaryingly cherished her—now that punishment had befallen him it was not possible to her in any sense to forsake him. There is a forsaking which still sits at the same board and lies on the same couch with the forsaken soul, withering it the more by unloving proximity. She knew, when she locked her door, that she should unlock it ready to go down to her unhappy husband and espouse his sorrow, and say of his guilt, I will mourn and not reproach. But she needed time to gather up her strength; she needed to sob out her farewell to all the gladness and pride of her life. When she had resolved to go down, she prepared herself by some little acts which might seem mere folly to a hard on-looker; they were her way of expressing to all spectators visible or invisible that she had begun a new life in which she embraced humiliation. She took off all her ornaments and put on a plain black gown, and instead of wearing her much-adorned cap and large bows of hair, she brushed her hair down and put on a plain bonnet-cap, which made her look suddenly like an early Methodist.

Bulstrode, who knew that his wife had been out and had come in saying that she was not well, had spent the time in an agitation equal to hers. He had looked forward to her learning the truth from others, and had acquiesced in that probability, as something easier to him than any confession. But now that he imagined the moment of her knowledge come, he waited the result in anguish. His daughters had been obliged to consent to leave him, and though he had allowed some food to be brought to him, he had not touched it. He felt himself perishing slowly in unpitied misery. Perhaps he should never see his wife's face with affection in it again. And if he turned to God there seemed to be no answer but the pressure of retribution.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before the door opened and his wife entered. He dared not look up at her. He sat with his eyes bent down, and as she went toward him she thought he looked smaller—he seemed so withered and shrunken. A movement of new compassion and old tenderness went through her like a great wave, and putting one hand on his which rested on the arm of the chair, and the other on his shoulder, she said, solemnly but kindly,

"Look up, Nicholas."

He raised his eyes with a little start and looked at her half amazed for a moment: her pale face, her changed, mourning dress, the trembling about her mouth, all said, "I know;" and her hands and eyes rested gently on him. He burst out crying, and they cried together, she sitting at his side. They could not yet speak to each other of the shame which she was bearing with him, or of the acts which had brought it down on them. His confession was silent, and her promise of faithfulness was silent. Open-minded as she was, she nevertheless shrank from the words which would have expressed their mutual consciousness, as she would have shrunk from flakes of fire. She could not say, "How much is only slander and false suspicion?" and he did not say, "I am innocent."

CHAPTER LXXV.

"Le sentiment de la fausseté des plaisirs présents, et l'ignorance de la vanité des plaisirs absents, causent l'inconstance."—PASCAL.

ROSAMOND had a gleam of returning cheerfulness when the house was freed from the threatening figure, and when all the disagreeable creditors were paid. But she was not joyous: her married life had fulfilled none of her hopes, and had been quite spoiled for her imagination. In this brief interval of calm Lydgate, remembering that he had often been stormy in his hours of perturbation, and mindful of the pain Rosamond had had to bear, was carefully gentle toward her; but he, too, had lost some of his old spirit, and he still felt it necessary to refer to an economical change in their way of living as a matter of course, trying to reconcile her to it gradually, and repressing his anger when she answered by wishing that he would go to live in London. When she did not make this answer, she listened languidly, and wondered what she had that was worth living for. The hard and contemptuous words which had fallen from her husband in his anger had deeply offended that vanity which he had at first called into active enjoyment; and what she regarded as his perverse way of looking at things kept up a secret repulsion, which made her receive all his tenderness as a poor substitute for the happiness he had failed to give her. They were at a disadvantage with their neighbors, and there was no longer any outlook toward Quallingham—there was no outlook any where except in an occasional letter from Will Ladislaw. She had felt stung and disappointed by Will's resolution to quit Middlemarch, for, in spite of what she knew and guessed about his admiration for Dorothea, she secretly cherished the belief that he had, or would necessarily come to have, much more admiration for herself; Rosamond being one of those women who live much in the idea that each man they meet would have preferred them if the preference had not been hopeless. Mrs. Casaubon was all very well; but Will's interest in her dated before he knew Mrs. Lydgate. Rosamond took his way of talking to herself, which was a mixture of playful fault-finding and hyperbolical gallantry, as the disguise of a deeper feeling; and in his presence she felt that agreeable titillation of vanity and sense of romantic drama which Lydgate's presence had no longer the magic to create. She even fancied—what will not men and women fancy in these matters?—that Will exaggerated his admiration for Mrs. Casaubon in order to pique herself. In this way poor Rosamond's brain had been busy before Will's departure. He would have made, she thought, a much more suitable husband for her than she had found in Lydgate. No notion could have been falser than this, for Rosamond's discontent in her marriage was due to the conditions of marriage itself, to its demand for self-suppression and tolerance, and not to the nature of her husband; but the easy conception of an unreal Better had a sentimental charm which diverted her *ennui*. She constructed a little romance which was to vary the flatness of her life; Will Ladislaw was always to be a bachelor and live near her, always to be at her command, and have an understood, though never fully expressed, passion for her, which would be sending out lambent flames every now and then in interesting scenes. His departure had been a proportionate disappointment, and had sadly increased her weariness of Middlemarch; but at first she had the alternative dream of pleasures in store from her intercourse with the family at Quallingham. Since then the troubles of her married life had deepened, and the absence of other relief encouraged her regretful rumination over that thin romance which she had once fed on. Men and women make sad mistakes about their own symptoms, taking their vague uneasy longings, sometimes for genius, sometimes for religion, and oftener still for a mighty love. Will Ladislaw had written chatty letters, half to her and half to Lydgate, and she had replied: their separation, she felt, was not likely to be final, and the change she now most longed for was that Lydgate should go to live in London; every thing would be agreeable in London; and she had set to work with quiet determination to win this result, when there came a sudden, delightful promise which inspirited her.

It came shortly before the memorable meeting at the Town-hall, and was nothing less than a letter from Will Ladislaw to Lydgate, which turned, indeed, chiefly on his new interest in plans of colonization, but mentioned, incidentally, that he might find it necessary to pay a visit to Middlemarch within the next few weeks—a very pleasant necessity, he said, almost as good as holidays to a school-boy. He hoped there was his old place on the rug, and a great deal of music in store for him. But he was quite uncertain as to the time. While Lydgate was reading the letter to Rosamond her face looked like a reviving flower—it grew prettier and more blooming. There was nothing unendurable now: the debts were paid, Mr. Ladislaw was coming, and Lydgate would be persuaded to leave Middlemarch and settle in London, which was "so different from a provincial town."

That was a bright bit of morning. But soon the sky became black over poor Rosamond. The presence of a new gloom in her husband, about which he was entirely reserved toward her—for he dreaded to expose his lacerated feeling to her neutrality and misconception—soon received a painfully strange explanation, alien to all her previous notions of what could affect her happiness. In the new gayety of her spirits, thinking that Lydgate had merely a worse fit of moodiness than usual, causing him to leave her remarks unanswered, and evidently to keep out of her way as much as possible, she chose, a few days after the meeting, and without speaking to him on the subject, to send out notes of invitation for a small evening party, feeling convinced that this was a judicious step, since people seemed to have been keeping aloof from them, and wanted restoring to the old habit of intercourse. When the invitations had been accepted, she would tell Lydgate, and give him a wise admonition as to how a medical man should behave to his neighbors; for Rosamond had the gravest little airs possible about other people's duties. But all the invitations were declined, and the last answer came into Lydgate's hands.

"This is Chichely's scratch. What is he writing to you about?" said Lydgate, wonderingly, as he handed the note to her. She was obliged to let him see it, and, looking at her severely, he said,

"Why on earth have you been sending out invitations without telling me, Rosamond? I beg, I insist that you will not invite any one to this house. I suppose you have been inviting others, and they have refused too."

She said nothing.

"Do you hear me?" thundered Lydgate.

"Yes, certainly I hear you," said Rosamond, turning her head aside with the movement of a graceful long-necked bird.

Lydgate tossed his head without any grace and walked out of the room, feeling himself dangerous. Rosamond's thought was, that he was getting more and more unbearable—not that there was any new special reason for this peremptoriness. His indisposition to tell her any thing in which he was sure beforehand that she would not be interested was growing into an unreflecting habit, and she was in ignorance of every thing connected with the thousand pounds except that the loan had come from her uncle Bulstrode. Lydgate's odious humors and their neighbors' apparent avoidance of them had an unaccountable date for her in their relief from money difficulties. If the invitations had been accepted she would have gone to invite her mamma and the rest, whom she had seen nothing of for several days; and she now put on her bonnet to go and inquire what had become of them all, suddenly feeling as if there were a conspiracy to leave her in isolation with a husband disposed to offend every body. It was after the dinner hour, and she found her father and mother seated together alone in the drawing-room. They greeted her with sad looks, saying, "Well, my dear!" and no more. She had never seen her father look so downcast; and seating herself near him, she said,

"Is there any thing the matter, papa?"

He did not answer, but Mrs. Vincy said, "Oh, my dear, have you heard nothing? It won't be long before it reaches you."

"Is it any thing about Tertius?" said Rosamond, turning pale. The idea of trouble immediately connected itself with what had been unaccountable to her in him.

"Oh, my dear, yes. To think of your marrying into this trouble. Debt was bad enough, but this will be worse."

"Stay, stay, Lucy," said Mr. Vincy. "Have you heard nothing about your uncle Bulstrode, Rosamond?"

"No, papa," said the poor thing, feeling as if trouble were not any thing she had before experienced, but some invisible power with an iron grasp that made her soul faint within her.

Her father told her every thing, saying at the end, "It's better for you to know, my dear. I think Lydgate must leave the town. Things have gone against him. I dare say he couldn't help it. I don't accuse him of any harm," said Mr. Vincy. He had always before been disposed to find the utmost fault with Lydgate.

The shock to Rosamond was terrible. It seemed to her that no lot could be so cruelly hard as hers—to have married a man who had become the centre of infamous suspicions. In many cases it is inevitable that the same is felt to be the worst part of crime; and it would have required a great deal of disentangling reflection, such as had never entered into Rosamond's life, for her in these moments to feel that her trouble was less than if her husband had been certainly known to have done something criminal. All the shame seemed to be there. And she had innocently married this man with the belief that he and his family were a glory to her! She showed her usual reticence to her parents, and only said that if Lydgate had done as she wished, he would have left Middlemarch long ago.

"She bears it beyond any thing," said her mother, when she was gone.

"Ah, thank God!" said Mr. Vincy, who was much broken down.

But Rosamond went home with a sense of justified repugnance toward her husband. What had he really done—how had he really acted? She did not know. Why had he not told her every thing? He did not speak to her on the subject, and of course she could not speak to him. It came into her mind once that she would ask her father to let her go home again; but dwelling on that prospect made it seem utter dreariness to her; a married woman gone back to live with her parents—life seemed to have no meaning for her in such a position: she could not contemplate herself in it.

The next two days Lydgate observed a change in her, and believed that she had heard the bad news. Would she speak to him about it, or would she go on forever in the silence which seemed to imply that she believed him guilty? We must remember that he was in a morbid state of mind, in which almost all contact was pain. Certainly, Rosamond in this case had equal reason to complain of reserve and want of confidence on his part; but in the bitterness of his soul he excused himself: was he not justified in shrinking from the task of telling her, since, now she knew the truth, she had no impulse to speak to him? But a deeper-lying consciousness that he was in fault made him restless, and the silence between them became intolerable to him; it was as if they were both adrift on one piece of wreck and looked away from each other.

He thought, "I am a fool. Haven't I given up expecting any thing? I have married care, not help." And that evening he said,

"Rosamond, have you heard any thing that distresses you?"

"Yes," she answered, laying down her work, which she had been carrying on with a languid semi-consciousness, most unlike her usual self.

"What have you heard?"

"Every thing, I suppose. Papa told me."

"That people think me disgraced?"

"Yes," said Rosamond, faintly, beginning to sew again automatically.

There was silence. Lydgate thought, "If she has any trust in me—any notion of what I am, she ought to speak now, and say that she does not believe I have deserved disgrace."

But Rosamond on her side went on moving her fingers languidly. Whatever was to be said on the subject she expected to come from Tertius. What did she know? And if he were innocent of any wrong, why did he not do something to clear himself?

This silence of hers brought a new rush of gall to that bitter mood in which Lydgate had been saying to himself that nobody believed in him—even Farebrother had not come forward. He had begun to question her with the intent that their conversation should disperse the chill fog which had gathered between them, but he felt his resolution checked by despairing resentment. Even this trouble, like the rest, she seemed to regard as if it were hers alone. He was always to her a being apart, doing what she objected to. He started from his chair with an angry impulse, and, thrusting his hands in his pockets, walked up and down the room. There was an underlying consciousness all the while that he should have to master this anger, and tell her every thing, and convince her of the facts. For he had almost learned the lesson that he must bend himself to her nature, and that because she came short in her sympathy, he must give the more. Soon he recurred to his intention of opening himself: the occasion must not be lost. If he could bring her to feel with some solemnity that here was a slander which must be met and not run away from, and that the whole trouble had come out of his desperate want of money, it would be a moment for urging powerfully on her that they should be one in the resolve to do with as little money as possible, so that they might weather the bad time and keep themselves independent. He would mention the definite measures which he desired to take, and win her to a willing spirit. He was bound to try this—and what else was there for him to do?

He did not know how long he had been walking uneasily backward and forward, but Rosamond felt that it was long, and wished that he would sit down. She too had begun to think this an opportunity for urging on Tertius what he ought to do. Whatever might be the truth about all this misery, there was one dread which asserted itself.

Lydgate at last seated himself, not in his usual chair, but in one nearer to Rosamond, leaning aside in it toward her, and looking at her gravely before he reopened the sad subject. He had conquered himself so far, and was about to speak with a sense of solemnity, as on an occasion which was not to be repeated. He had even opened his lips, when Rosamond, letting her hands fall, looked at him, and said,

"Surely, Tertius—"

"Well?"

"Surely, now at last you have given up the idea of staying in Middlemarch. I can not go on living here. Let us go to London. Papa, and every one else, says you had better go. Whatever misery I have to put up with, it will be easier away from here."

Lydgate felt miserably jarred. Instead of that critical outpouring for which he had prepared himself with effort, here was the old round to be gone through again. He could not bear it. With a quick change of countenance he rose and went out of the room.

Perhaps if he had been strong enough to persist in his determination to be the more because she was less, that evening might have had a better issue. If his energy could have borne down that check, he might still have wrought on Rosamond's vision and will. We can not be sure that any natures, however inflexible or peculiar, will resist this effect from a more massive being than their own. They may be taken by storm and for the moment converted, becoming part of the soul which enwraps them in the ardor of its movement. But poor Lydgate had a throbbing pain within him, and his energy had fallen short of its task.

The beginning of mutual understanding and resolve seemed as far off as ever; nay, it seemed blocked out by the sense of unsuccessful effort. They lived on from day to day, with their thoughts still apart, Lydgate going about what work he had in a mood of despair, and Rosamond feeling, with some justification, that he was behaving cruelly. It was of no use to say any thing to Tertius; but when Will Ladislaw came, she was determined to tell him every thing. In spite of her general reticence, she needed some one who would recognize her wrongs.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

> "To mercy, pity, peace, and love
> All pray in their distress,
> And to these virtues of delight
> Return their thankfulness."
>
> * * * * *
>
> "For Mercy has a human heart,
> Pity a human face;
> And Love, the human form divine;
> And Peace, the human dress."
>
> —WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence.*

SOME days later Lydgate was riding to Lowick Manor, in consequence of a summons from Dorothea. The summons had not been unexpected, since it had followed a letter from Mr. Bulstrode, in which he stated that he had resumed his arrangements for quitting Middlemarch, and must remind Lydgate of his previous communications about the Hospital, to the purport of which he still adhered. It had been his duty, before taking further steps, to reopen the subject with Mrs. Casaubon, who now wished, as before, to discuss the question with Lydgate. "Your views may possibly have undergone some change," wrote Mr. Bulstrode; "but in that case, also, it is desirable that you should lay them before her."

Dorothea awaited his arrival with eager interest. Though, in deference to her masculine advisers, she had refrained from what Sir James had called "interfering in this Bulstrode business," the hardship of Lydgate's position was continually in her mind, and when Bulstrode applied to her again about the Hospital, she felt that the opportunity was come to her which she had been hindered from hastening. In her luxurious home, wandering under the boughs of her own great trees, her thought was going out over the lot of others, and her emotions were imprisoned. The idea of some active good within her reach "haunted her like a passion," and another's need having once come to her as a distinct image, preoccupied her desire with the yearning to give relief, and made her own ease tasteless. She was full of confident hope about this interview with Lydgate, never heeding what was said of his personal reserve, never heeding that she was a very young woman. Nothing could have seemed more irrelevant to Dorothea than insistence on her youth and sex when she was moved to show her human fellowship.

As she sat waiting in the library, she could do nothing but live through again all the past scenes which had brought Lydgate into her memories. They all owed their significance to her marriage and its troubles—but no; there were two occasions in which the image of Lydgate had come painfully in connection with his wife and some one else. The pain had been allayed for Dorothea, but it had left in her an awakened conjecture as to what Lydgate's marriage might be to him, a susceptibility to the slightest hint about Mrs. Lydgate. These thoughts were like a drama to her, and made her eyes bright, and gave an attitude of suspense to her whole frame, though she was only looking out from the brown library on to the turf and the bright green buds which stood in relief against the dark evergreens.

When Lydgate came in she was almost shocked at the change in his face, which was strikingly perceptible to her who had not seen him for two months. It was not the change of emaciation, but that effect which even young faces will very soon show from the persistent presence of resentment and despondency. Her cordial look, when she put out her hand to him, softened his expression, but only with melancholy.

"I have wished very much to see you for a long while, Mr. Lydgate," said Dorothea, when they were seated opposite each other; "but I put off asking you to come until Mr. Bulstrode applied to me again about the Hospital. I know that the advantage of keeping the management of it separate from that of the Infirmary depends on you, or, at least, on the good which you are encouraged to hope for from having it under your control. And I am sure you will not refuse to tell me exactly what you think."

"You want to decide whether you should give a generous support to the Hospital," said Lydgate. "I can not conscientiously advise you to do it in dependence on any activity of mine. I may be obliged to leave the town."

He spoke curtly, feeling the ache of despair as to his being able to carry out any purpose that Rosamond had set her mind against.

"Not because there is no one to believe in you?" said Dorothea, pouring out her words in clearness from a full heart. "I know the unhappy mistakes about you. I knew them from the first moment to be mistakes. You have never done any thing vile. You would not do any thing dishonorable."

It was the first assurance of belief in him that had fallen on Lydgate's ears. He drew a deep breath, and said, "Thank you." He could say no more: it was something very new and strange in his life that these few words of trust from a woman should be so much to him.

"I beseech you to tell me how every thing was," said Dorothea, fearlessly. "I am sure that the truth would clear you."

Lydgate started up from his chair and went toward the window, forgetting where he was. He had so often gone over in his mind the possibility of explaining every thing without aggravating appearances that would tell, perhaps unfairly, against Bulstrode, and had so often decided against it—he had so often said to himself that his assertions would not change people's impressions—that Dorothea's words sounded like a temptation to do something which in his soberness he had pronounced to be unreasonable.

"Tell me, pray," said Dorothea, with simple earnestness; "then we can consult together. It is wicked to let people think evil of any one falsely, when it can be hindered."

Lydgate turned, remembering where he was, and saw Dorothea's face looking up at him with a sweet, trustful gravity. The presence of a noble nature, generous in its wishes, ardent in its charity, changes the lights for us: we begin to see things again in their larger, quieter masses, and to believe that we too can be seen and judged in the wholeness of our character. That influence was beginning to act on Lydgate, who had for many days been seeing all life as one who is dragged and struggling amidst the throng. He sat down again, and felt that he was recovering his old self in the consciousness that he was with one who believed in it.

"I don't want," he said, "to bear hard on Bulstrode, who has lent me money of which I was in need—though I would rather have gone without it now. He is hunted down and miserable, and has only a poor thread of life in him. But I should like to tell you every thing. It will be a comfort to me to speak where belief has gone beforehand, and where I shall not seem to be offering assertions of my own honesty. You will feel what is fair to another, as you feel what is fair to me."

"Do trust me," said Dorothea; "I will not repeat any thing without your leave. But at the very least, I could say that you have made all the circumstances clear to me, and that I know you are not in any way guilty. Mr. Farebrother would believe me, and my uncle, and Sir James Chettam. Nay, there are persons in Middlemarch to whom I could go; although they don't know much of me, they would believe me. They would know that I could have no other motive than truth and justice. I would take any pains to clear you. I have very little to do. There is nothing better that I can do in the world."

Dorothea's voice, as she made this child-like picture of what she would do, might have been almost taken as a proof that she could do it effectively. The searching tenderness of her woman's tones seemed made for a defense against ready accusers. Lydgate did not stay to think that she was Quixotic: he gave himself up, for the first time in his life, to the exquisite sense of leaning entirely on a generous sympathy, without any check of proud reserve. And he told her every thing, from the time when, under the pressure of his difficulties, he unwillingly made his first application to Bulstrode; gradually, in the relief of speaking, getting into a more thorough utterance of what had gone on in his mind—entering fully into the fact that his treatment of the patient was opposed to the dominant practice, into his doubts at the last, his ideal of medical duty, and his uneasy consciousness that the acceptance of the money had made some difference in his private inclination and professional behavior, though not in his fulfillment of any publicly recognized obligation.

"It has come to my knowledge since," he added, "that Hawley sent some one to examine the housekeeper at Stone Court, and she said that she gave the patient all the opium in the phial I left, as well as a good deal of brandy. But that would not have been opposed to ordinary prescriptions, even of first-rate men. The suspicions against me had no hold there: they are grounded on the knowledge that I took money, that Bulstrode had strong motives for wishing the man to die, and that he gave me the money as a bribe to concur in some malpractices or other against the patient—that in any case I accepted a bribe to hold my tongue. They are just the suspicions that cling the most obstinately, because they lie in people's inclination and can never be disproved. How my orders came to be disobeyed is a question to which I don't know the answer. It is still possible that Bulstrode was innocent of any criminal intention—even possible that he had nothing to do with the disobedience, and merely abstained from mentioning it. But all that has nothing to do with the public belief. It is one of those cases in which a man is condemned on the ground of his character—it is believed that he has committed a crime in some undefined way, because he had the motive for doing it; and Bulstrode's character has enveloped me because I took his money. I am simply blighted—like a damaged ear of corn—the business is done, and can't be undone."

"Oh, it is hard!" said Dorothea. "I understand the difficulty there is in your vindicating yourself. And that all this should have come to you who had meant to lead a higher life than the common, and to find out better ways—I can not bear to rest in this as unchangeable. I know you meant that. I remember what you said to me when you first spoke to me about the Hospital. There is no sorrow I have thought more about than that—to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet to fail."

"Yes," said Lydgate, feeling that here he had found room for the full meaning of his grief. "I had some ambition. I meant every thing to be different with me. I thought I had more strength and mastery. But the most terrible obstacles are such as nobody can see except one's self."

"Suppose," said Dorothea, meditatively—"suppose we kept on the Hospital according to the present plan, and you staid here, though only with the friendship and support of a few, the evil feeling toward you would gradually die out; there would come opportunities in which people would be forced to acknowledge that they had been unjust to you, because they would see that your purposes were pure. You may still win a great fame like the Louis and Laennec I have heard you speak of, and we shall all be proud of you," she ended, with a smile.

"That might do if I had my old trust in myself," said Lydgate, mournfully. "Nothing galls me more than the notion of turning round and running away before this slander, leaving it unchecked behind me. Still, I can't ask any one to put a great deal of money into a plan which depends on me."

"It would be quite worth my while," said Dorothea, simply. "Only think. I am very uncomfortable with my money, because they tell me I have too little for any great scheme of the sort I like best, and yet I have too much. I don't know what to do. I have seven hundred a year of my own fortune, and nineteen hundred a year that Mr. Casaubon left me, and between three and four thousand of ready money in the bank. I wished to raise money and pay it off gradually out of my income, which I don't want, to buy land with and found a village which should be a school of industry; but Sir James and my uncle have convinced me that the risk would be too great. So you see that what I should most rejoice at would be to have something good to do with my money; I should like it to make other people's lives better to them. It makes me very uneasy—coming all to me who don't want it."

A smile broke through the gloom of Lydgate's face. The child-like, grave-eyed earnestness with which Dorothea said all this was irresistible—blent into an adorable whole with her ready understanding of high experience. (Of lower experience, such as plays a great part in the world, poor Mrs. Casaubon had a very blurred, short-sighted knowledge, little helped by her imagination.) But she took the smile as encouragement of her plan.

"I think you see now that you spoke too scrupulously," she said, in a tone of persuasion. "The Hospital would be one good; and making your life quite whole and well again would be another."

Lydgate's smile had died away. "You have the goodness as well as the money to do all that, if it could be done," he said. "But—"

He hesitated a little while, looking vaguely toward the window; and she sat in silent expectation. At last he turned toward her and said, impetuously,

"Why should I not tell you?—you know what sort of bond marriage is. You will understand every thing."

Dorothea felt her heart beginning to beat faster. Had he that sorrow too? But she feared to say any word, and he went on immediately.

"It is impossible for me now to do any thing—to take any step without considering my wife's happiness. The thing that I might like to do, if I were alone, is become impossible to me. I can't see her miserable. She married me without knowing what she was going into, and it might have been better for her if she had not married me."

"I know, I know—you could not give her pain, if you were not obliged to do it," said Dorothea, with keen memory of her own life.

"And she has set her mind against staying. She wishes to go. The troubles she has had here have wearied her," said Lydgate, breaking off again, lest he should say too much.

"But when she saw the good that might come of staying—" said Dorothea, remonstrantly, looking at Lydgate as if he had forgotten the reasons which had just been considered. He did not speak immediately.

"She would not see it," he said at last, curtly, feeling at first that this statement must do without explanation. "And, indeed, I have lost all spirit about carrying on my life here." He paused a moment, and then, following the impulse to let Dorothea see deeper into the difficulty of his life, he said, "The fact is, this trouble has come upon her confusedly. We have not been able to speak to each other about it. I am not sure what is in her mind about it: she may fear that I have really done something base. It is my fault; I ought to be more open. But I have been suffering cruelly."

"May I go and see her?" said Dorothea, eagerly. "Would she accept my sympathy? I would tell her that you have not been blamable before any one's judgment but your own. I would tell her that you shall be cleared in every fair mind. I would cheer her heart. Will you ask her if I may go to see her? I did see her once."

"I am sure you may," said Lydgate, seizing the proposition with some hope. "She would feel honored—cheered, I think, by the proof that you at least have some respect for me. I will not speak to her about your coming—that she may not connect it with my wishes at all. I know very well I ought not to have left any thing to be told her by others, but—"

He broke off, and there was a moment's silence. Dorothea refrained from saying what was in her mind—how well she knew that there might be invisible barriers to speech between husband and wife. This was a point on which even sympathy might make a wound. She returned to the more outward aspect of Lydgate's position, saying, cheerfully,

"And if Mrs. Lydgate knew that there were friends who would believe in you and support you, she might then be glad that you should stay in your place and recover your hopes—and do what you meant to do. Perhaps then you would see that it was right to agree with what I proposed about your continuing at the Hospital. Surely you would, if you still have faith in it as a means of making your knowledge useful?"

Lydgate did not answer, and she saw that he was debating with himself.

"You need not decide immediately," she said, gently. "A few days hence it will be early enough for me to send my answer to Mr. Bulstrode."

Lydgate still waited, but at last turned to speak in his most decisive tones.

"No; I prefer that there should be no interval left for wavering. I am no longer sure enough of myself—I mean of what it would be possible for me to do under the changed circumstances of my life. It would be dishonorable to let others engage themselves to any thing serious in dependence on me. I might be obliged to go away after all; I see little chance of any thing else. The whole thing is too problematic; I can not consent to be the cause of your goodness being wasted. No—let the new Hospital be joined with the old Infirmary, and every thing go on as it might have done if I had never come. I have kept a valuable register since I have been there; I shall send it to a man who will make use of it," he ended, bitterly. "I can think of nothing for a long while but getting an income."

"It hurts me very much to hear you speak so hopelessly," said Dorothea. "It would be a happiness to your friends, who believe in your future, in your power to do great things, if you would let them save you from that. Think how much money I have; it would be like taking a burden from me if you took some of it every year till you got free from this fettering want of income. Why should not people do these things? It is so difficult to make shares at all even. This is one way."

"God bless you, Mrs. Casaubon!" said Lydgate, rising as if with the same impulse that made his words energetic, and resting his arm on the back of the great leather chair he had been sitting in. "It is good that you should have such feelings. But I am not the man who ought to allow himself to benefit by them. I have not given guarantees enough. I must not, at least, sink into the degradation of being pensioned for work that I never achieved. It is very clear to me that I must not count on any thing else than getting away from Middlemarch as soon as I can manage it. I shall not be able for a long while, at the very best, to get an income here, and—and it is easier to make necessary changes in a new place. I must do as other men do, and think what will please the world and bring in money; look for a little opening in the London crowd, and push myself; set up in a watering-place, or go to some southern town where there are plenty of idle English, and get myself puffed—that is the sort of shell I must creep into and try to keep my soul alive in."

"Now that is not brave," said Dorothea, "to give up the fight."

"No, it is not brave," said Lydgate; "but if a man is afraid of creeping paralysis?" Then, in another tone, "Yet you have made a great difference in my courage by believing in me. Every thing seems more bearable since I have talked to you; and if you can clear me in a few other minds, especially in Farebrother's, I shall be deeply grateful. The point I wish you not to mention is the fact of disobedience to my orders. That would soon get distorted. After all, there is no evidence for me but people's opinion of me beforehand. You can only repeat my own report of myself."

"Mr. Farebrother will believe—others will believe," said Dorothea. "I can say of you what will make it stupidity to suppose that you would be bribed to do a wickedness."

"I don't know," said Lydgate, with something like a groan in his voice. "I have not taken a bribe yet. But there is a pale shade of bribery which is sometimes called prosperity. You will do me another great kindness, then, and come to see my wife?"

"Yes, I will. I remember how pretty she is," said Dorothea, into whose mind every impression about Rosamond had cut deep. "I hope she will like me."

As Lydgate rode away he thought, "This young creature has a heart large enough for the Virgin Mary. She evidently thinks nothing of her own future, and would pledge away half her income at once, as if she wanted nothing for herself but a chair to sit in from which she can look down with those clear eyes at the poor mortals who pray to her. She seems to have what I never saw in any woman before—a fountain of friendship toward men—a man can make a friend of her. Casaubon must have raised some heroic hallucination in her. I wonder if she could have any other sort of passion for a man? Ladislaw?—there was certainly an unusual feeling between them. And Casaubon must have had a notion of it. Well—her love might help a man more than her money."

Dorothea on her side had immediately formed a plan of relieving Lydgate from his obligation to Bulstrode, which she felt sure was a part, though small, of the galling pressure he had to bear. She sat down at once under the inspiration of their interview, and wrote a brief note, in which she pleaded that she had more claim than Mr. Bulstrode had to the satisfaction of providing the money which had been serviceable to Lydgate—that it would be unkind in Lydgate not to grant her the position of being his helper in this small matter, the favor being entirely to her who had so little that was plainly marked out for her to do with her superfluous money. He might call her a creditor, or by any other name, if it did but imply that he granted her request. She inclosed a check for a thousand pounds, and determined to take the letter with her the next day when she went to see Rosamond.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

"And so thy fall hath left a kind of blot
To mark the full-fraught man and best endued
With some suspicion."—*Henry VI.*, Part I.

The next day Lydgate had to go to Brassing, and told Rosamond that he should be away until the evening. Of late she had never gone beyond her own house and garden, except to church, and once to see her papa, to whom she said, "If Tertius goes away, you will help us to move, will you not, papa? I suppose we shall have very little money. I am sure I hope some one will help us." And Mr. Vincy had said, "Yes, child, I don't mind a hundred or two. I can see the end of that." With these exceptions she had sat at home in languid melancholy and suspense, fixing her mind on Will Ladislaw's coming as the one point of hope and interest, and associating this with some new urgency on Lydgate to make immediate arrangements for leaving Middlemarch and going to London, till she felt assured that the coming would be a potent cause of the going, without at all seeing how. This way of establishing sequences is too common to be fairly regarded as a peculiar folly in Rosamond. And it is precisely this sort of sequence which causes the greatest shock when it is sundered: for to see how an effect may be produced is often to see possible missings and checks; but to see nothing except the desirable cause, and close upon it the desirable effect, rids us of doubt, and makes our minds strongly intuitive. That was the process going on in poor Rosamond, while she arranged all objects around her with the same nicety as ever, only with more slowness—or sat down to the piano, meaning to play, and then desisting, yet lingering on the music-stool with her white fingers suspended on the wooden front, and looking before her in dreamy *ennui*. Her melancholy had become so marked that Lydgate felt a strange timidity before it, as a perpetual silent reproach, and the strong man, mastered by his keen sensibilities toward this fair fragile creature, whose life he seemed somehow to have bruised, shrank from her look, and sometimes started at her approach, fear of her and fear for her rushing in only the more forcibly after it had been momentarily expelled by exasperation.

But this morning Rosamond descended from her room up stairs—where she sometimes sat the whole day when Lydgate was out—equipped for a walk in the town. She had a letter to post—a letter addressed to Mr. Ladislaw, and written with charming discretion, but intended to hasten his arrival by a hint of trouble. The servant-maid, their sole house-servant now, noticed her coming down stairs in her walking dress, and thought "there never did any body look so pretty in a bonnet, poor thing."

Meanwhile Dorothea's mind was filled with her project of going to Rosamond, and with the many thoughts, both of the past and the probable future, which gathered round the idea of that visit. Until yesterday, when Lydgate had opened to her a glimpse of some trouble in his married life, the image of Mrs. Lydgate had always been associated for her with that of Will Ladislaw. Even in her most uneasy moments—even when she had been agitated by Mrs. Cadwallader's painfully graphic report of gossip—her effort, nay, her strongest impulsive prompting, had been toward the vindication of Will from any sullying surmises; and when, in her meeting with him afterward, she had at first interpreted his words as a probable allusion to a feeling toward Mrs. Lydgate which he was determined to cut himself off from indulging, she had had a quick, sad, excusing vision of the charm there might be in his constant opportunities of companionship with that fair creature, who most likely shared his other tastes, as she evidently did his delight in music. But there had followed his parting words—the few passionate words in which he had implied that she herself was the object of whom his love held him in dread, that it was his love for her only which he was resolved not to declare but to carry away into banishment. From the time of that parting, Dorothea, believing in Will's love for her, believing with a proud delight in his delicate sense of honor, and his determination that no one should impeach him justly, felt her heart quite at rest as to the regard he might have for Mrs. Lydgate. She was sure that the regard was blameless.

There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration: they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us: and our sins become that worst kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust. "If you are not good, none is good"—those little words may give a terrific meaning to responsibility, may hold a vitriolic intensity for remorse.

Dorothea's nature was of that kind: her own passionate faults lay along the easily counted open channels of her ardent character; and while she was full of pity for the visible mistakes of others, she had not yet any material within her experience for subtle constructions and suspicions of hidden wrong. But that simplicity of hers, holding up an ideal for others in her believing conception of them, was one of the great powers of her womanhood. And it had from the first acted strongly on Will Ladislaw. He felt, when he parted from her, that the brief words by which he had tried to convey to her his feeling about herself, and the division which her fortune made between them, would only profit by their brevity when Dorothea had to interpret them: he felt that in her mind he had found his highest estimate.

And he was right there. In the months since their parting Dorothea had felt a delicious though sad repose in their relation to each other, as one which was inwardly whole and without blemish. She had an active force of antagonism within her, when the antagonism turned on the defense either of plans or persons that she believed in; and the wrongs which she felt that Will had received from her husband, and the external conditions which to others were grounds for slighting him, only gave the more tenacity to her affection and admiring judgment. And now with the disclosures about Bulstrode had come another fact affecting Will's social position, which roused afresh Dorothea's inward resistance to what was said about him in that part of her world which lay within park palings.

"Young Ladislaw, the grandson of a thieving Jew pawnbroker," was a phrase which had entered emphatically into the dialogues about the Bulstrode business at Lowick, Tipton, and Freshitt, and was a worse kind of placard on poor Will's back than the "Italian with white mice." Upright Sir James Chettam was convinced that his own satisfaction was righteous when he thought with some complacency that here was an added league to that mountainous distance between Ladislaw and Dorothea, which enabled him to dismiss any anxiety in that direction as too absurd. And perhaps there had been some pleasure in pointing Mr. Brooke's attention to this ugly bit of Ladislaw's genealogy, as a fresh candle for him to see his own folly by. Dorothea had observed the animus with which Will's part in the painful story had been recalled more than once; but she had uttered no word, being checked now, as she had not been formerly, in speaking of Will, by the consciousness of a deeper relation between them which must always remain in consecrated secrecy. But her silence shrouded her resistant emotion into a more thorough glow; and this misfortune in Will's lot which, it seemed, others were wishing to fling at his back as an opprobrium, only gave something more of enthusiasm to her clinging thought.

She entertained no visions of their ever coming into nearer union, and yet she had taken no posture of renunciation. She had accepted her whole relation to Will very simply as part of her marriage sorrows, and would have thought it very sinful in her to keep up an inward wail because she was not completely happy, being rather disposed to dwell on the superfluities of her lot. She could bear that the chief pleasures of her tenderness should lie in memory, and the idea of marriage came to her solely as a repulsive proposition from some suitor of whom she at present knew nothing, but whose merits, as seen by her friends, would be a source of torment to her: "Somebody who will manage your property for you, my dear," was Mr. Brooke's attractive suggestion of suitable characteristics. "I should like to manage it myself, if I knew what to do with it," said Dorothea. No! she adhered to her declaration that she would never be married again, and in the long valley of her life, which looked so flat and empty of way-marks, guidance would come as she walked along the road, and saw her fellow-passengers by the way.

This habitual state of feeling about Will Ladislaw had been strong in all her waking hours since she had proposed to go and see Mrs. Lydgate, making a sort of background against which she saw Rosamond's figure presented to her without hinderances to her interest and compassion. There was evidently some mental separation, some barrier to complete confidence which had arisen between this wife and the husband who had yet made her happiness a law to him. That was a trouble which no third person must directly touch. But Dorothea thought with deep pity of the loneliness which must have come upon Rosamond from the suspicions cast on her husband; and there would surely be help in the manifestation of respect for Lydgate and sympathy with her.

"I shall talk to her about her husband," thought Dorothea, as she was being driven toward the town. The clear spring morning, the scent of the moist earth, the fresh leaves just showing their creased-up wealth of greenery from out their half-opened sheaths, seemed part of the cheerfulness she was feeling from a long conversation with Mr. Farebrother, who had joyfully accepted the justifying explanation of Lydgate's conduct. "I shall take Mrs. Lydgate good news, and perhaps she will like to talk to me and make a friend of me."

Dorothea had another errand in Lowick Gate: it was about a new fine-toned bell for the school-house, and as she had to get out of her carriage very near to Lydgate's, she walked thither across the street, having told the coachman to wait for some packages. The street-door was open, and the servant was taking the opportunity of looking out at the carriage which was pausing within sight, when it became apparent to her that the lady who "belonged to it" was coming toward her.

"Is Mrs. Lydgate at home?" said Dorothea.

"I'm not sure, my lady; I'll see, if you'll please to walk in," said Martha, a little confused on the score of her kitchen apron, but collected enough to be sure that "mum" was not the right title for this queenly young widow with a carriage and pair. "Will you please walk in, and I'll go and see."

"Say that I am Mrs. Casaubon," said Dorothea, as Martha moved forward, intending to show her into the drawing-room, and then to go up stairs to see if Rosamond had returned from her walk.

They crossed the broader part of the entrance-hall, and turned up the passage which led to the garden. The drawing-room door was unlatched, and Martha, pushing it without looking into the room, waited for Mrs. Casaubon to enter and then turned away, the door having swung open and swung back again without noise.

Dorothea had less of outward vision than usual this morning, being filled with images of things as they had been and were going to be. She found herself on the other side of the door without seeing any thing remarkable, but immediately she heard a voice speaking in low tones which startled her as with a sense of dreaming in daylight, and advancing unconsciously a step or two beyond the projecting slab of a book-case, she saw, in the terrible illumination of a certainty which filled up all outlines, something which made her pause motionless, without self-possession enough to speak.

Seated with his back toward her on a sofa, which stood against the wall on a line with the door by which she had entered, she saw Will Ladislaw: close by him, and turned toward him with a flushed tearfulness which gave a new brilliancy to her face, sat Rosamond, her bonnet hanging back, while Will, leaning toward her, clasped both her upraised hands in his and spoke with low-toned fervor.

Rosamond, in her agitated absorption, had not noticed the silently advancing figure; but when Dorothea, after the first immeasurable instant of this vision, moved confusedly backward and found herself impeded by some piece of furniture, Rosamond was suddenly aware of her presence, and with a spasmodic movement snatched away her hands and rose, looking at Dorothea, who was necessarily arrested. Will Ladislaw, starting up, looked round also, and meeting Dorothea's eyes with a new lightning in them, seemed changing to marble. But she immediately turned them away from him to Rosamond, and said, in a firm voice,

"Excuse me, Mrs. Lydgate, the servant did not know that you were here. I called to deliver an important letter for Mr. Lydgate, which I wished to put into your own hands."

She laid down the letter on the small table which had checked her retreat, and then including Rosamond and Will in one distant glance and bow, she went quickly out of the room, meeting in the passage the surprised Martha, who said she was sorry the mistress was not at home, and then showed the strange lady out with an inward reflection that grand people were probably more impatient than others.

Dorothea walked across the street with her most elastic step, and was quickly in her carriage again.

"Drive on to Freshitt Hall," she said to the coachman, and any one looking at her might have thought that though she was paler than usual she was never animated by a more self-possessed energy. And that was really her experience. It was as if she had drunk a great draught of scorn that stimulated her beyond the susceptibility to other feelings. She had seen something so far below her belief that her emotions rushed back from it, and made an excited throng without an object. She needed something active to turn her excitement out upon. She felt power to walk and work for a day, without meat or drink. And she would carry out the purpose with which she had started in the morning, of going to Freshitt and Tipton to tell Sir James and her uncle all that she wished them to know about Lydgate, whose married loneliness under his trial now presented itself to her with new significance, and made her more ardent in readiness to be his champion. She had never felt any thing like this triumphant power of indignation in the struggle of her married life, in which there had always been a quickly subduing pang; and she took it as a sign of new strength.

"Dodo, how very bright your eyes are!" said Celia, when Sir James was gone out of the room. "And you don't see any thing you look at, Arthur or any thing. You are going to do something uncomfortable, I know. Is it all about Mr. Lydgate, or has something else happened?" Celia had been used to watch her sister with expectation.

"Yes, dear, a great many things have happened," said Dodo, in her full tones.

"I wonder what," said Celia, folding her arms cozily, and leaning forward upon them.

"Oh, all the troubles of all people on the face of the earth," said Dorothea, lifting her arms to the back of her head.

"Dear me, Dodo, are you going to have a scheme for them?" said Celia, a little uneasy at this Hamlet-like raving.

But Sir James came in again, ready to accompany Dorothea to the Grange, and she finished her expedition well, not swerving in her resolution until she descended at her own door.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

"Would it were yesterday, and I i' the grave,
With her sweet faith above for monument."

ROSAMOND and Will stood motionless—they did not know how long—he looking toward the spot where Dorothea had stood, and she looking toward him with doubt. It seemed an endless time to Rosamond, in whose inmost soul there was hardly so much annoyance as gratification from what had just happened. Shallow natures dream of an easy sway over the emotions of others, trusting implicitly in their own petty magic to turn the deepest streams, and confident, by pretty gestures and remarks, of making the thing that is not as though it were. She knew that Will had received a severe blow, but she had been little used to imagining other people's states of mind except as a material cut into shape by her own wishes; and she believed in her own power to soothe or subdue. Even Tertius, that most perverse of men, was always subdued in the long-run: events had been obstinate, but still Rosamond would have said now, as she did before her marriage, that she never gave up what she had set her mind on.

She put out her arm and laid the tips of her fingers on Will's coat sleeve.

"Don't touch me!" he said, with an utterance like the cut of a lash darting from her, and changing from pink to white and back again, as if his whole frame were tingling with the pain of the sting. He wheeled round to the other side of the room and stood opposite to her, with the tips of his fingers in his pockets and his head thrown back, looking fiercely not at Rosamond, but at a point a few inches away from her.

She was keenly offended, but the signs she made of this were such as only Lydgate was used to interpret. She became suddenly quiet and seated herself, untying her hanging bonnet and laying it down with her shawl. Her little hands, which she folded before her, were very cold.

It would have been safer for Will in the first instance to have taken up his hat and gone away; but he had felt no impulse to do this; on the contrary, he had a horrible inclination to stay and shatter Rosamond with his anger. It seemed as impossible to bear the fatality she had drawn down on him without venting his fury as it would be to a panther to bear the javelin wound without springing and biting. And yet—how could he tell a woman that he was ready to curse her? He was fuming under a repressive law which he was forced to acknowledge; he was dangerously poised, and Rosamond's voice now brought the decisive vibration. In flute-like tones of sarcasm she said,

"You can easily go after Mrs. Casaubon and explain your preference."

"Go after her!" he burst out, with a sharp edge in his voice. "Do you think she would turn to look at me, or value any word I ever uttered to her again at more than a dirty feather? Explain! How can a man explain at the expense of a woman?"

"You can tell her what you please," said Rosamond, with more tremor.

"Do you suppose she would like me better for sacrificing you? She is not a woman to be flattered because I made myself despicable—to believe that I must be true to her because I was a dastard to you."

He began to move about with the restlessness of a wild animal that sees prey but can not reach it. Presently he burst out again:

"I had no hope before—not much—of any thing better to come. But I had one certainty—that she believed in me. Whatever people had said or done about me, she believed in me. That's gone! She'll never again think me any thing but a paltry pretense—too nice to take heaven except upon flattering conditions, and yet selling myself for any devil's change by the sly. She'll think of me as an incarnate insult to her, from the first moment we—"

Will stopped as if he had found himself grasping something that must not be thrown and shattered. He found another vent for his rage by snatching up Rosamond's words again, as if they were reptiles to be throttled and flung off.

"Explain! Tell a man to explain how he dropped into hell! Explain my preference! I never had a *preference* for her, any more than I have a preference for breathing. No other woman exists by the side of her. I would rather touch her hand if it were dead, than I would touch any other woman's living."

Rosamond, while these poisoned weapons were being hurled at her, was almost losing the sense of her identity, and seemed to be waking into some new terrible existence. She had no sense of chill resolute repulsion, of reticent self-justification such as she had known under Lydgate's most stormy displeasure; all her sensibility was turned into a bewildering novelty of pain—she felt a new terrified recoil under a lash never experienced before. What another nature felt in opposition to her own was being burned and bitten into her consciousness. When Will had ceased to speak, she had become an image of sickened misery; her lips were pale, and her eyes had a tearless dismay in them. If it had been Tertius who stood opposite to her, that look of misery would have been a pang to him, and he would have sunk by her side to comfort her—with that strong-armed comfort which she had often held very cheap.

Let it be forgiven to Will that he had no such movement of pity. He had felt no bond beforehand to this woman who had spoiled the ideal treasure of his life, and he held himself blameless. He knew that he was cruel, but he had no relenting in him yet.

After he had done speaking he still moved about, half in absence of mind, and Rosamond sat perfectly still. At length Will, seeming to bethink himself, took up his hat, yet stood some moments irresolute. He had spoken to her in a way that made a phrase of common politeness difficult to utter; and yet, now that he had come to the point of going away from her without farther speech, he shrank from it as a brutality—he felt checked and stultified in his anger. He walked toward the mantel-piece and leaned his arm on it, and waited in silence for—he hardly knew what. The vindictive fire was still burning in him, and he could utter no word of retraction; but it was still in his mind that, having come back to this hearth where he had enjoyed a caressing friendship, he had found calamity seated there—he had had suddenly revealed to him a trouble that lay outside the home as well as within it. And what seemed a foreboding was pressing upon him as with slow pincers—that his life might come to be enslaved by this helpless woman, who had thrown herself upon him in the dreary sadness of her heart. But he was in gloomy rebellion against the act that his quick apprehensiveness foreshadowed to him, and when his eyes fell on Rosamond's blighted face, it seemed to him that he was the more pitiable of the two; for pain must enter into its glorified life of memory before it can turn into compassion.

And so they remained for many minutes, opposite each other, far apart, in silence; Will's face still possessed by a mute rage, and Rosamond's by a mute misery. The poor thing had no force to fling out any passion in return; the terrible collapse of the illusion toward which all her hope had been strained was a stroke which had too thoroughly shaken her: her little world was in ruins, and she felt herself tottering in the midst as a lonely bewildered consciousness.

Will wished that she would speak and bring some mitigating shadow across his own cruel speech, which seemed to stand staring at them both in mockery of any attempt at revived fellowship. But she said nothing, and at last, with a desperate effort over himself, Will asked, "Shall I come in and see Lydgate this evening?"

"If you like," Rosamond answered, just audibly.

And then Will went out of the house, Martha never knowing that he had been in.

After he was gone, Rosamond tried to get up from her seat, but fell back fainting. When she came to herself again, she felt too ill to make the exertion of rising to ring the bell, and she remained helpless until the girl, surprised at her long absence, thought for the first time of looking for her in all the down stairs rooms. Rosamond said that she had felt suddenly sick and faint, and wanted to be helped up stairs. When there, she threw herself on the bed with her clothes on, and lay in apparent torpor, as she had done once before on a memorable day of grief.

Lydgate came home earlier than he had expected, about half past five, and found her there. The perception that she was ill threw every other thought into the background. When he felt her pulse, her eyes rested on him with more persistence than they had done for a long while, as if she felt some content that he was there. He perceived the difference in a moment, and, seating himself by her, put his arm gently under her, and bending over her, said, "My poor Rosamond! has something agitated you?" Clinging to him, she fell into hysterical sobbings and cries, and for the next hour he did nothing but soothe and tend her. He imagined that Dorothea had been to see her, and that all this effect on her nervous system, which evidently involved some new turning toward himself, was due to the excitement of the new impressions which that visit had raised.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

"Now, I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended their talk, they drew nigh to a very miry slough, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond."—BUNYAN.

WHEN Rosamond was quiet, and Lydgate had left her hoping that she might soon sleep under the effect of an anodyne, he went into the drawing-room to fetch a book which he had left there, meaning to spend the evening in his work-room, and he saw on the table Dorothea's letter addressed to him. He had not ventured to ask Rosamond if Mrs. Casaubon had called, but the reading of this letter assured him of the fact, for Dorothea mentioned that it was to be carried by herself.

When Will Ladislaw came in a little later, Lydgate met him with a surprise which made it clear that he had not been told of the earlier visit, and Will could not say, "Did not Mrs. Lydgate tell you that I came this morning?"

"Poor Rosamond is ill," Lygate added immediately, on his greeting.

"Not seriously, I hope?" said Will.

"No—only a slight nervous shock—the effect of some agitation. She has been overwrought lately. The truth is, Ladislaw, I am an unlucky devil. We have gone through several rounds of purgatory since you left, and I have lately got on to a worse ledge of it than ever. I suppose you are only just come down—you look rather battered—you have not been long enough in the town to hear any thing?"

"I traveled all night, and got to the White Hart at eight o'clock this morning. I have been shutting myself up and resting," said Will, feeling himself a sneak, but seeing no alternative to this evasion.

And then he heard Lydgate's account of the troubles which Rosamond had already depicted to him in her way. She had not mentioned the fact of Will's name being connected with the public story—this detail not immediately affecting her—and Will now heard it for the first time.

"I thought it better to tell you that your name is mixed up with the disclosures," said Lydgate, who could understand better than most men how Will might be stung by the revelation. "You will be sure to hear it as soon as you turn out into the town. I suppose it is true that Raffles spoke to you."

"Yes," said Will, sardonically. "I shall be fortunate if gossip does not make me the most disreputable person in the whole affair. I should think the latest version must be, that I plotted with Raffles to murder Bulstrode and ran away from Middlemarch for the purpose."

He was thinking "Here is a new ring in the sound of my name to recommend it in her hearing; however—what does it signify now?"

But he said nothing of Bulstrode's offer to him. Will was very open and careless about his personal affairs, but it was among the more exquisite touches in nature's modeling of him that he had a delicate generosity which warned him into reticence here. He shrank from saying that he had rejected Bulstrode's money, in the moment when he was learning that it was Lydgate's misfortune to have accepted it.

Lydgate, too, was reticent in the midst of his confidence. He made no allusion to Rosamond's feeling under their trouble, and of Dorothea he only said, "Mrs. Casaubon has been the one person to come forward and say that she had no belief in any of the suspicions against me." Observing a change in Will's face, he avoided any further mention of her, feeling himself too ignorant of their relation to each other not to fear that his words might have some hidden painful bearing on it. And it occurred to him that Dorothea was the real cause of Will's present visit to Middlemarch.

The two men were pitying each other, but it was only Will who guessed the extent of his companion's trouble. When Lydgate spoke with desperate resignation of going to settle in London, and said, with a faint smile, "We shall have you again, old fellow," Will felt inexpressibly mournful, and said nothing. Rosamond had that morning entreated him to urge this step on Lydgate; and it seemed to Will as if he were beholding in a magic panorama a future where he himself was sliding into that pleasureless yielding to the small solicitations of circumstance, which is a commoner history of perdition than any single momentous bargain.

We are on a perilous margin when we begin to look passively at our future selves, and see our own figures led with dull consent into insipid misdoing and shabby achievement. Poor Lydgate was inwardly groaning on that margin, and Will was arriving at it. It seemed to him this evening as if the cruelty of his outburst to Rosamond had made an obligation for him, and he dreaded the obligation: he dreaded Lydgate's unsuspecting good-will: he dreaded his own distaste for his spoiled life, which would leave him in motiveless levity.

CHAPTER LXXX.

"Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong."—WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty.*

WHEN Dorothea had seen Mr. Farebrother in the morning, she had promised to go and dine at the parsonage on her return from Freshitt. There was a frequent interchange of visits between her and the Farebrother family, which enabled her to say that she was not at all lonely at the Manor, and to resist for the present the severe prescription of a lady companion. When she reached home and remembered her engagement, she was glad of it; and finding that she had still an hour before she could dress for dinner, she walked straight to the school-house and entered into a conversation with the master and mistress about the new bell, giving eager attention to their small details and repetitions, and getting up a dramatic sense that her life was very busy. She paused on her way back to talk to old Master Bunney, who was putting in some garden seed, and discoursed wisely with that rural sage about the crops that would make the most return on a perch of ground, and the result of sixty years' experience as to soils—namely, that if your soil was pretty mellow it would do; but if there came wet, wet, wet to make it all of a mummy, why, then—

Finding that the social spirit had beguiled her into being rather late, she dressed hastily, and went over to the parsonage rather earlier than was necessary. That house was never dull, Mr. Farebrother, like another White of Selborne, having continually something new to tell of his inarticulate guests and *protégés*, whom he was teaching the boys not to torment; and he had just set up a pair of beautiful goats to be pets of the village in general, and to walk at large as sacred animals. The evening went by cheerfully till after tea, Dorothea talking more than usual, and dilating with Mr. Farebrother on the possible histories of creatures that converse compendiously with their antennæ, and, for aught we know, may hold reformed parliaments, when suddenly some inarticulate little sounds were heard which called every body's attention.

"Henrietta Noble," said Mrs. Farebrother, seeing her small sister moving about the furniture legs distressfully, "what is the matter?"

"I have lost my tortoise-shell lozenge-box. I fear the kitten has rolled it away," said the tiny old lady, involuntarily continuing her beaver-like notes.

"Is it a great treasure, aunt?" said Mr. Farebrother, putting up his glasses and looking at the carpet.

"Mr. Ladislaw gave it me," said Miss Noble. "A German box—very pretty; but if it falls it always spins away as far as it can."

"Oh, if it is Ladislaw's present," said Mr. Farebrother, in a deep tone of comprehension, getting up and hunting. The box was found at last under a chiffonier, and Miss Noble grasped it with delight, saying, "It was under a fender the last time."

"That is an affair of the heart with my aunt," said Mr. Farebrother, smiling at Dorothea as he resented himself.

"If Henrietta Noble forms an attachment to any one, Mrs. Casaubon," said his mother, emphatically, "she is like a dog—she would take their shoes for a pillow, and sleep the better."

"Mr. Ladislaw's shoes, I would," said Henrietta Noble.

Dorothea made an attempt at smiling in return. She was surprised and annoyed to find that her heart was palpitating violently, and that it was quite useless to try after a recovery of her former animation. Alarmed at herself—fearing some further betrayal of a change so marked in its occasion, she rose and said, in a low voice, with undisguised anxiety, "I must go; I have overtired myself."

Mr. Farebrother, quick in perception, rose and said, "It is true; you must have half exhausted yourself in talking about Lydgate. That sort of work tells upon one after the excitement is over."

He gave her his arm back to the Manor, but Dorothea did not attempt to speak, even when he said good-night.

The limit of resistance was reached, and she had sunk back helpless within the clutch of inescapable anguish. Dismissing Tantripp with a few faint words, she locked the door, and, turning away from it toward the vacant room, she pressed her hands hard on the top of her head, and moaned out:

"Oh, I did love him!"

Then came the hour in which the waves of suffering shook her too thoroughly to leave any power of thought. She could only cry in loud whispers, between her sobs, after her lost belief which she had planted and kept alive from a very little seed since the days in Rome—after her lost joy of clinging with silent love and faith to one who, misprized by others, was worthy in her thought—after her lost woman's pride of reigning in his memory—after her sweet, dim perspective of hope, that along some pathway they should meet with unchanged recognition and take up the backward years as a yesterday.

In that hour she repeated what the merciful eyes of solitude have looked on for ages in the spiritual struggles of man—she besought hardness and coldness and aching weariness to bring her relief from the mysterious incorporeal might of her anguish: she lay on the bare floor and let the night grow cold around her; while her grand woman's frame was shaken by sobs as if she had been a despairing child.

There were two images—two living forms that tore her heart in two, as if it had been the heart of a mother who seems to see her child divided by the sword, and presses one bleeding half to her breast while her gaze goes forth in agony toward the half which is carried away by the lying woman that has never known the mother's pang.

Here, with the nearness of an answering smile; here, within the vibrating bond of mutual speech, was the bright creature whom she had trusted—who had come to her like the spirit of morning visiting the dim vault where she sat as the bride of a worn-out life; and now, with a full consciousness which had never awakened before, she stretched out her arms toward him and cried with bitter cries that their nearness was a parting vision: she discovered her passion to herself in the unshrinking utterance of despair.

And there, aloof, yet persistently with her, moving wherever she moved, was the Will Ladislaw who was a changed belief exhausted of hope, a detected illusion—no, a living man toward whom there could not yet struggle any wail of regretful pity, from the midst of scorn and indignation and jealous offended pride. The fire of Dorothea's anger was not easily spent, and it flamed out in fitful returns of spurning reproach. Why had he come obtruding his life into hers, hers that might have been whole enough without him? Why had he brought his cheap regard and his lip-born words to her who had nothing paltry to give in exchange? He knew that he was deluding her—wished, in the very moment of farewell, to make her believe that he gave her the whole price of her heart, and knew that he had spent it half before. Why had he not staid among the crowd of whom she asked nothing—but only prayed that they might be less contemptible?

But she lost energy at last even for her loud-whispered cries and moans: she subsided into helpless sobs, and on the cold floor she sobbed herself to sleep.

In the chill hours of the morning twilight, when all was dim around her, she awoke—not with any amazed wondering where she was or what had happened, but with the clearest consciousness that she was looking into the eyes of sorrow. She rose, and wrapped warm things around her, and seated herself in a great chair where she had often watched before. She was vigorous enough to have borne that hard night without feeling ill in body beyond some aching and fatigue; but she had waked to a new condition: she felt as if her soul had been liberated from its terrible conflict; she was no longer wrestling with her grief, but could sit down with it as a lasting companion and make it a sharer in her thoughts. For now the thoughts came thickly. It was not in Dorothea's nature, for longer than the duration of a paroxysm, to sit in the narrow cell of her calamity, in the besotted misery of a consciousness that only sees another's lot as an accident of its own.

She began now to live through that yesterday morning deliberately again, forcing herself to dwell on every detail and its possible meaning. Was she alone in that scene? Was it her event only? She forced herself to think of it as bound up with another woman's life—a woman toward whom she had set out with a longing to carry some clearness and comfort into her beclouded youth. In her first outleap of jealous indignation and disgust, when quitting the hateful room, she had flung away all the mercy with which she had undertaken that visit. She had enveloped both Will and Rosamond in her burning scorn, and it seemed to her as if Rosamond were burned out of her sight forever. But that base prompting which makes a woman more cruel to a rival than to a faithless lover could have no strength of recurrence in Dorothea when the dominant spirit of justice within her had once overcome the tumult, and had once shown her the truer measure of things. All the active thought with which she had before been representing to herself the trials of Lydgate's lot, and this young marriage union which, like her own, seemed to have its hidden as well as evident troubles—all this vivid sympathetic experience returned to her now as a power: it asserted itself, as acquired knowledge asserts itself, and will not let us see as we saw in the day of our ignorance. She said to her own irremediable grief, that it should make her more helpful, instead of driving her back from effort.

And what sort of crisis might not this be in three lives whose contact with hers laid an obligation on her as if they had been suppliants bearing the sacred branch? The objects of her rescue were not to be sought out by her fancy: they were chosen for her. She yearned toward the perfect Right, that it might make a throne within her, and rule her errant will. "What should I do—how should I act now, this very day, if I could clutch my own pain, and compel it to silence, and think of those three?"

It had taken long for her to come to that question, and there was light piercing into the room. She opened her curtains, and looked out toward the bit of road that lay in view, with fields beyond, outside the entrance gates. On the road there was a man with a bundle on his back, and a woman carrying her baby; in the field she could see figures moving—perhaps the shepherd with his dog. Far off in the bending sky was the pearly light; and she felt the largeness of the world, and the manifold wakings of men to labor and endurance. She was a part of that involuntary, palpitating life, and could neither look out on it from her luxurious shelter as a mere spectator, nor hide her eyes in selfish complaining.

What she would resolve to do that day did not yet seem quite clear, but something that she could achieve stirred her as with an approaching murmur which would soon gather distinctness. She took off the clothes, which seemed to have some of the weariness of a hard watching in them, and began to make her toilet. Presently she rang for Tantripp, who came in her dressing-gown.

"Why, madam, you've never been in bed this blessed night!" burst out Tantripp, looking first at the bed and then at Dorothea's face, which, in spite of bathing, had the pale cheeks and pink eyelids of a *mater dolorosa*. "You'll kill yourself, you *will*. Any body might think now you had a right to give yourself a little comfort."

"Don't be alarmed, Tantripp," said Dorothea, smiling. "I have slept; I am not ill. I shall be glad of a cup of coffee as soon as possible. And I want you to bring me my new dress; and most likely I shall want my new bonnet to-day."

"They've lain there a month and more ready for you, madam, and most thankful I shall be to see you with a couple o' pounds' worth less of crape," said Tantripp, stooping to light the fire. "There's a reason in mourning, as I've always said; and three folds at the bottom of your skirt and a plain quilling in your bonnet—and if ever any body looked like an angel, it's you in a net quilling—is what's consistent for a second year. At least, that's *my* thinking," ended Tantripp, looking anxiously at the fire; "and if any body was to marry me flattering himself as I should wear those hijeous weepers two years for him, he'd be deceived by his own vanity, that's all."

"The fire will do, my good Tan," said Dorothea, speaking as she used to do in the old Lausanne days, only with a very low voice; "get me the coffee."

She folded herself in the large chair, and leaned her head against it in fatigued quiescence, while Tantripp went away wondering at this strange contrariness in her young mistress—that just the morning when she had more of a widow's face than ever, she should have asked for her lighter mourning which she had waived before. Tantripp would never have found the clew to this mystery. Dorothea wished to acknowledge that she had not the less an active life before her because she had buried a private joy; and the tradition that fresh garments belonged to all initiation, haunting her mind, made her grasp after even that slight outward help toward calm resolve. For the resolve was not easy.

Nevertheless, at eleven o'clock she was walking toward Middlemarch, having made up her mind that she would make as quietly and unnoticeably as possible her second attempt to see and save Rosamond.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

> "Du Erde warst auch diese Nacht beständig,
> Und athmest neu erquickt zu meinen Füssen,
> Beginnest schon mit Lust mich zu umgeben,
> Du regst und rührst ein kräftiges Beschliessen
> *Zum höchsten Dasein immerfort zu streben.*"
> —*Faust:* 2r Theil.

WHEN Dorothea was again at Lydgate's door speaking to Martha, he was in the room close by with the door ajar, preparing to go out. He heard her voice, and immediately came to her.

"Do you think that Mrs. Lydgate can receive me this morning?" she said, having reflected that it would be better to leave out all allusion to her previous visit.

"I have no doubt she will," said Lydgate, suppressing his thought about Dorothea's looks, which were as much changed as Rosamond's, "if you will be kind enough to come in and let me tell her that you are here. She has not been very well since you were here yesterday, but she is better this morning, and I think it is very likely that she will be cheered by seeing you again."

It was plain that Lydgate, as Dorothea had expected, knew nothing about the circumstances of her yesterday's visit; nay, he appeared to imagine that she had carried it out according to her intention. She had prepared a little note asking Rosamond to see her, which she would have given to the servant if he had not been in the way, but now she was in much anxiety as to the result of his announcement.

After leading her into the drawing-room he paused to take a letter from his pocket and put it into her hands, saying, "I wrote this last night, and was going to carry it to Lowick in my ride. When one is grateful for something too good for common thanks, writing is less unsatisfactory than speech—one does not, at least, *hear* how inadequate the words are."

Dorothea's face brightened. "It is I who have most to thank for, since you have let me take that place. You *have* consented?" she said, suddenly doubting.

"Yes, the check is going to Bulstrode to-day."

He said no more, but went up stairs to Rosamond, who had but lately finished dressing herself, and sat languidly wondering what she should do next, her habitual industry in small things, even in the days of her sadness, prompting her to begin some kind of occupation, which she dragged through slowly or paused in from lack of interest. She looked ill, but had recovered her usual quietude of manner, and Lydgate had feared to disturb her by any questions. He had told her of Dorothea's letter containing the check, and afterward he had said, "Ladislaw is come, Rosy; he sat with me last night; I dare say he will be here again to-day. I thought he looked rather battered and depressed." And Rosamond had made no reply.

Now, when he came up, he said to her very gently, "Rosy dear, Mrs. Casaubon is come to see you again—you would like to see her, would you not?" That she colored, and gave rather a startled movement, did not surprise him after the agitation produced by the interview yesterday—a beneficent agitation, he thought, since it seemed to have made her turn to him again.

Rosamond dared not say no. She dared not with a tone of her voice touch the facts of yesterday. Why had Mrs. Casaubon come again? The answer was a blank which Rosamond could only fill up with dread, for Will Ladislaw's lacerating words had made every thought of Dorothea a fresh smart to her. Nevertheless, in her new humiliating uncertainty she dared do nothing but comply. She did not say yes, but she rose and let Lydgate put a light shawl over her shoulders, while he said, "I am going out immediately." Then something crossed her mind which prompted her to say, "Pray tell Martha not to bring any one else into the drawing-room." And Lydgate assented, thinking that he fully understood this wish. He led her down to the drawing-room door, and then turned away, observing to himself that he was rather a blundering husband to be dependent for his wife's trust in him on the influence of another woman.

Rosamond, wrapping her soft shawl around her as she walked toward Dorothea, was inwardly wrapping her soul in cold reserve. Had Mrs. Casaubon come to say any thing to her about Will? If so, it was a liberty that Rosamond resented; and she prepared herself to meet every word with polite impassibility. Will had bruised her pride too sorely for her to feel any compunction toward him and Dorothea: her own injury seemed much the greater. Dorothea was not only the "preferred" woman, but had also a formidable advantage in being Lydgate's benefactor; and to poor Rosamond's pained, confused vision it seemed that this Mrs. Casaubon—this woman who predominated in all things concerning her—must have come now with the sense of having the advantage, and with animosity prompting her to use it. Indeed, not Rosamond only, but any one else knowing the outer facts of the case, and not the simple inspiration on which Dorothea acted, might well have wondered why she came.

Looking like the lovely ghost of herself, her graceful slimness wrapped in her soft white shawl, the rounded infantine mouth and cheek inevitably suggesting mildness and innocence, Rosamond paused at three yards' distance from her visitor and bowed. But Dorothea, who had taken off her gloves, from an impulse which she could never resist when she wanted a sense of freedom, came forward, and with her face full of a sad yet sweet openness, put out her hand. Rosamond could not avoid meeting her glance, could not avoid putting her small hand into Dorothea's, which clasped it with gentle motherliness; and immediately a doubt of her own prepossessions began to stir within her. Rosamond's eye was quick for faces; she saw that Mrs. Casaubon's face looked pale and changed since yesterday, yet gentle, and like the firm softness of her hand. But Dorothea had counted a little too much on her own strength: the clearness and intensity of her mental action this morning were the continuance of a nervous exaltation which made her frame as dangerously responsive as a bit of finest Venetian crystal; and in looking at Rosamond, she suddenly found her heart swelling, and was unable to speak—all her effort was required to keep back tears. She succeeded in that, and the emotion only passed over her face like the spirit of a sob; but it added to Rosamond's impression that Mrs. Casaubon's state of mind must be something quite different from what she had imagined.

So they sat down, without a word of preface, on the two chairs that happened to be nearest, and happened also to be close together; though Rosamond's notion when she first bowed was that she should stay a long way off from Mrs. Casaubon. But she ceased thinking how any thing would turn out—merely wondering what would come. And Dorothea began to speak quite simply, gathering firmness as she went on.

"I had an errand yesterday which I did not finish; that is why I am here again so soon. You will not think me too troublesome, when I tell you that I came to talk to you about the injustice that has been shown toward Mr. Lydgate. It will cheer you—will it not?—to know a great deal about him, that he may not like to speak about himself, just because it is in his own vindication and to his own honor. You will like to know that your husband has warm friends, who have not left off believing in his high character? You will let me speak of this without thinking that I take a liberty?"

The cordial, pleading tones which seemed to flow with generous heedlessness above all the facts which had filled Rosamond's mind as grounds of obstruction and hatred between her and this woman, came as soothingly as a warm stream over her shrinking fears. Of course Mrs. Casaubon had the facts in her mind, but she was not going to speak of any thing connected with them. That relief was too great for Rosamond to feel much else at the moment. She answered prettily, in the new ease of her soul,

"I know you have been very good. I shall like to hear any thing you will say to me about Tertius."

"The day before yesterday," said Dorothea, "when I had asked him to come to Lowick to give me his opinion on the affairs of the Hospital, he told me every thing about his conduct and feelings in this sad event which has made ignorant people cast suspicions on him. The reason he told me was because I was very bold and asked him. I believed that he had never acted dishonorably, and I begged him to tell me the history. He confessed to me that he had never told it before, not even to you, because he had a great dislike to say, 'I was not wrong,' as if that were proof, when there are guilty people who will say so. The truth is, he knew nothing of this man Raffles, or that there were any bad secrets about him; and he thought that Mr. Bulstrode offered him the money because he repented, out of kindness, of having refused it before. All his anxiety about his patient was to treat him rightly, and he was a little uncomfortable that the case did not end as he had expected; but he thought then, and still thinks, that there may have been no wrong in it on any one's part. And I have told Mr. Farebrother, and Mr. Brooke, and Sir James Chettam: they all believe in your husband. That will cheer you, will it not? That will give you courage?"

Dorothea's face had become animated, and as it beamed on Rosamond very close to her, she felt something like bashful timidity before a superior, in the presence of this self-forgetful ardor. She said, with blushing embarrassment, "Thank you: you are very kind."

"And he felt that he had been so wrong not to pour out every thing about this to you. But you will forgive him. It was because he feels so much more about your happiness than any thing else—he feels his life bound into one with yours, and it hurts him more than any thing that his misfortunes must hurt you. He could speak to me because I am an indifferent person. And then I asked him if I might come to see you; because I felt so much for his trouble and yours. That is why I came yesterday, and why I am come to-day. Trouble is so hard to bear, is it not? How can we live and think that any one has trouble—piercing trouble—and we could help them and never try?"

Dorothea, completely swayed by the feeling that she was uttering, forgot every thing but that she was speaking from out the heart of her own trial to Rosamond's. The emotion had wrought itself more and more into her utterance, till the tones might have gone to one's very marrow, like a low cry from some suffering creature in the darkness. And she had unconsciously laid her hand again on the little hand that she had pressed before.

Rosamond, with an overmastering pang, as if a wound within her had been probed, burst into hysterical crying as she had done the day before when she clung to her husband. Poor Dorothea was feeling a great wave of her own sorrow returning over her—her thought being drawn to the possible share that Will Ladislaw might have in Rosamond's mental tumult. She was beginning to fear that she should not be able to suppress herself enough to the end of this meeting, and while her hand was still resting on Rosamond's lap, though the hand underneath it was withdrawn, she was struggling against her own rising sobs. She tried to master herself with the thought that this might be a turning-point in three lives—not in her own; no, there the irrevocable had happened, but—in those three lives which were touching hers with the solemn neighborhood of danger and distress. The fragile creature who was crying close to her—there might still be time to rescue her from the misery of false, incompatible bonds; and this moment was unlike any other: she and Rosamond could never be together again with the same thrilling consciousness of yesterday within them both. She felt the relation between them to be peculiar enough to give her a peculiar influence, though she had no conception that the way in which her own feelings were involved was fully known to Mrs. Lydgate.

It was a newer crisis in Rosamond's experience than even Dorothea could imagine: she was under the first great shock that had shattered her dream-world in which she had been easily confident of herself and critical of others; and this strange, unexpected manifestation of feeling in a woman whom she had approached with a shrinking aversion and dread, as one who must necessarily have a jealous hatred toward her, made her soul totter all the more with a sense that she had been walking in an unknown world which had just broken in upon her.

When Rosamond's convulsed throat was subsiding into calm, and she withdrew the handkerchief with which she had been hiding her face, her eyes met Dorothea's as helplessly as if they had been blue flowers. What was the use of thinking about behavior after this crying? And Dorothea looked almost as childish, with the neglected trace of a silent tear. Pride was broken down between these two.

"We were talking about your husband" Doro-